

THREE HUNGRY DEMOCRATS

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HOW THE RUSSIANS DO BUSINESS by Hedrick Smith

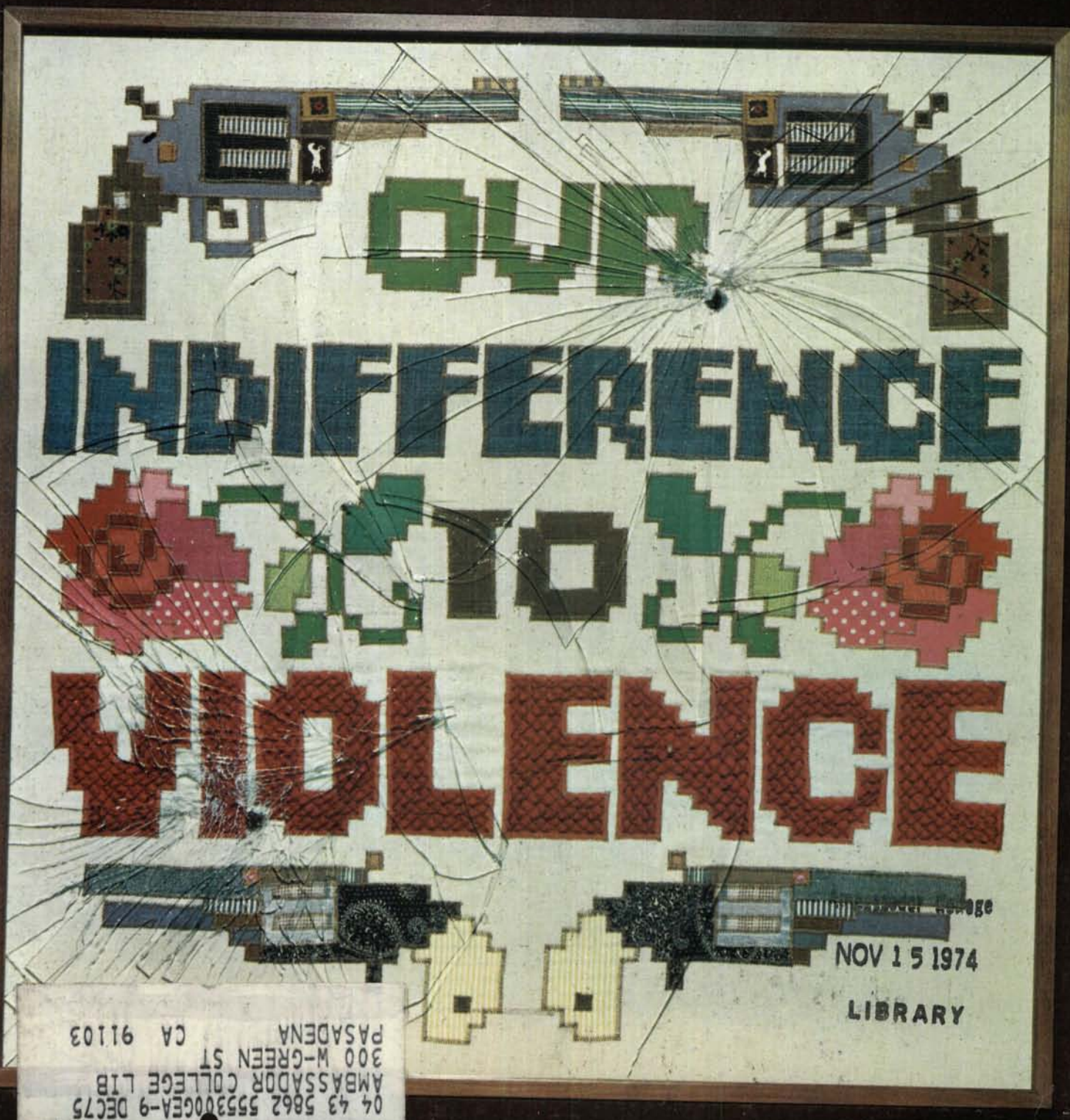
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DECEMBER 1974

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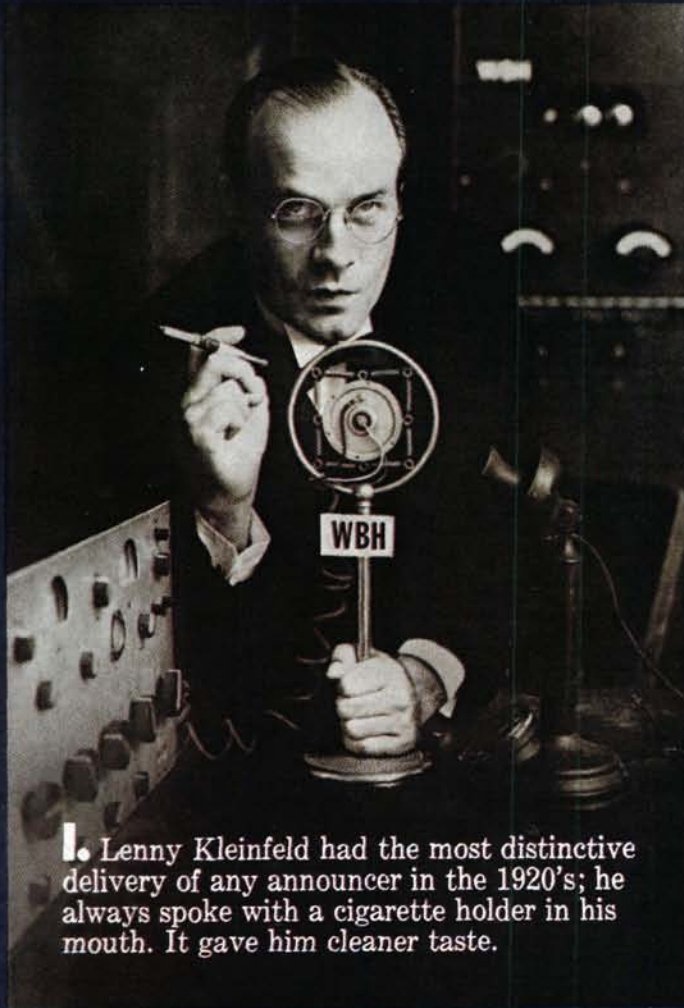
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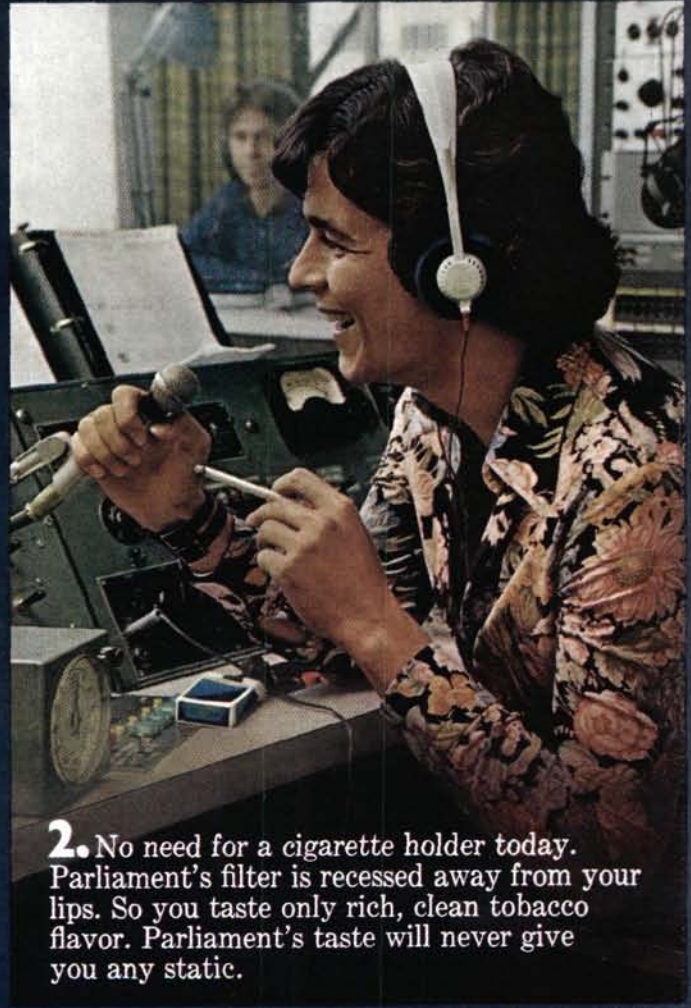


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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Don't turn and stare, but that creature flitting through the airport with a hungry look, a tattered thesaurus in one hand and an overnight bag in the other, may be a Democratic candidate for President of the United States. They're flying all over the place, salivating for the most onerous job in the world and, by recent evidence, one of the most destructive. Look, there's the Great Gray-Legged Frontrunner from Washington State! And behind him, the Honey-Tongued Warbler from Houston. And over there, the Arizona Caucus-Beak. Look, look, see the Non-speckled Whitewing fly over Alabama! And hear the cry of the Farm-Belted Do-Good!

Of the many Democrats engaged in the wide-open contest for the Democratic nomination in 1976, *Atlantic* readers have already been introduced to Senator Henry Jackson (June, 1974). This month, we offer, beginning on page 82, profiles of three others, two U.S. senators and one U.S. representative, who are contenders in every way but by formal admission. In subsequent issues, after the November elections and the Democratic party's special December conclave in Kansas City have put party affairs into more or less confusion, others no doubt will prove worthy of similar attention in these pages—perhaps a governor or two, perhaps a mayor, perhaps some more senators and representatives. Where it all will end no one, least of all the hungry Democrats, knows, but the

months ahead will be bounteous for all of us political birdwatchers.

* * * *

To forestall an influx of protests, laments, and letter bombs, let it be clearly noted that Innocent Bystander, though absent from his old stand this month, is still with us. After a consecutive run of forty-eight monthly columns, in which he has turned his poet's pen to stylish contemplation in prose of the many cares and occasional delights of our age, L. E. Sissman will be occupying his Innocent Bystander turf every other month. This month, in the place where Bystander usually speaks, meet Party of One, in the person of Thomas Griffith. While Ed Sissman is an adoptive Bostonian from the Midwest, Tom Griffith is an adoptive New Yorker from the Pacific Northwest. Once a top editor at *Time* and the last editor of *Life* magazine, Tom Griffith wrote *The Waist-High Culture*, one of the first (1959) and to date among the very best of the books in which Americans have critically examined their society. His latest book is *How True: A Skeptic's Guide to Believing the News*. Ed Sissman's next book, his first in prose after three books of poetry, will consist, appropriately enough, of many of his Innocent Bystander columns.

Robert Manning

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REPORTS & COMMENT

JAPAN

In a scene from Japan's biggest fiction best seller of recent years, *The Sinking of Japan*, the government goes before a specially established UN commission to ask the member nations to take in its entire population as disaster refugees. A sudden series of seismic disturbances on the ocean floor has made the ultimate destruction of Japan's four islands a certainty within ten months' time. No one at the United Nations questions the desperate reality of the disaster, which has already caused earthquakes and tidal waves in Honshu. But when it comes to accepting the Japanese as permanent colonists, the world's reaction ranges from caution to hostility. "This is not the time to be afraid of Japan," the commission chairman is forced to say, "this is the time to think of saving Japan."

The novelist Sakyo Komatsu's gloomy picture of his country's international popularity rating—not to mention the grimness of his theme—is typical of this time in Japan. Caught in a present of economic instabilities and political immobilism, and facing a future of scarcities where past statistics of economic growth afford only cold comfort, the Japanese are worried about themselves.

Things are rough enough at home. Inflation runs along at 2 percent a month. Small companies go bankrupt and big companies stop hiring. Thanks to the Bank of Japan's skintight money policy, Toyo Kogyo's Mazda, the wonder car of the 1970s, is in trouble because its rotary engine now gets low marks

for high fuel consumption. Premier Kakuei Tanaka's badly split conservative government, with a recent record-low popularity rating of 22 percent in the polls, is still fighting the backlash of vote-buying scandals in the July election. Even the new atomic-powered ship *Mutsu*, designed as a showpiece for peaceful nuclear energy use, is shut out of its home port by fleets of enraged fishermen who are worried about their water being polluted.

But worse than this, what kind of a figure does Japan cut in the world? The premier hurriedly tours countries which sell resources, such as Canada and Brazil, to barter supplies of raw materials, while half the banks in Tokyo are trying, with equally unseemly haste, to work out long-term borrowings in the Middle East. In Seoul, Korean mobs systematically smash windows in the Japanese Embassy, and the biggest headlines concerning Japan in the world press describe the terror raid by the young activists of the "Red Army" in The Hague. Although the total strength of the Red Army, a better-organized, Far East version of the Symbionese Liberation group, is probably under one hundred, their scattered bombings and hijack attempts have drawn more mention of Japan in the foreign press than anything else since the suicide of the novelist Yukio Mishima in 1970. "How can foreigners even think of us as internationalists," an editor in Tokyo says, "if this is the only kind of news we seem to make?"

There is, in short, a crisis of confidence developing among the Japanese, a people whose national corporate posture over the years of extraordinary economic growth (the

1960s and early 1970s) seemed to exude almost total self-reliance—despite occasional protestations to the contrary. To be sure, the confidence of mechanical competence is still there, current economic problems notwithstanding. Among themselves, the Japanese continue to maintain that a good Japanese can outsell Americans, outplan Frenchmen and Germans, and even "handle" the Chinese. But they are lately coming to realize that efficiency alone is no substitute for an international public relations program, not to mention a working foreign policy. Of all the major powers, totalitarians included, only the Japanese continue to exist in an odd kind of spiritual isolation from the rest of the world. It is an isolation which mocks the superficial universality symbolized by the signs advertising Datsun cars or Sanyo appliances or Nikon cameras that dot most of the world's urban skylines. It is an isolation, oddly enough, which is more than a little self-imposed.

"Get tough"

Scholars and long-time residents of Japan, as well as most Japanese, might object that no people have been more sensitive to what foreigners, especially Western foreigners, think of them—at least for the last century. Nowhere are outside polls about popularity among foreigners more eagerly consulted, or foreigners' opinions more constantly solicited. But only in the past three years has there come to be wide agreement in Tokyo that the success of Japan's image-building is probably as important to the future as the skill of its engineers and entre-

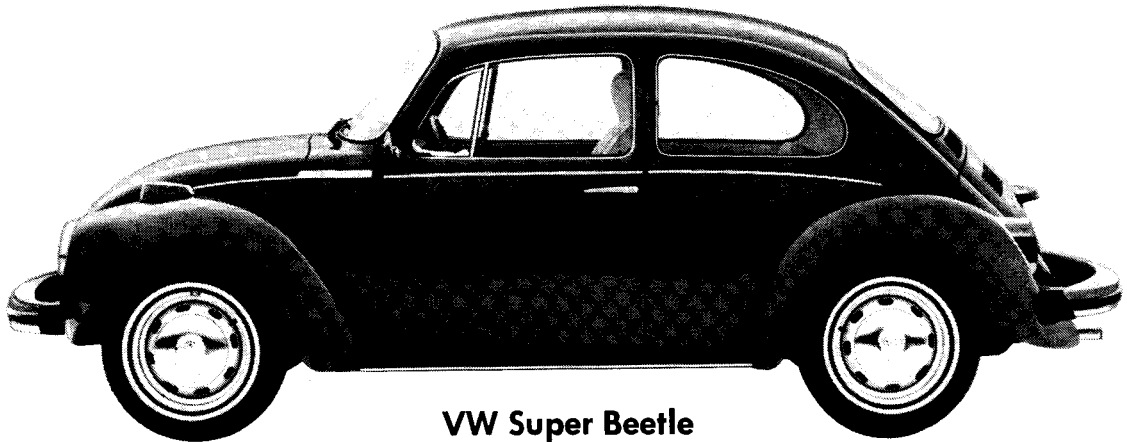
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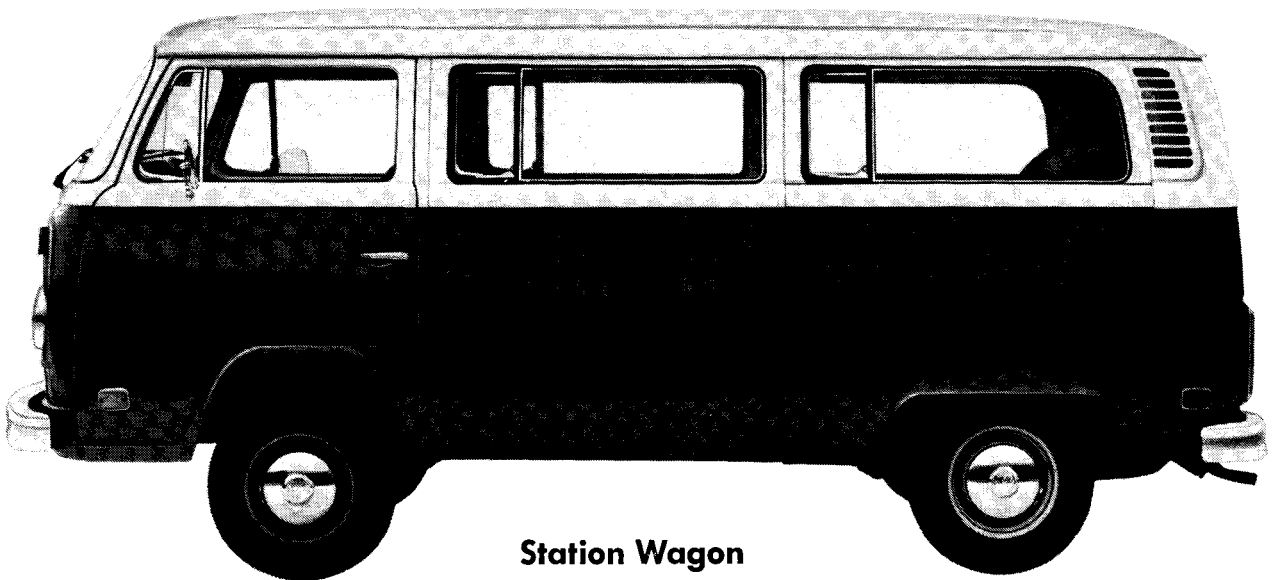
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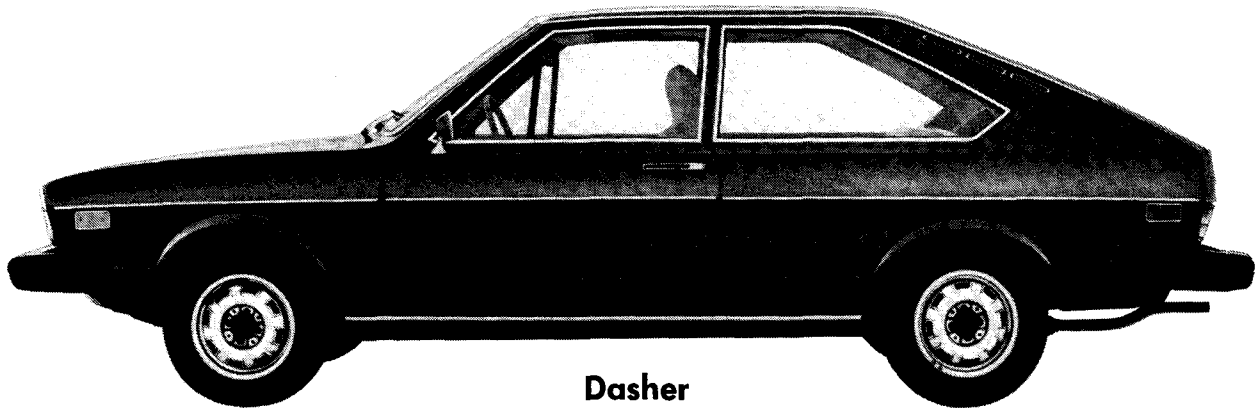
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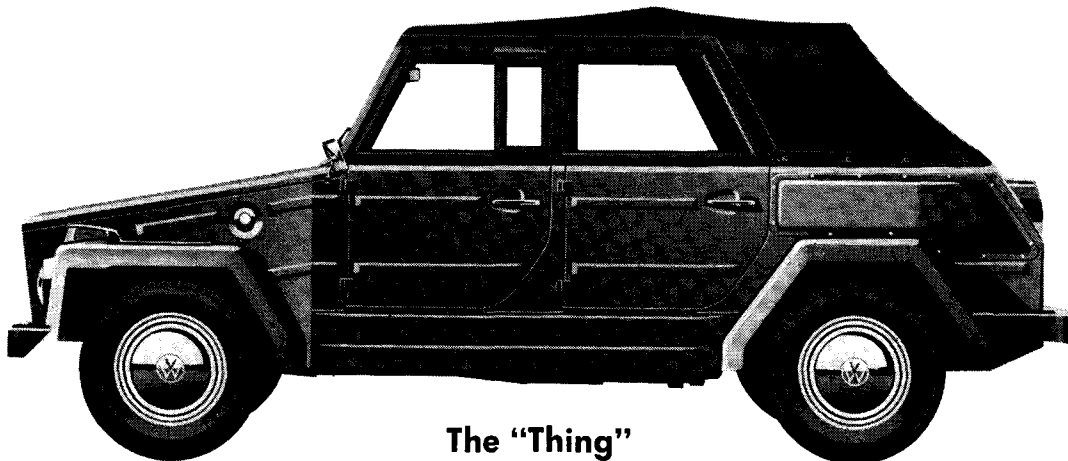
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JAPAN

preneurs and the patience of its own domestic consumers.

A succession of shocks as unexpected and, in their way, as drastic, as the wide-screen volcanic explosions of *The Sinking of Japan*, have finally made some impression on a public whose only stated goals, until recently, were bigger and better affluence. The first was the Nixon Administration's 1971 downgrading of the Japanese alliance—or so it looked in Tokyo—with a bilateral China diplomacy that ignored Japan, and a “get tough” trade diplomacy that treated Japan as an open economic adversary.

The climax was the energy crisis of 1973, when the Arab countries unexpectedly singled out Japan for its vulnerability as a principal target of their oil-producers' boycott. Until then, Japanese popular sentiment had been generally pro-Israel. Young people especially liked to visit Israel, and many Japanese felt a certain affinity with the Jews as another talented “race apart.” Several years ago, *The Japanese and the Jews*, a book which stressed mutual similarities and contrasts, was a raging best seller. The Arabs, by contrast, were regarded as remote primitives, happy to sell their oil. Few if any diplomatic overtures had ever been made to the Arab countries, aside from arranging lavish entertainment in Tokyo for visiting Kuwaitis.

The sudden official statements of support for the Arabs were nothing less than “kow-tow” diplomacy, as the Japanese themselves called it. It was made more glaring by the hasty visits to the Middle East of several Cabinet ministers in succession, portfolios packed with plans for long-term credits and jiffy steel mills.

In the meantime, China was exacting heavy, if bearable, terms as the price for resuming diplomatic relations, and Japanese businessmen were finding out that trade with Peking had more strings than they had thought. Overreacting, perhaps, to Japan's China overtures, the Soviet Union went to some pains not merely to rebuff Japanese claims to the four northern islands off Hokkaido but to push the Japanese

back on critical negotiations over fisheries, oil, and economic development projects in Siberia and Sakhalin. In Europe, anti-Japanese sentiment resulted in an increased number of restrictions against Japanese imports.

By the middle of 1974, most of the trade problems with the United States had been worked out. President Ford's visit to Tokyo this November comes at a time when there are few economic points of contention. Forbearance and self-imposed quotas by Japanese exporters and the government working together, plus some successful economic negotiating by former U. S. Ambassador Robert Ingersoll, have roughly balanced what is now \$18 billion annually of Japanese-American trade.

In Asia, however, from Manila on, south and west, the anti-Japanese clamor continues. Irritated by what increasing numbers of Southeast Asians call “economic colonialism,” Thai students began boycotting and burning Japanese goods in 1972. As if to ridicule Japan's “low posture” diplomacy, South Korean intelligence agents almost publicly abducted the anti-government party leader Kim Dae Jong from his hotel in Tokyo in 1973, took him to Seoul, and refused to send him back. And in January, 1974, Premier Tanaka, trying to boost Southeast Asian relations with some personal diplomacy of his own, was humiliated by anti-Japanese rioting in Thailand and Indonesia.

In the summer of 1974, Korea added insult to injury by sentencing two Japanese students to lengthy jail terms for alleged Communist agitation. The shooting of President Park Chung Hee's wife by a Korean who lived in Japan worsened Japanese-Korean relations even more. Although many of the anti-Japanese “riots” were instigated by President Park's regime for its own reasons, there was a lot to agitate against. Japan's new Uncle Shylock image is reminiscent of the Yankees' reputation in Latin America, and the bad feeling against Japan has been fed by the careless arrogance of individual Japanese.

There has been a lot of self-examination. Essayists in Japan played up the crude behavior of the *dantai-sana*—the “group-tour gentry,” as

they are ironically called—fanning out over Europe and the United States in tightly packed groups, viewing, buying, and coming home, having paid no attention to the customs or sensibilities of the peoples whose countries they visited. Books with titles such as *Smart Japanese* advised travelers how to use forks gracefully, and the government put out extra booklets advising tourists, even if they were far away from home, not to jostle so much in crowds. In the spring of 1974, on the heels of the riots in Thailand, a Japanese teacher in Bangkok published a widely read series of articles summarizing the anger of his Thai students at the arrogance of Japanese businessmen, their unconcern about local sensibilities, and their almost total isolation from any Thai except office clerks, hotel attendants, nightclub hostesses, and caddies.

Uneasy

All in all, the storm of slings and arrows was hardly much of an ad for the widely admired (in Japan) diplomacy of *seikei bunri*—“separation of politics and economics”—in reality little more than a gloss for the country's single-minded twenty-year concentration on building up its GNP. By the fall of 1973, the reality of an oil boycott in a country 80 percent dependent on imported petroleum for its total fuel needs was enough to put a chill down the collective back. Projections of an expanding Japanese economy, using fully 30 percent of the world's raw material exports by 1980, seemed increasingly less possible, or permissible. Businessmen and Cabinet ministers became ready to believe what many Japanese diplomats and a good many of the intelligentsia had been saying for a long time: Japan's pursuit of growth looked a lot different viewed from abroad. Short-term, self-interested aid programs, the huge preclusive buying of the trading companies, the voracity of Japanese market-seekers had not only registered on the rest of the world; they were being actively resisted. For with them came no compensating political vision, little broad-gauge international economic planning, and no real efforts at interpreting Japan or explaining a

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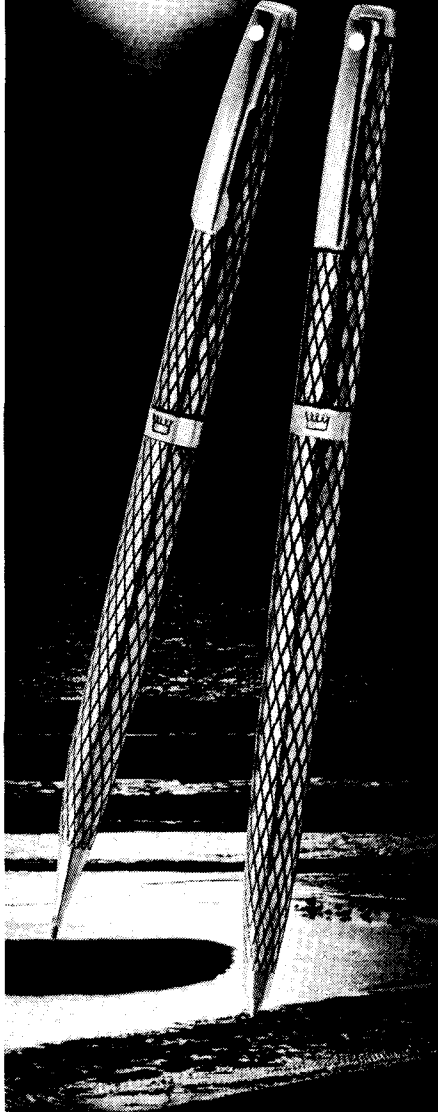


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JAPAN

Japanese point of view. In July, 1974, one of Japan's shrewdest statesmen came back from a semi-official tour of Europe with a gloomy but realistic appraisal: "The prevailing feeling about Japan was a sense that we lacked stability. They are still unsure where we stand, and they are nervous about the future directions we might take."

Ironically, the most frequently cited grounds for unease about Japan—the possibility that the Japanese will drift to extremes of either Right or Left—have little evidence to support them. Especially among Europeans, one hears warnings about either a resurgence of "militarism" on the Right or a Chinese-leaning socialism on the other side. Yet Japan's voters, in the face of the most severe provocation, continue to hug the center. Despite the government's almost scandalous inaction in the face of a galloping 25 percent yearly inflation, the July election for the House of Councillors (the upper house of Japan's legislature, roughly equivalent in power and prestige to Britain's House of Lords) left the conservative Liberal Democratic government with a paper-thin majority of three seats. If the Liberal Democratic party and big business interests had not openly collaborated (to the point where many big companies put up their own candidates for the nationwide constituencies) in a spree of collusion and vote-buying, the government majority in the 262-member House of Councillors would have been bigger.

Although the Communists pushed their strength from eleven to twenty seats, it was not because of ideology. Like most successful Socialist candidates, they fought the campaign on the cost-of-living issue and were the beneficiaries of a protest vote.

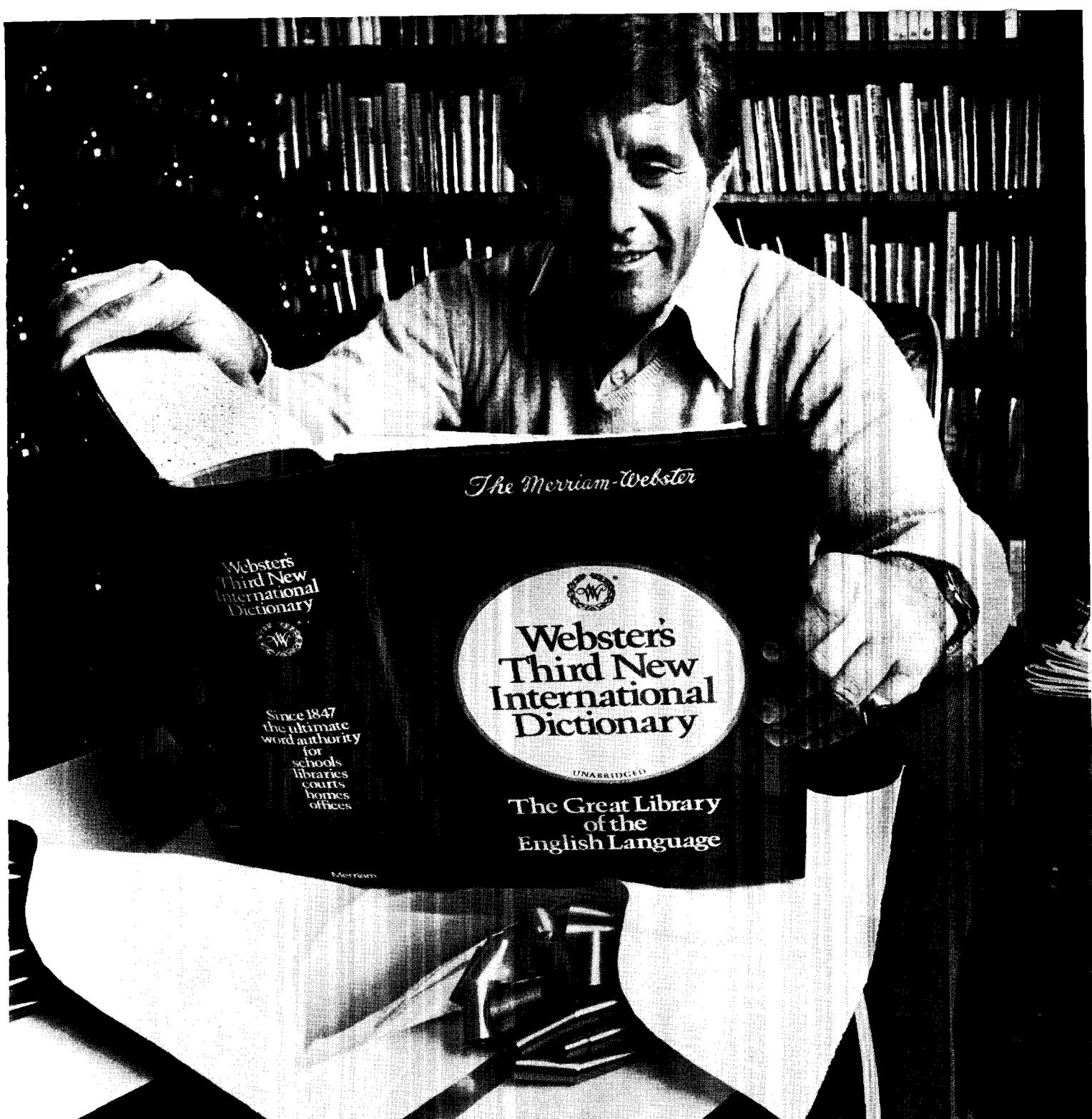
The obvious economic reasons for unease about Japan are posed in similarly extreme terms: foreigners fear that there will be either another violent export drive to shore up Japan's home economy, invoking protectionist reactions everywhere, or a depression, which will, in turn, result in political extremism. Here, too, the supporting evidence is thin. The quota restrictions which various

countries have forced on Japanese exports over the past three years have had their effect even among the expansionist bureaucrats at the Ministry of International Trade and Industry, not to mention the businessmen whose conduct they regulate. It is unlikely that the sluice gates of the export drive will be opened so wide again. The huge monthly figures currently cited as "record exports" are largely attributable to the enormous inflation of the yen.

Far from being a source of international unease, the Japanese should justly be regarded as a force for international stability. Their tremendous capabilities, their domestic stability, and their obvious interest in a free, peaceful world society are powerful assets. But they are extraordinarily inept at explaining their assets or themselves. Japanese have honest and deep-rooted difficulties in relating their own achievement to the service of the international community, or in linking their own self-interest with that of other people. Their clannishness is legendary. So is their apparent inability to communicate with foreigners, apart from the strictly business or technical level. They have few if any dominant political personalities—Japanese prefer to govern in groups—and are painfully diffident about expressing any international political purposes. In a small, isolated country, such qualities are readily pardoned or dismissed as "quaintness." As characteristics of the world's Third Economic Power, they are seen as unpardonable defects which breed nothing but suspicion about Japan's motives and "directions."

Communication

The problem is, in the broadest sense of the word, a social one, the inevitable legacy of a society which developed its vertical structures and mannered hierarchies during long isolation. It was stated accurately last year in the report of a blue-ribbon research committee on Japan's public relations, led by Yoshizane Iwasa, chairman of the Fuji Bank, and composed almost equally of scholars, businessmen and public officials. In the words of the committee:



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JAPAN

Japanese people are by and large unskilled in expressing their thoughts and presenting their positions. We often display traits unintelligible to Westerners. We patiently and silently endure discomfort and hardships, dislike talkativeness, rely heavily on non-verbal communication and tacit implication. The difference in language becomes a tremendous barrier in dealing with people in other countries. As our influence grows stronger in international society, however, these barriers must be overcome.

Such worries might seem paradoxical in a country where the English-language-teaching business takes in more than \$.5 billion annually, where foreign fashions and tastes (especially American) are greedily assimilated, foreign films and books are as popular as Japanese, and two million people a year visit foreign countries. Yet all this is quite superficial. A century ago, in the modernizing fever of the Meiji Era, Japanese literally went out to meet the world. Their descendants may wear New York and Paris clothes, and see more of the world's news than they can absorb on television, but they tend to view international communication as a spectator sport. A growing number of Japanese genuinely and idealistically want to think of themselves as "internationalists." Yet even the prospect of talking with a foreigner is enough to make the average Japanese quite nervous. After all, he can always go home and listen on TV to what the foreigners are saying, dubbed in Japanese, or read the international commentary in his newspaper.

"The others"

Given the tremendous differences in thought processes between Japanese and any other language—to the speaker of a Western language, Japanese is like entering the world of the fourth dimension—all but the most skilled interpreters have hard going establishing meaningful communication between the Japanese and "the others." The heavy symposium and conference traffic around Tokyo bears witness to this. Although Japan, thanks to its rising

prominence and problems, occupies an important place on the international scholarly circuit, it is extremely difficult to find Japanese public figures or scholars who are really fluent in English or any other non-Japanese language.

Not surprisingly, the most fruitful discussions between Japanese and foreigners, like the P.E.N. Club meeting in Kyoto several years ago, have been those conducted at least partly in Japanese. As the Yale historian and Japanese scholar John W. Hall puts it: "Japan is the only truly world power which does not have a 'world language.' . . . In many ways Japan remains the most culturally distinct and intellectually inaccessible of the great powers and this fact greatly impedes the exchange of ideas and sentiments with the rest of the world."

Consider the Japanese intelligentsia. This group of several hundred thousand writers, teachers, artists, commentators, and their friends—referred to at home most often by the abbreviated, Japanesized-English term "*interi*"—is one of the world's last great cultural mandarins. The amount of imaginative artistic work the *interi* produce is huge. More than thirty thousand books were published during 1973, a large proportion of them fiction. The commenting, criticism, and academic publishing is proportionately large, and of generally high quality—the cultural pages of the daily press are on a level with scholarly quarterlies in the United States. Their audience is almost the entire nation. The total daily newspaper circulation in Japan in 1973, for example, was 55 million, slightly under the U.S. figure with only half the U.S. population, and Japan's 1400 monthlies have a total circulation of 90 million.

Just about everything is translated into Japanese. In 1973, something close to one thousand foreign books were translated, not to mention floods of excerpted articles and research materials. But only a trickle goes to the outside world from Japan. Less than fifty Japanese books were translated into English in the same year. Unlike the outgoing cultural explorer of the Meiji Era, the modern Japanese is like a man living in a house with one-way windows, quite clear from within,

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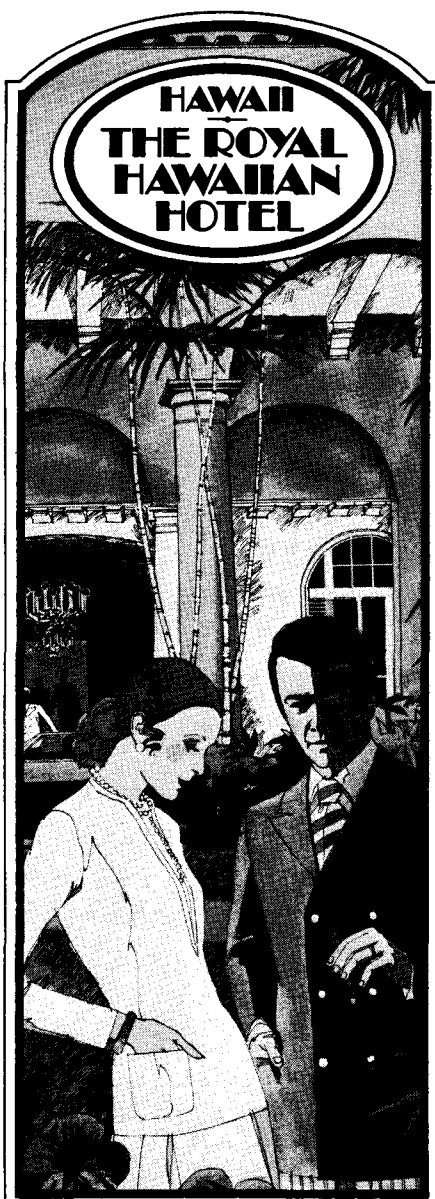
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JAPAN

but opaque to the outside viewer.

Beyond language communication problems, a more basic mood of introspection, if not isolation, has been developing among Japanese intellectuals as a cultural undertow to the strong tides in favor of economic internationalism. Books and articles on "Japanism," "What We Japanese Think," "The Structure of Japan" have been coming out on the same shelves with the advice to overseas travelers. They, too, are eagerly purchased. Scholars who had made a name for themselves in linguistics or French literature are lately devoting most of their writing to Japanese studies, or *Nihonjinron* (literally, "the rationale of being Japanese").

Such contrasting reactions are an old story in the long Japanese history of adaption and innovation. The classic antagonism between those in a country who want to adapt other cultures wholesale and those who reject them in favor of native traditions—dramatized by Toynbee as the struggle between Herodians and Zealots—has always been present among the Japanese. But this antagonism leads less to open conflict than to an uneasy balance. The Japanese are reformists, not revolutionaries. Herodian and Zealot, in Japan, can be one and the same person. (Toynbee himself qualified the use of these terms in describing the Meiji Restoration of 1868, which he characterized as "a pursuit of a Zealot end by Herodian means.") In the light of past Japanese history, the insular bent among intellectuals is natural and understandable. Yet it is certainly an anomaly, in a country professedly dedicated to internationalism, that a non-Japanese cannot practically hold the post of professor at a state-supported university. Nor (with only two exceptions) can non-Japanese newsmen join the "reporters' clubs" organized at all government offices, through which the bulk of Japan's political news is channeled.

Many of the foreign students studying in Japan are themselves uncomfortable witnesses to the curious social isolation of their hosts. Of more than 28,000 overseas students in Japan, three fourths come from

Southeast Asian countries. Segregated in special dormitories, with severe communication problems (there are few adequate Japanese language courses), they are less than handsomely treated. By contrast, the visiting American or European student finds living much smoother.

At the end of May, 1974, a distinguished Central Education Council submitted its report on international educational exchange to the Prime Minister's office, after two years of deliberation. The scholars on the Council found their fellow countrymen conspicuously devoid of any "international outlook." In particular, they criticized the Japanese lack of concern for Southeast Asian students and, in a wider sense, Japan's scant interest in the other cultures of Asia.

Philanthropy

As all these problems have sunk in over the past three years, the response of Japanese government and business has been remarkably quick. Belatedly, on the motion of the then Foreign Minister, Takeo Fukuda, the government set up the Japan Foundation in 1972 to improve international cultural exchanges—an area which, up to then, the Japanese had left to American organizations. Although the Foundation—its Japanese name means the International Exchange Foundation—was ten years late in coming, it got to work fairly quickly. (One of this year's recipients of a Japan Foundation prize was Senator J. William Fulbright.)

In the broadest public sense, Southeast Asia and the United States are the Foundation's two principal targets. The Southeast Asian problem is obviously harder. Not only must the Foundation's directors find exchange professors and students on both sides of the fence; they must enable them to communicate. And they must work on changing the attitude of Japanese toward their fellow Asians.

The Foundation's specific objective is "promoting international understanding through programs of educational and cultural exchanges." Although its original capitalization of only \$50 million has been increased by the government, its resources are spread thin. At the mo-

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ment, it is capable of disbursing about \$6 million annually. Quite logically, along with exchanges of people and cultural groups, it is concentrating on the stumbling block of language. While its emphasis on helping Japanese language and area study programs may seem restrictive, its managers hope that if there are more foreigners with Japanese interests and language capabilities, they will be able to do some missionary work at lower levels, in their own countries.

The Foundation, it was hoped, would serve as a stimulus to Japanese private enterprise to start some constructive international philanthropy of its own (a process which could be powerfully accelerated by more favorable tax treatment of foundations). And, indeed, Japanese businessmen, representing the giant Japanese-style conglomerates, did begin talking with sudden vigor about their international corporate responsibilities. No sooner had Mitsubishi given \$1 million to Harvard in 1973 for a chair in Japanese law, than Sumitomo weighed in with \$2 million for Yale. Mitsui, traditionally the most international of the Japanese combines, announced its own foundation shortly thereafter, and Toyota followed suit. As word got out of windfalls to come, foreign professors began arriving in Japan by platoons to get in on the giving, and the Keidanren (Federation of Economic Organizations) offices in Tokyo were almost overtaxed trying to direct traffic between potential recipients and the eager new givers.

In the summer of 1973, Premier Tanaka himself, working through the Japan Foundation, gave \$10 million of government money for the furtherance of Japanese studies in ten American universities, followed by an additional \$3 million for Great Britain, France, and Germany during his Western European tour that fall.

In other respects, however, the approach of Japanese business to the problem of cultural communication has been pedestrian. In all too many cases, the Japanese business imagination is restricted to helping out research and development projects tied into its particular major markets. Yet the new tendency of Japanese businesses to go multinational, and open plants as well as

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sales offices overseas, may force a change in attitudes here. By the end of 1972, Japan's total direct investment in foreign business was more than \$4.5 billion. Despite the current tight money situation in Japan, foreign investments are expected to reach \$10 billion by 1975 and, conceivably, \$25 billion by 1980. Last summer the Japan Federation of Employers Association set up a special training program to teach budding international businessmen how to put their best foot forward overseas—particularly in handling local employees.

For the past twenty years, Japan's foreign policy has been characterized by a desire to avoid making waves while making money. The military weakness of Japan (which few Japanese would strengthen) has been used as an argument for avoiding conflicts of interest at all costs, for relying on others, for fending off enemies and buttering up friends, while the country goes about its successful domestic business. At times, the comparison to Coolidge Era America comes forcibly to mind. Japan has not even aggressively campaigned for the seat on the UN Security Council to which its economic and social strength alone entitles it. (Nor has the United States, Japan's one ally, been active in furthering this against entrenched Soviet and French opposition.) Japan, as so many Japanese are fond of stating publicly, is only a "half-power."

In a world where military force appears to have striking limitations, the very fact that Japan is the one great power without nuclear weapons capability could be a rallying point for many. A half-voiceless Japan, as visibly obsessed with its own prosperity as before, would be increasingly ill equipped to resist even random pressures upon it. As in the Arab oil boycott, or aircraft hijackings, the payment of ransom is its only weapon. By contrast, an articulate Japan, capable not only of using its economic and technical power but of explaining its use, could become a primary moral and political force in the world. India, China, and Yugoslavia, among others, have at times taken upon themselves the role of spokesman for the developing nations or the non-nuclear powers. For different rea-

sons each has failed, or is ill fitted for the part.

Such a role could fit Japan. The Japanese genius for being reformist rather than revolutionary is a not inconsiderable asset in a world where revolutions are becoming a more and more expensive luxury. Japan's politics are centrist and strongly democratic. Yet the Japanese people are a society of willing collectivists, whose talent it is to accomplish through voluntary group action what totalitarian countries generally fail to achieve either by fiat or coercion. As a spokesman for the small countries, the unarmed, the underdeveloped, Japan would have a mission to fulfill. However rough the parallels between now and the Meiji days, Japan continues to offer the younger African and Asian nations the living example of a country that modernized without invasion, revolution, or colonization.

There is an image here, waiting to take on flesh and blood, if the Japanese are only willing to fill it. In the course of such an effort, they themselves could find a worthy international goal to replace the blind material pursuits of the last decade. The Japanese are a profoundly "goal-oriented" people. Perhaps not least of all, the assumption of a responsible world role might unite the bitterly negative left wing of their own body politic to the majority center and center-right.

The United States should support such a role for Japan, partly as a matter of its own self-interest. The old days of the "junior partner" ally are gone forever. The very way in which Richard Nixon used to say "equal partnership" for Japan had a ring of condescension to it which the Japanese were quick to sense. The senior partner, indeed, has been of precious little help to Japan lately in its energy and resource crisis, and the country that preaches détente cuts a poor figure urging the Japanese to increase their self-defense forces and keep the status quo on American military bases.

The best course President Ford could follow during his Japanese visit, in the words of a leading Japanese politician, is to talk "peace and peace and more peace." It was the Americans, after all, who gave Japan the "peace" Constitution. The contrasting image of militant, self-

serving national interest given the Japanese by the Nixon and Johnson Administrations was not a good one, and needs to be pointedly erased. The bond the Japanese feel with the United States is stronger than most Americans realize. Still, the Japanese want to be seen as an active nation with its own foreign policy rather than a resentful "me too" partner in an American alliance.

In a world where the problem of shrinking resources is matched by the need for ever more technical, cultural, and administrative competence, this may be Japan's only long-term solution. As the fictional plot of *The Sinking of Japan* suggested, no one ever doubted that Japan's 108 million people are a valuable world asset. It was just that no one could figure out what they were up to.

—FRANK GIBNEY

THE AUTO INDUSTRY

It is hard to imagine a company as large and powerful as General Motors undergoing corporate panic. Yet, in the weeks following the Arab oil embargo last year, signs of panic were clearly evident throughout GM—in its dealer showrooms, on its assembly lines, and in the blue-carpeted executive suites on the fourteenth floor of its Detroit headquarters. Stunned executives watched helplessly as sales of GM's big cars, the profitable heart of its five divisions, plunged by 50 percent. In a matter of weeks, GM laid off 84,000 workers—one fifth of its hourly work force—and temporarily "furloughed" 85,000 more. By early 1974, GM's share of the market had skidded to 37.5 percent, from 44.4 percent just before the embargo, as buyers snapped up the greater array of small cars offered by Ford, Chrysler, American Motors, and foreign companies. First-quarter profits hit a twenty-six-year low, and even Richard Gerstenberg, GM's board chairman, joined a car pool.

Now that the embargo has ended, Gerstenberg has returned to his chauffeur-driven Cadillac, gasoline is readily available again, and big-car sales have recovered somewhat.

But the situation in Detroit is still far from normal. The entire industry, especially GM, faces some wrenching readjustments over the next few years. The changes will shrink the size of the cars Americans drive, raise their prices, and pinch the profits of the nation's largest industry. In the process, GM may well be the big loser, and Ford at least a modest winner.

Downshift

The most obvious and immediate change is the public's downshift to small cars: compacts and sub-compacts weighing less than 3500 pounds, shorter than 200 inches, and with a wheelbase less than 112 inches.¹ In the 1974 model year, small cars, domestic and foreign, captured about half the market for the first time in history, up from 25 percent in 1968 and 40 percent just before the embargo. Ten new models, a modern record, are being introduced in the 1975 model year that started in September, and eight of them are small, including Cadillac's long-awaited compact La Salle. Within two years, small cars may win 60 percent of sales, and by 1980, some auto men predict, they will account for 80 percent or more.

The auto companies are also scaling down their full-size cars, by up to 1200 pounds. Excessive weight is the single most important reason that the 1974 model cars get such poor gas mileage, an average of only eleven and a half miles per gallon in city and suburban driving, according to tests run by the Environmental Protection Agency. As a result, many automotive engineers predict that the full-size cars of the 1980s will be the same size and weight as today's compacts. But they won't look the same or be as cramped inside. To accommodate

five or six people comfortably, Detroit designers will abandon the long, low look that has prevailed for nearly twenty years. The style has proven popular, but though large on the outside, the cars offer surprisingly little room inside, particularly in two-door models.

Instead, the sedans of the future will probably have the boxy, European look: higher and stubbier with a large passenger compartment. Such continental sedans as Audi, Volvo, and Peugeot all weigh less than 2800 pounds, yet offer more interior room than many American cars 1500 pounds heavier. If form follows function, as it does in these European sedans, most American families can fit comfortably in compact cars. And since the lighter cars can be run by economical four- and six-cylinder engines with little loss in power, fuel mileage can easily reach twenty miles per gallon.

The move to small cars is a reluctant one, especially for GM, which has the largest financial and psychological stake in big cars. Sub-compacts and compacts earn lower profits than their big brothers, and many skeptics believe that the industry will try to lure buyers back to the behemoths now that the energy crisis has eased. Something very similar happened in the early 1960s. Alarmed by the rising tide of imports, Detroit responded with several economical compacts. But as soon as import sales were checked somewhat, Detroit began fattening up the compacts, like cattle in a feedlot, and adding elaborate and profitable options. Given a choice, the industry would undoubtedly do the same thing again.

Buying down

But this time the trend toward smaller cars is fueled by more powerful economic and social forces. For one thing, the price of gasoline now averages close to sixty cents a gallon, 50 percent more than a year ago. To fill a twenty-gallon tank thus costs a shocking twelve dollars, and a two-car family can easily spend \$1000 a year on gasoline alone. But by trading in, say, a 5000-pound Oldsmobile Toronado, which gets under ten miles per gallon in city and suburban driving, for a 3200-pound Chevrolet Nova,

WINE TALK

by Austin Nichols

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Recognizing and assessing the breed of a wine takes the ability of an expert. Perhaps a more convenient way is to recognize the mark of Austin, Nichols.



¹Consumers need a scorecard to keep track of the 338 models made in Detroit. Put simply, the industry offers four basic lines: sub-compacts, compacts, intermediates, and full-size cars. The sub-compacts weigh 2400 to 2700 pounds (Chevrolet Vega, Ford Pinto), while the compacts weigh 2800 to 3500 pounds (Ford Maverick, Dodge Dart, Plymouth Valiant, Chevrolet Nova). The intermediates weigh 3500 to 4300 pounds (Ford Torino, Oldsmobile Cutlass, Dodge Coronet), and the full-size cars tip the scales at 4300 to 5300 pounds (Ford Galaxie, Chevrolet Impala, Olds 98, Buick Electra, Lincoln Continental, Chrysler Imperial).

AUTO INDUSTRY

which averages about fifteen, a motorist can more than offset the higher gas price—a simple arithmetic lesson most Europeans learned years ago.

The high fuel prices are pressuring Detroit in a more subtle way. The nation's oil import bill is now running over \$2 billion a month, up from \$575 million before the embargo. Unless the Arabs and other oil producers lower their prices, Detroit could face government jawboning or legislation to build smaller, more efficient automobiles. Earlier this year, in fact, the Senate passed a bill requiring cars to achieve twenty miles per gallon by 1984. The bill stands no chance of passage in this session of Congress, but it serves as a warning to Detroit that Washington can regulate mileage as readily as it did safety and emissions.

Perhaps more important than high fuel prices are the soaring prices of the cars themselves. Auto makers usually do not raise prices after the model year begins, but after price controls ended, Ford and GM jacked up 1974 model prices at least six times, and Chrysler put through ten increases. Part of the increases covered government-mandated safety and emissions gear, and part reflected the impact of a high rate of inflation on the industry's own costs. In all, 1974 models averaged about \$500 more than their 1973 counterparts. And the 1975 models are \$500 or so higher still—\$110 of it for the catalytic converter designed to cut emissions. Even sub-compacts now fetch \$3000, up \$1000 since they were introduced in 1970. In more settled times, the huge price increases might not alter buying habits. But they are coming when take-home pay, adjusted for taxes and inflation, has been declining after years of rising steadily. The result: car sales will suffer, and Detroit's long-standing practice of enticing motorists to trade up to bigger, more expensive cars may reverse as inflation-battered consumers buy down.

Social forces are also spurring the move to smaller cars. As automobile ownership has spread, big cars are

no longer the status symbols they once were. In some circles, big, expensive cars are even seen as vulgar symbols of rampant materialism or environmental irresponsibility, to be shunned in favor of such utilitarian cars as the Volkswagen or Pinto. Harvard sociologist David Riesman believes that such feelings are fanning out from the well-heeled and college-educated classes to society at large. "Aristocratic insouciance is downwardly mobile," he says.

Number Two

In a sense, Detroit has become a victim of its own success. So thoroughly has it converted the car from luxury to necessity that 82 percent of all Americans get to work by car, and 35 percent of American families, mainly in the suburbs, own two or more cars. The car is thus a household utility to many people, and they now care more how it performs (or fails to perform) than how it looks.

Slowly and reluctantly, the industry is accepting the end of America's long romance with the automobile. Styling changes are less frequent these days, and the glamorous convertible has all but gone the way of the rumble seat. Says Roy Chapin, the chairman of American Motors: "People look upon their cars differently than they have in the past, generally in a more utilitarian way."

The energy crisis has simply accelerated this utilitarian trend. The gas lines of last winter, the fear of future shortages, and the high prices of both cars and fuel have forced many motorists to ask themselves whether they really need two tons of steel to get to work or to chauffeur the kids to school. As the sales figures for small cars show, the answer is becoming a resounding No.

The shift to small cars is producing a fascinating fight between Ford and GM. Ford, the industry's perennial number two, leads the small-car derby and is pushing hard to increase its market penetration while GM belatedly tries to catch up. At the moment, GM's total share of the market is a commanding 41.1 percent, compared with Ford's 25.1 percent. (Chrysler has 14 percent, imports take 15.8 percent, and American Motors is left

with 4 percent.) But in the booming small-car market, Ford and GM are almost even. And with 60 percent of its productive capacity geared for compacts and sub-compacts in the 1975 model year, Ford can now build 2.1 million small cars a year, while GM is struggling to reach the same figure, or 40 percent of its capacity. As the market shifted to small cars this year, Ford was able to capture 2 percent of GM's sales. To GM, that has meant \$200 million less in pre-tax profit, insiders say. In the next year or two, Ford could easily take another 3 percent from GM—which adds up to 300,000 cars and millions of dollars more in profit. "The more the market shifts to small cars, the more it helps Ford," notes Wall Street analyst Arvid Jouppi.

No one expects Ford to overtake GM, but if Ford even comes close, it will be ironic. In the early 1920s, after producing over 10 million Model T's, Henry Ford stubbornly refused to scrap his any-color-you-want-as-long-as-it's-black philosophy. After bringing the car within the economic reach of Everyman, he failed to see that consumers were hankering after something bigger and more glamorous.

GM, then a small, loosely run firm, seized the initiative. Under Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., who headed the company from 1923 to 1956, GM catered to America's rising affluence and romantic impulse by offering a range of flashier cars priced from \$525 Chevrolets to \$3500 Cadillacs. The idea, of course, was to get people to trade up to bigger, more expensive cars. And every year or two, GM's styling section, then called the Art & Color Department, brought forth something new for consumers to covet. Sloan's marketing onslaught dethroned Henry Ford, revolutionizing the industry Ford had created.

This time around, however, it may be GM that has overplayed its hand. Reluctant to junk the big cars that have proven so profitable for so long, GM is more vulnerable than at any other time in the last fifty years. Henry Ford would have relished the irony: the fashion of the day now seems to be the functionalism he so admired.

If Ford does score at GM's expense, one major reason will be the

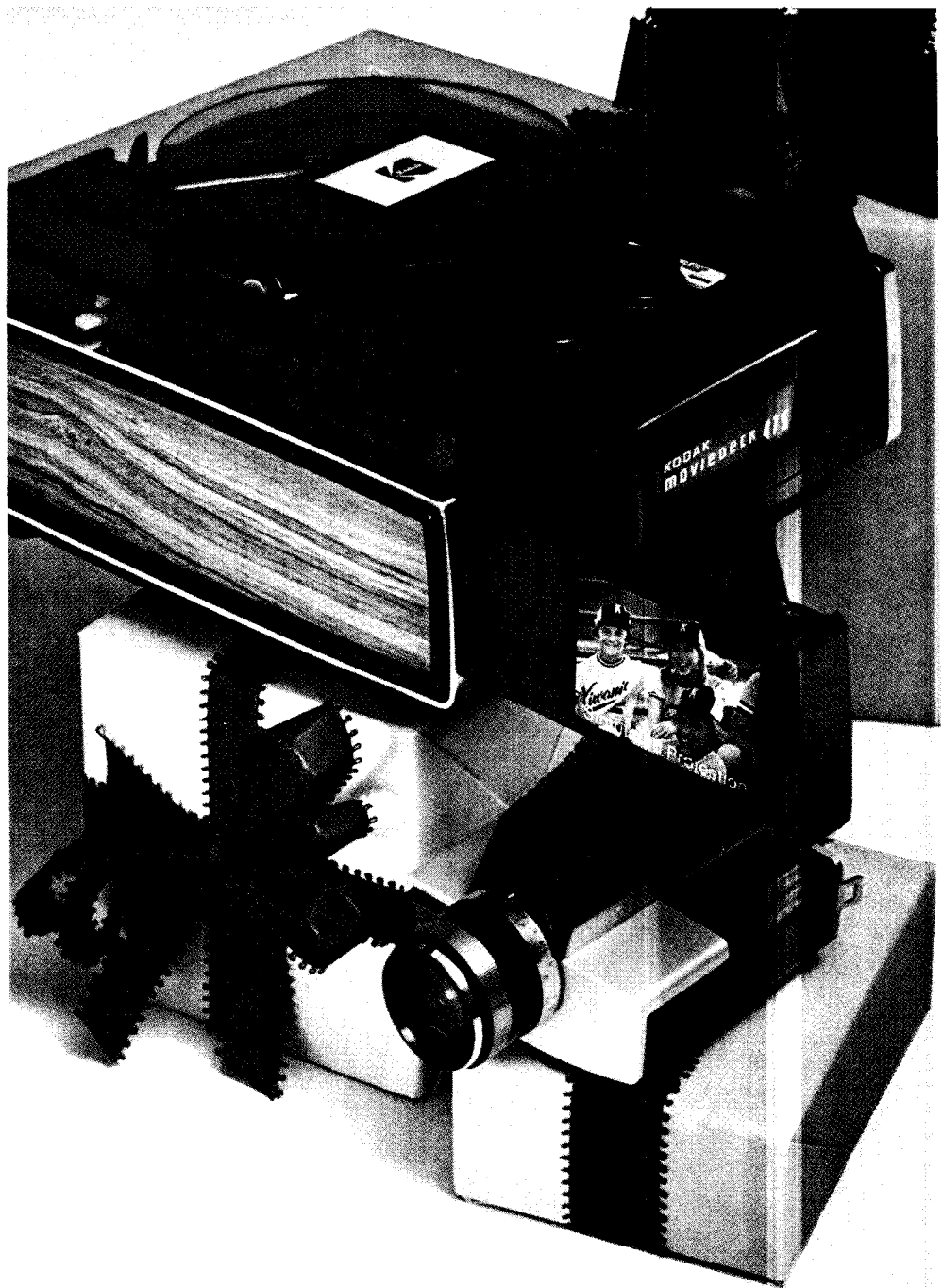
difference in management at the two companies and their ability to react to change. Ford is run primarily by two men: Chairman Henry Ford II, the proud and outspoken grandson of the man who started it all, and President Lido (Lee) Iacocca, son of successful Italian immigrants and an aggressive (some say ruthless) salesman and manager. Mr. Ford, as he is called by nearly everyone, including Iacocca, is often capricious, but is more hard-working and knowledgeable than his jet-set reputation implies. And Iacocca, who received engineering degrees from Lehigh and Princeton, seems to have an uncanny knack for beating GM to market with hot-selling small cars.

It was Iacocca who pioneered the Mustang, first of the sporty small cars, which he soon followed with two new compacts, Maverick and Comet, and three sub-compacts, the Pinto, the Mustang II, and the European-built Capri. This fall, Iacocca's product planning again scooped GM with an entirely new concept for the American market: the luxury compact. Ford is offering two versions, the Ford Granada and the Mercury Monarch. Shorter, narrower, and 800 pounds lighter than Ford's intermediate-sized Torino, they nonetheless boast as much interior room and trunk space. Designed to resemble the Mercedes, and priced at over \$5000 fully equipped, the two cars may well set the pattern in luxury small cars for years to come.

Sloan's way

GM, by contrast, is run by a series of committees first set up by Sloan. Though Sloan died in 1966, his management philosophy seems indelibly stamped on GM operations, and his how-it-was-done book, *My Years With General Motors*, is in easy reach in most executive offices, like Gideon Bibles in motel rooms. The reverence is deserved, for the Sloan system has served GM exceedingly well. The company earns twice as much profit per dollar of sale as Ford, and realizes far higher returns on invested capital. But this very success has wed GM to big cars and produced a cumbersome management slow to change.

In 1970, for instance, former GM



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AUTO INDUSTRY

president Edward Cole and John DeLorean, head of the Chevrolet division, both engineers, argued within GM's august councils for smaller cars. Though they did not foresee the energy crunch, they correctly predicted that congested roads, smaller families, higher costs, and shifting values would create a trend toward smaller cars. Indeed, since 1965, nearly all the growth in U.S. auto sales had been in small cars. But GM's cars were getting bigger, and Cole and DeLorean pushed "Project K" to design smaller, lighter versions of GM's compacts and intermediates. And they tried to get GM to scale down its full-size cars and equip them with smaller, more efficient engines—steps GM is now hurriedly taking four years later. But the ideas were talked to death in endless committee meetings, and DeLorean, though a prime candidate for GM's presidency, eventually quit in frustration. Financial men on the committees, not engineers or product planners, were calling the tune at GM, and they had lost sight of the market and their ability to control it.

Even today, some observers wonder whether GM managers have learned the lesson of the energy crisis. GM marketing vice president Mack Worden insists that "buying up to bigger cars is the fundamental concept of American life." And GM's powerful finance committee, dominated by older executives who grew up under Sloan, has not fully accepted the fact that the big-car era is ending. "Deep down they simply don't understand why people want smaller cars," observes one Wall Street analyst.

GM's current planning reflects this deep-seated ambivalence toward small cars. On the one hand, GM is spending heavily to bring out new small models. This fall, Pontiac unveiled the Astre, a Vega spinoff originally sold only in Canada, while Chevrolet, Buick, and Oldsmobile are offering sporty new sub-compacts also derived from the successful Vega; and GM has restyled its existing compacts, cutting their weight by 200 pounds. And, says Gerstenberg, GM may soon offer a 1750-pound mini-



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car based on the company's Opel Kadette, sold in Germany, and the Chevette, sold in Brazil.

At the same time, however, it is banking heavily on its intermediate and full-size cars, which it will pare down by hundreds of pounds over the next three years. And by applying other gas-saving techniques, GM expects its biggest cars to average at least fifteen miles per gallon—good enough, they hope, to keep buyers of intermediates and full-size cars in the fold. "We'd like to be like a supermarket," Oscar Lundin, GM's vice chairman, told Wall Street analysts recently. "We don't know what kind of peas the customer will want. So we're going to have all kinds."

The risk, of course, is that the customers will not be buying too many big peas. Or that the government will set mileage standards higher than GM can achieve with big cars. In either case, GM will again have to scramble to step up small-car production. It may even

have to jettison one of its big-car divisions, either Buick, Olds, or Pontiac, since a predominantly small-car market would probably not offer enough product spread to support five GM divisions. But if the auto market stabilizes anywhere near a 50-50 mix of small and large cars, GM's planning will prove correct, and it will continue its across-the-board dominance.

Behind GM's reluctance to de-emphasize big cars lies the essence of the Sloan strategy: bigger cars earn bigger profits. A Cadillac Coupe de Ville, for example, costs only about \$300 more to build than a Chevrolet Caprice, but the Caddy sells for \$2700 more than the Chevy—yielding an extra profit of \$2400 per car. Similarly, an Olds 88 returns about \$1200 more profit than a Caprice. Even in the Chevrolet Division profits vary greatly with size: a typical intermediate, Chevelle, returns about \$600 per car, the compact Nova about \$450, and the sub-compact Vega only about \$125.

This strategy, of course, is not confined to GM. As Leonard

Piconke, Chrysler's director of marketing services, says: "You put a few more bucks into a car, enlarge it, and sell it for a lot more money." But Chrysler and Ford have never seriously dented GM's big-car dominance, and hence their big cars have always been less profitable. In 1973, for instance (before the effects of the energy crisis were fully felt in Detroit), GM earned \$2.4 billion on sales of \$35.8 billion, for a healthy profit margin of 6.7 percent. By comparison, Ford's profit margin was 4 percent (\$906 million in profits on sales of \$23 billion). And Chrysler had a skimpy profit margin of 2.2 percent (\$255 million in profits on sales of \$11.8 billion).

Promoting big cars has enabled the industry to pursue another highly profitable strategy: selling optional equipment, or what auto men call "more car per car." Such extra-cost options as air conditioning, automatic transmission, vinyl tops, and power steering return profits of 40 percent or more to the auto makers. Consumers obviously like them, for they often buy \$1000 worth of extras on a \$4000 car. Over 90 percent of all cars are sold with automatic transmission, 73 percent have air conditioning, and 87 percent have power steering. But such options add weight and drain power, reinforcing the "need" for bigger cars with powerful engines. Options are available on small cars, too, of course, but small-car buyers select far fewer of them—in part because they want cheaper cars, in part because they are concerned with function and don't care much about deluxe trim or fancy interiors, and in part because they don't need power steering or power brakes on a 2500-pound car. As a result, Detroit fears that a shift to small cars would endanger their option profits.

Subsidies

Detroit's big-car strategy was abetted by the social and political forces of the last twenty years. The suburbs mushroomed, aided by federally backed mortgages and tax breaks to homeowners, creating a demand for station wagons and second cars. Gasoline prices were kept down by government subsidies to the oil industry, making gas-gulping cars acceptable. And the Highway

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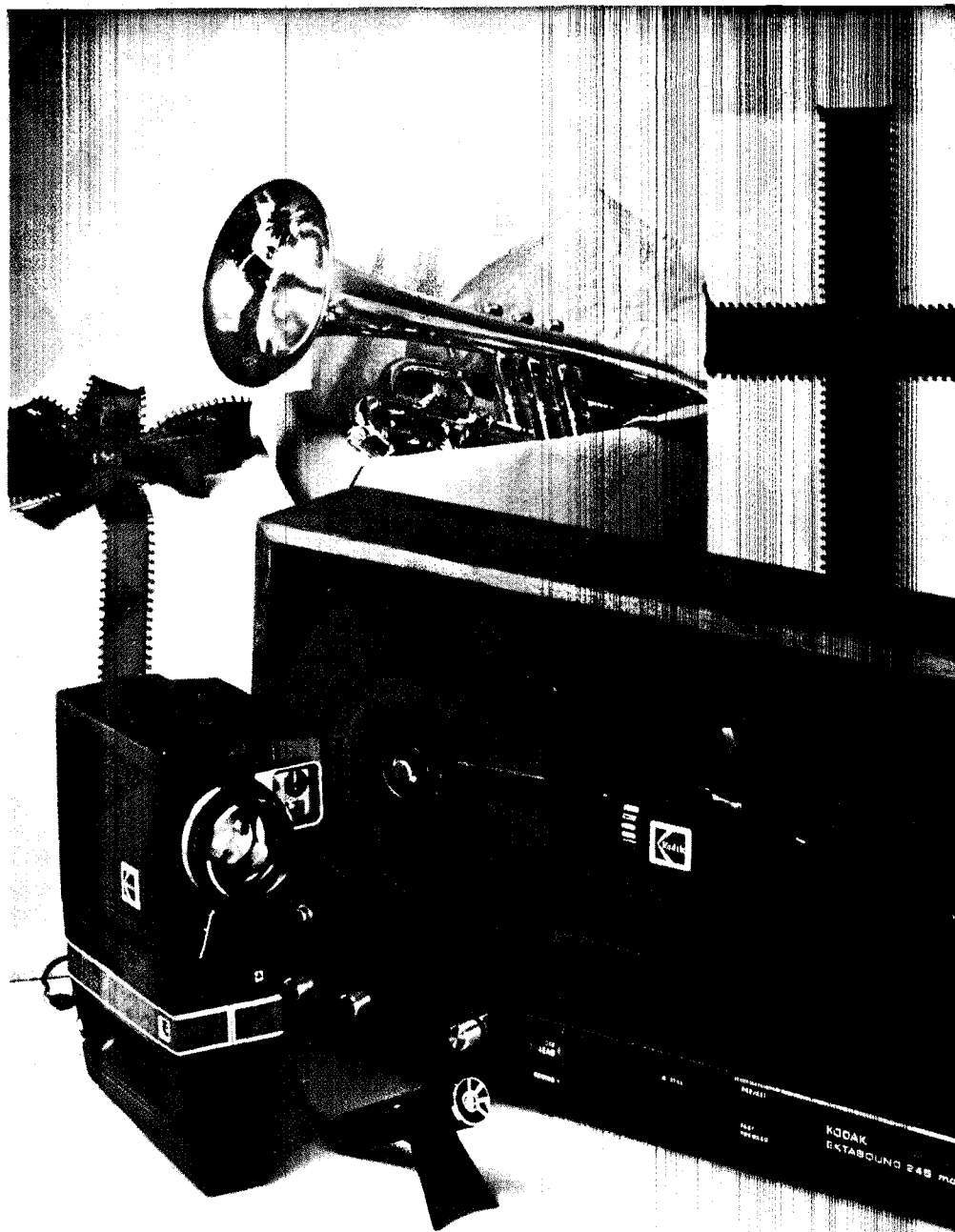
Trust Fund poured \$70 billion into a capacious interstate highway system that could accommodate the big cars.

The result was a colossal subsidy of cars, especially big ones, at the expense of other forms of transportation. In short, it was not just the invisible hand of the free market that favored autos, as auto executives like to say, but the powerful muscle of government policy as well. Together they helped the industry to handsome profits, generating capital for expansion, employment, and higher wages. But the social costs were left to the public in the form of air pollution, congestion, and depletion of domestic oil reserves. The social tab must now be paid, and part of the price is the end of the big-car era.

The question now facing Detroit—and Wall Street—is whether smaller cars can earn anything like the lush profits of bigger models. The best answer now seems to be No, at least in the short run. GM and Chrysler will probably suffer the most, depending on how far the market shifts, and how fast. The profit problem is aggravated because the industry is now in a period of much slower growth and much higher inflation. For the first half of 1974, for example, GM's profits were down from 1973 (a record year) by 75 percent, Ford was off 61 percent, and Chrysler down 83 percent. And 1975 earnings may not grow much.

Chrysler, without GM's resources, must travel a particularly bumpy road. Its compact Valiant and Dart are selling very well, and it has introduced two intermediate-size cars this fall. But as GM scales down its big cars, Chrysler's compacts and intermediates will face stiff new competition. And Chrysler does not offer a domestic sub-compact to compete with Vega or Pinto. In 1970, it decided instead to restyle its big-car line at a cost of \$300 million. Unfortunately for Chrysler, the remodeled big cars hit the market exactly one month before the oil embargo. It will be four or five years before Chrysler can afford to redo these cars again, and in the meantime Ford and GM will be offering their scaled-down full-size models.

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AUTO INDUSTRY

would seem obvious beneficiaries of the energy crunch. Small and light, such best sellers as Volkswagen, Toyota, and Datsun average better than twenty miles per gallon. But two devaluations of the dollar in the last three years, as well as currency changes in Germany and Japan, have raised their prices so much that the VW now costs more than the Pinto or Vega. As a result, VW sales have dropped sharply, and foreign car sales generally are off. Still, imports have won nearly 16 percent of the U.S. market and are likely to retain that share. To offset the currency changes, Volvo is planning to open an assembly plant in the United States in 1976, and VW and Toyota are considering making similar moves.

As for American Motors, it is happily emphasizing small cars after nearly going bankrupt in 1967, when it foolishly tried to play in GM's big-car ballpark. It is up to 4 percent of the market, and is once again seeing profits like those of twenty years ago, when George Romney unleashed the compact Rambler against what he called "those gas-guzzling dinosaurs." This fall, AMC unveiled a new sporty model, the Pacer, slightly lighter than the fast-selling Gremlin subcompact. AMC, too, faces increased competition, and it will never be more than a pygmy by Detroit standards. But it has a solid small-car reputation and some distinctive models.

Boosting profits

From AMC to GM, all the auto makers are now looking for ways to boost profits on their small cars. Four key strategies are emerging:

- Boost small-car prices sharply. Recent devaluations of the dollar have curbed some of the competitive pressure Detroit felt from cheaper imports. Volkswagen prices, for example, have jumped by \$780, mostly from currency changes, hurting the Beetle and freeing Detroit to raise its small-car prices. In 1974, the Pinto was \$717 more expensive than it was three years ago, the Nova \$462, and the Dart \$610, and the small cars will continue to bear the brunt

of future price hikes. The result, says Ford executive Bennett Bidwell, is that "the profit range between big and small cars is narrowing."

- Promote highly profitable options. So far, small-car buyers have resisted most of the options big-car buyers snap up. But the industry expects that as big-car buyers start trading down they will continue their option-buying habits, too. To help things along, Detroit does not provide dealers with many "stripped" models of small cars, forcing customers into buying option-loaded models. And the industry is making some of the options standard equipment—which is another way of raising prices.

- Cut frequent model changes. On small, low-priced cars, the industry has trouble recovering the tooling costs needed for new model changes. So production runs of cheaper cars will lengthen, allowing Detroit to amortize the costs over higher volumes, and thereby boost profits per car. For example, both the Vega and the Pinto are starting their fifth year without any major styling changes.

- Sell small luxury cars at big-car prices. As Mercedes (weight: 3200 pounds) has amply demonstrated, an expensive sedan need not be the size of a 5300-pound Cadillac or Continental. Ford's new Granada and Monarch represent the new look in American compact sedans: modestly sized on the outside, roomy on the inside, and priced at over \$5000. For the more affluent, Cadillac will offer the compact La Salle early next year. The price is rumored to be over \$8000.

While these approaches will help Detroit, most analysts believe that industry profitability, measured by return on sales and investment, will decline anyway over the next few years. And some critics even suggest that the industry is just beginning a long skid into oblivion. In her recent book, *Paradise Lost: The Decline of the Auto-Industrial Age*, Emma Rothschild argued that the U.S. auto industry "faces decline and possible extinction," much like the textile industry in late nineteenth-century Britain. She points out certain similarities: a declining growth rate, increasing market saturation, signs of management inertia,

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lagging technology, and falling profitability. In addition, some cities are sure to limit auto use because of air pollution and congestion.

Nonetheless, while Detroit may not prevail, it certainly will endure. Though the market appears saturated now, with one car for every two people, the U.S. population is expected to increase by another 50 million over the next twenty-five years, and they, too, will want or need cars, especially if they follow the suburban living patterns now so firmly established. The car of the future will change, and will need to be smaller and free of pollution, but some kind of car will remain a necessity for most Americans for years to come. Even if the population finally stabilizes, and the domestic market is fully saturated, there will be at least 125 million cars on the road that will eventually need replacement. If 10 percent are replaced a year, roughly the current scrap rate, U.S. auto sales could go on indefinitely at 12.5 million cars a year—better than last year's record of 11.4 million.

Moreover, the industry has other opportunities for growth and change. Overseas markets are far from saturated and already supply a growing portion of Detroit's earnings. Technological advances lie ahead, leading ultimately to an electric car when oil reserves run out. And just as the oil industry has moved into the energy business, Detroit is slowly moving into the transportation business, with booming growth possible in buses and other mass transit systems.

Yes, the Golden Age for the auto industry is over. Public attitudes have changed, the profits in car manufacturing will probably decline, and the industry will have to conform to the new age of resource scarcity. But, to paraphrase Mark Twain, reports of its death are greatly exaggerated.

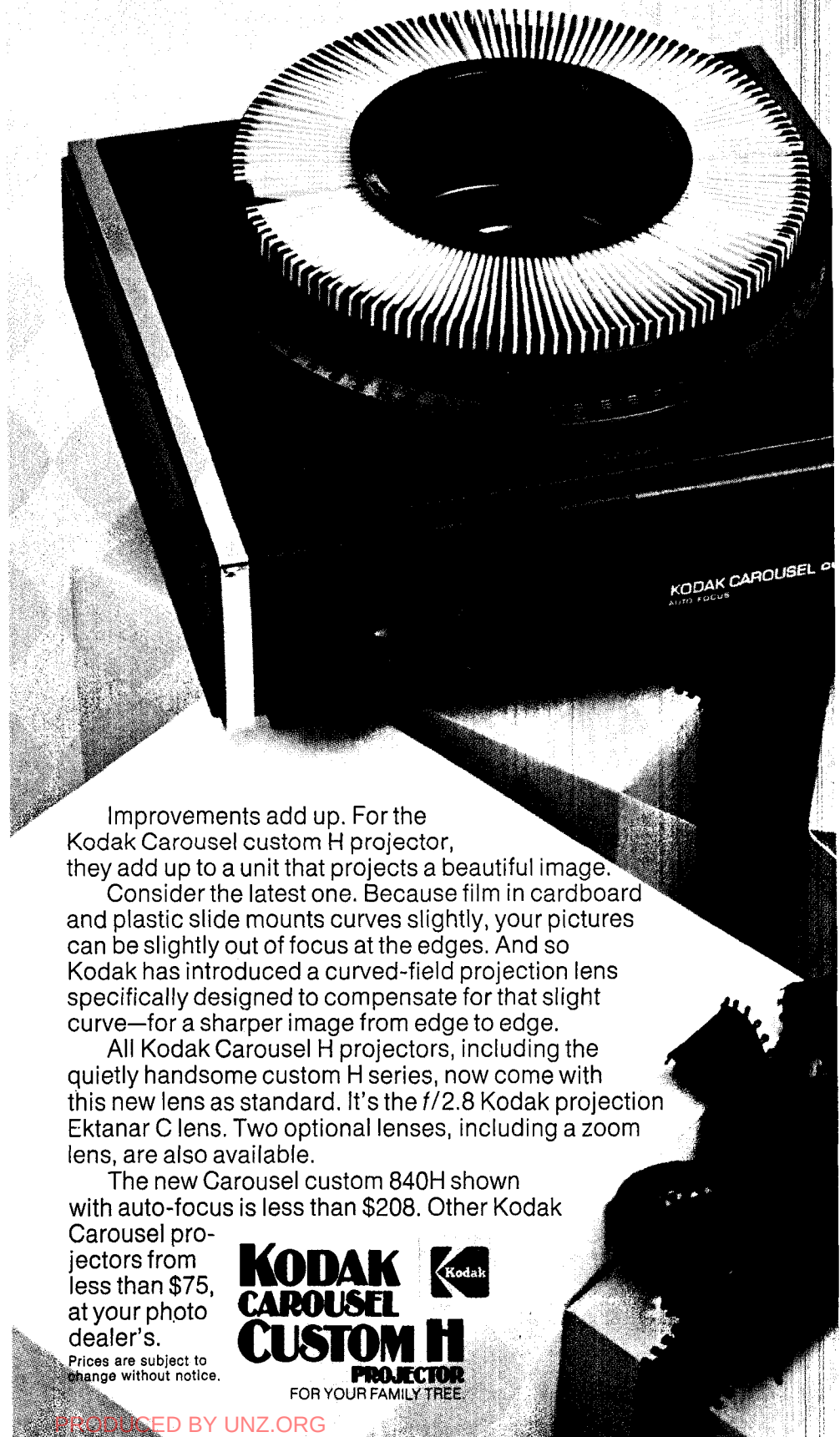
—STEPHEN SHEPARD AND
J. PATRICK WRIGHT

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Show Me the Way
to Go Home

by Thomas Griffith

Can it be that regionalism in America is declining in the same way that patriotism has—that it is more noisily insisted upon, but by fewer and fewer people? It used to be a peculiarly American trait to brag on where you lived. The most aggressive of these geographical chauvinists would extol their climate and belittle everyone else's, would rhapsodize over the outdoor beauty to be found close at hand, and would solemnly assert that their region molded people of superior character.

I know that attitude well, since I myself come from God's country. Those wide open spaces out West were thought to broaden your horizons even if they only left you with an unfocused, far-off stare. Being spread out was supposed to make you more self-reliant. We pitied the herded eastern cities with their squalid political machines, and persuaded ourselves that we were the true, think-for-yourself democrats.

And when critics came along and said that all our Main Streets looked alike, with a Woolworth's here and an A&P there, we thought they were judging merely by externals, and had missed what was stubbornly individual in us. We could have our cake mixes and eat them too, without jeopardizing our Garden of Eden. I don't believe that anymore.

* * *

Growing up in the Pacific Northwest, I acknowledged valuable mutations in the American character: the confident, blond handsomeness of Californians, sure that they were

the first citizens of tomorrow; New England Yankees, spare of speech and honed down physically to survive in that dour rocky land; Texans at home with expansiveness; Virginians who had saved a grave courtesy from the ruins. But how about people from other, more anonymous places, like Arkansas or West Virginia, who seemed less eager to brag on their origins? How could people in those bleak, sooty mill towns stay even another day in them? Then I discovered the satisfaction people take in the sheer unlivability of their circumstances. I remember a Texan saying, "God wasn't very mad when he made this part, but he sure lost his temper in other parts of Texas."

Such perverse pride in surviving an alien and harsh environment I have come to understand, after living thirty years in New York City. I once thought that sanity triumphed as each decade's census showed the center of population moving ever westward. I now think it is decadent old New York City that is ahead of the country, by adapting so effortlessly to the way of the future—mass turnstile living. This Darwinian adaptation explains that impersonal behavior in New Yorkers which roils outsiders.

True New York courtesy consists in holding open the rear door of the bus for the person who follows you—a service rendered without establishing contact or invading privacy. Such economy of effort, I grant, also accounts for other familiar New York behavior, such as that of surly, indifferent waiters and slovenly, querulous cabbies. But then, if you allow for a certain pressurization, caused by New York's harried pace, I believe that meanness of character is not more prevalent there but is pretty evenly distributed in the population at large. I've never shared Oscar Hammerstein's mawkish admiration for small-town virtues, which led him, in *Allegro*, to write lyrics of even more undiluted bathos than those in his dreadful "You've Got to Be Taught" number in *South Pacific*.

For, among small-town tradespeople, how much does politeness merely reflect the pragmatic knowledge that they expect to see you again soon? In New York's turnstile economy, volume is everything; the

newsie is indifferent to your particular presence, and don't waste his time. Now that volume discount houses and supermarkets as big as aircraft hangars crowd the highway strips outside most American cities, girls at the check-out counters—brought up in small towns and healthy suburbs—are adopting the same turnstile manner without having had the benefit of on-the-spot training in New York. The fact of impersonal relationship, not geography, determines the behavior.

I would argue that regionalism in America today exists mostly as a fact of nature and climate. Among man-made things, it survives mainly in parody. And in people it persists more as sentimental illusion, a pride of memory, than as distinctiveness of character. America has lost the battle to the common ooze spread by giantism.

* * *

The forces that mold us as a nation are now more powerful than those that differentiate us by regions. Big businesses—big supermarkets to handle their wares, big television budgets to clear their shelves—depend at every stage on efficient uniformity. Let any enterprising local owner of a highway fast-food franchise try to vary his menu by adding a regional specialty, and he'll get a quick rocket from headquarters to stop that nonsense—everything must be similar from Bellingham to Key West, or the customer would feel disoriented.

Of course, if a wanderer through America feels the need to savor local atmosphere, he can, for a price, subject himself to roadside inns which flaunt a halfhearted and usually spurious regionalism—from fake beams to cutesy menus full of ship-ahoy gabble about Gloucester fish or chuck-wagon metaphors to sanction the toughness of the beef. (Often the only discernible linkage between a roadside Colonial tavern and its Revolutionary past is the conviction that the dollar isn't worth a continental.)

Just as much a parody of the past, though more endearing, are those one-day festivals in midwestern small towns where local high

Thomas Griffith's last *Atlantic* article was "A Few Frank Words About Bias" (April, 1974).

PARTY OF ONE

school girls put on wide smiles and Swiss dirndls or Dutch wooden shoes to celebrate their ethnic origins. Actually, true ethnic survival in America depends on the much tougher proposition that "I'm not inferior; I count too; you must reckon with me." This attitude is more deeply felt and more insistent than any regionalism is. Challenging a man's regionalism just does not touch him to the quick anymore. You don't have to smile, podner, when you confront a Virginian; his suburbs are much like yours. Nor is he any longer instructed that, for politeness' sake, he must "never throw up to a Yankee the fact of his birthplace."

Even the touristy landmarks of any region seem diminished now, and not just by being surrounded and overwhelmed by souvenir stands and litter. They are diminished by accessibility, as Samarkand and Xanadu are. Those brave parents who—scorning the convenient plane—crisscross the American West with their children, journeying from camper site to Indian battleground, may travel in monotonous ease across expanses of tableland ringed by mountains, but at least they get some transitional sense of the agonizing distance and receding horizons of those who, in creaky Conestoga wagons, journeyed into the unknown a century earlier.

But how often the historical site itself then disappoints. Out the families scramble from their cars, weary from the close quarters. Then watch mother and father trying to summon up, first in themselves and then in their children, a sense of what happened here: Imagine, children, how on this very spot Indians once stealthily crept up on the peaceful campfires. The children stare, but see only a stone marker and a bronze tablet which looks too wordy to read. The ooze has got to them first. They've seen the spectacular of it, in movie or television dramas, and what does it matter if the locale has been shifted to a more imposing landscape? Soon it won't be necessary to travel such distances to see dispersed artifacts. Those convenient cultural conglomerates, our proliferating Dis-

neylands, tidily bring together in one place Wild West towns, antebellum mansions, Mississippi riverboats, or roadside jungles stocked from elsewhere. After moving comfortably from one such dollop of recreated history to another, it's but a short ride back to the motel swimming pool.

But nature itself has not been successfully parodied. And it can be argued that only where people take their living directly from nature—in plowing the fields, mining the gullies, or fishing the seas—does regionalism any longer bestow its lasting imprint on character. Just try to discover in an aerospace engineer, or an accountant, any strong distinctiveness because he works in a Houston suburb rather than on the outskirts of Knoxville or Tacoma.

He is probably part of that great moving mass, the 20 percent of all Americans who change where they live every year. He may have been transferred by the armed forces, or by a large corporation; he goes to work in a glass grid of the kind that makes every city a mini-Manhattan, or in one of those tidy plants at the edge of town, surrounded by a few nursery trees and an acre of shining metal—parked cars reflecting the sun. Such transients become wise in marginal advantages: in Scarsdale the schools are better; in Denver you can ski on weekends.

But the real distinctions between regions grow fewer as people no longer live in isolated and narrow cultures on which the outside world only rarely impinges. Even the Old South that once made a literary eloquence out of the bonds of defeat now resounds with the affirmative business aggressiveness of the New South, the kind that used to be explored as northern materialism.

All of us, in our millions, who began there and ended here, have our passports heavily stamped by elsewhere. We have not only become victims of the ooze but are carriers of the virus. We bunch together in cities and expanding suburbs where the market strategists—those students of similarity and harbingers of uniformity—can have at us easily. In their corporate boardrooms, and on Madison Avenue, they don't look at the familiar map of the fifty states as we do, as a variegated, history-sanctioned collection of contraries.

They focus instead on densely populated clots—the kind that the government calls Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas—and have so studied the "A and B Counties" of city and suburb that they are experts in how most cheaply to reach the masses who buy cornflakes, or to single out those families, known as "upscale in income and education," who can be sold brand-name Scotch and elaborate sound systems. Everyone's level of sophistication, earnings, and schooling has been efficiently calibrated, and if you get your regional charts right, the same dollar-rated entertainers will be admired to the same degree, and the same products will sell best.

If, as the song goes, everything's up-to-date in Kansas City, it will be equally so in Phoenix and Indianapolis. In sports, promoters freely shift football and basketball franchises around, the better to assemble the most desirable markets for national television advertisers. Your local team will be encouraged to adopt a name that suggests instant tradition (another example of regionalism surviving as parody), so what does it matter if the team is owned, managed, and stocked with players from the outside? Many of the customers in the stands are from the outside too, and can take on a protective coloration by cheering the local team. It's the secular equivalent of joining the local church.

We have all been made more similar than we like to admit. At best, we hold dual citizenship: in the place of our origins, and in a nationalized culture which is in part political but mostly a shared community of experiences, references, entertainments, celebrities, and the commercial inundation not only of products but of their sell, made familiar to us in insistent melodies—all of this giving us not so much a national outlook as a common subjection to a homogenous palaver. But something stubbornly sentimental in us makes us insist on our regionalism, and we prize it when we hear it in the lazy cadences of speech, or see it in idiosyncratic mannerisms. The great American question is "Where you from?," and however much we move about, most of us find our true lifetime identity wherever in the isolation of childhood we first discovered our own

universe. The place of our roots dominates even when those roots have been severed. When asked where I'm from, I never say New York, though I have lived there half my life.

Not long ago, returning to my native Pacific Northwest, I was anxious to see how well it had escaped the effluvium that pours from the smokeless chimneys of Madison Avenue and from the television glass booths of Rockefeller Center, how much it had escaped the banalization of America and the spreading uniformity. In neighboring Oregon, Governor Tom McCall has been telling people that Oregon is a nice place to visit, but please don't move there. Some of the wiser spirits in my hometown of Seattle are learning to think small too. But nature's invitation is still writ large—the Cascades and Olympics that ring Seattle were sharp and clear, though less snow-clad than I remember. Mount Rainier hovered spectacularly over the city, cold and strong. Its serenity awes the stranger, but to Seattleites the mountain is such a familiar that they cannot be reverent about Rainier all the time. So we talked about how much the mountain looked like a giant heap of vanilla ice cream. Then, as we watched the rays of the setting sun strike the mountain's flanks, it turned strawberry color before our eyes.

I asked Miner Baker, a banker-economist friend of mine, whether northwesterners still brag as much as they used to about God's country. He thought not; most had traveled and seen other places, superior in some ways if inferior in others. Quiet satisfaction was more like it, he thought, along with some worry. For Washington State, which once seemed inexhaustible in its unspoiled green scenery and rich resources that were anyone's to despoil, had felt the threat to its environment. And this had come with a barrage of rhetorical overkill that is in itself a kind of verbal littering. Still, the mood is that we've got to hang on to what we've got.

If this is the new regional chauvinism, I prefer it to the old brag. If we can't preserve regional man in all his isolated innocence and independence, we can still preserve regional nature.

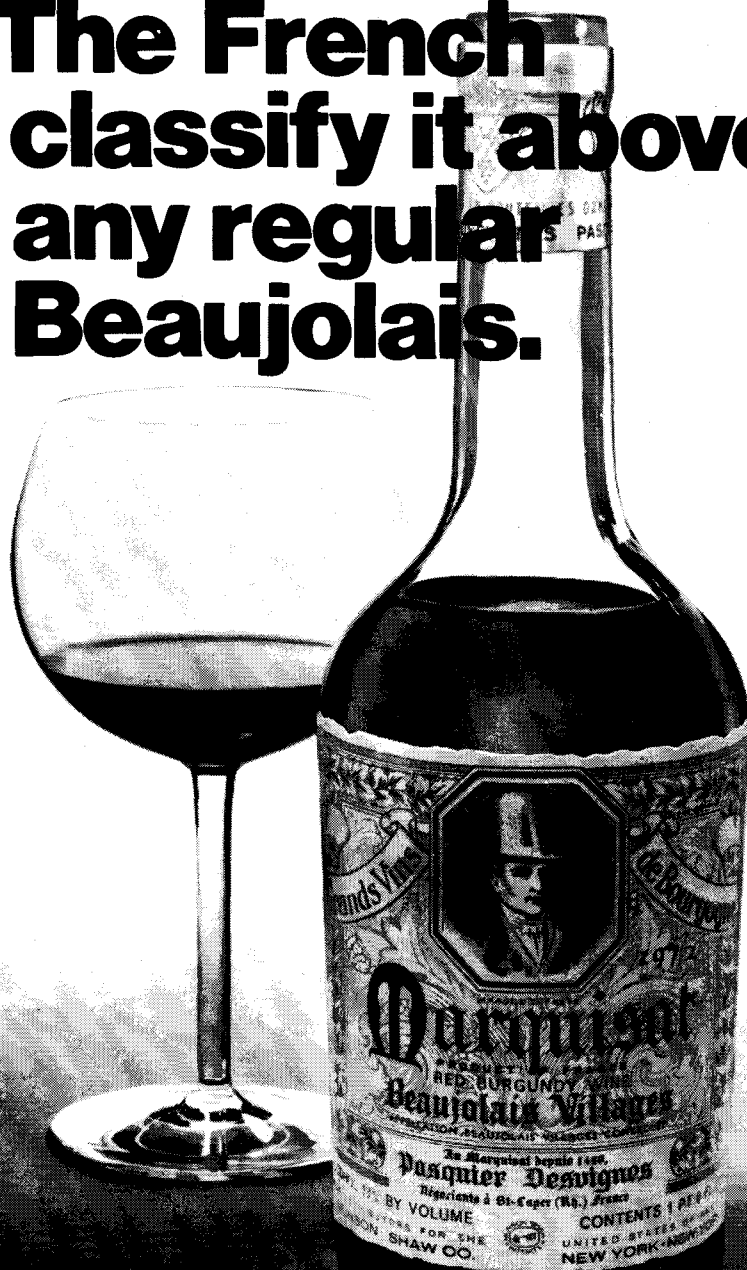
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FIGHTING INFLATION

SIR: Of all that has been written about inflation in the last year, Melville J. Ulmer's article "How To Fight Inflation" (October *Atlantic*) is by far the most honest and realistic. But here are some questions that I think should have been answered.

1. Isn't it true that Ulmer's four-step program for controlling inflation would lead to the stabilization of wages and prices, and that wage and price stabilization would in turn result in the stabilization of profits?

2. Isn't it likely that any program for stabilizing profits would be resisted successfully by (a) the government at all levels and (b) the financial and industrial leaders who manage our economy?

3. Why is it that non-capitalist states seem to be immune to the disease of inflation? Is it because their prices and wages are stabilized and because they don't rely on profits that are distributed to private individuals for their economic health and growth?

4. If Professor Ulmer's program or some similar plan is not put into effect, what are the prospects for our economy?

It seems to me that what Professor Ulmer is recommending, and I strongly support those recommendations, amounts to a revolutionary step toward national planning. It may be necessary. I think it is. But I doubt that it has a chance in the near future. Some halfway measures may be possible, but tax increases to subsidize full employment within the next five or ten years are not credible unless there is a shattering depression. Is this what Professor Ulmer anticipates?

ROBERT GARRETSON
Hatton, Va.

SIR: Melville Ulmer suggests "an appropriate tax increase" to finance public service jobs at an annual salary of \$8000 for all who now earn less. With higher taxes, people would, of course, be unable to buy as many goods and services from the private sector. So, there would presumably be a loss of private sector employment at least matching the expansion of public "services"—with no net effect on total employment.

From 1932 to 1937, while such boondoggling was in its heyday, consumer prices rose at an annual rate of about 7.5 percent. In 1936, even before the 1937 recession, total employment was still lower than in 1930. In 1938, the unemployment rate was still 19 percent. It is rather amusing to hear such dismal failures revived as an assault on "orthodoxy."

Professor Ulmer notes that "an unemployment rate of 4 percent seemed to generate an annual price increase of about 3 to 4 percent." It did so only in the same sense that a man's height of six feet "seemed to generate" a weight of two hundred pounds. Leaving money out of the former explanation is like leaving calories out of the latter.

Ulmer speaks of the "dramatic" monetary restraint in 1973, by which he means the rise in nominal interest rates. But interest rates appear to be high only because it is stupid to lend money at 6 percent when you will be repaid with money that buys 10 percent less. Real interest rates—adjusted for inflation—are virtually unaffected by anticipated changes in the supply of money. Federal deficits and off-budget loans, however, push real interest rates higher as the government bids away an ever larger share of available capital.

Until very recently, there was no noticeable reduction in the 6.7 percent annual trend rate of money growth that has persisted since early 1970. In mid-July money growth slowed significantly and, contrary to Ulmer's extremely orthodox view, nominal interest rates simultaneously began to decline. The federal funds rate, for example, fell from 13.55 to 11.41 percent by September 20; Treasury bills peaked at 9.37 in late August and dropped to 8.01 percent in four weeks. If, through some atypical resistance to political pressure, the Fed keeps money growth below 5 percent, both inflation and interest rates will decline sharply within a year. If not, Ulmer's scheme to solve the alleged shortage of government employees will prove quite irrelevant—a burden without any corresponding benefit.

ALAN REYNOLDS
New York, N. Y.

SIR: Assuming one accepts Professor Ulmer's suggestion for mopping up unemployment caused by Keynesian measures by putting the unemployed to work on national service programs, and paying for this by compensatory tax, one would have to resolve several thorny administrative and political questions. To name a few:

1. Would employment with the national service remain voluntary or would it need to be obligatory? If the latter, under what conditions and after what length of unemployment would national service have to be accepted?

2. What would be the means for recycling a national service employee back into normal employment? He should not lose his place in the normal employment queue because of absence on national service.

3. What would be the relations between national service employees and employees normally working in the particular occupation? I presume the rate paid to national service employees would have to be identical to the normal job rate, subject to demonstrating an adequate level of performance.

4. How would one ensure that national service employees—let me use the phrase “impressed employees”—would not diminish the security of employment or bargaining power of normal employees? The right of national service employees to strike, or otherwise, is one aspect of this question.

I believe Professor Ulmer's medicine has been applied by dictatorships, e.g. Hitler's in the thirties, but it is not obvious that it can be sweetened enough to be swallowed by democracies.

H. H. LANGSHUR
St. Lambert, Quebec

SIR: Melville Ulmer brushes aside wage increases as only a *contributing* cause of our inflationary ills. This implies that wage-cost-push is only a minor inflationary force to be reckoned with after more important things have been taken care of. But as most every employer knows, it is just the other way around. Annual wage increases negotiated by trade unions have been the *major* cause of rising prices for many years.

When any cost of production goes up, whether raw material, rent, taxes, or wages, there are only two ways of dealing with the problem: by increasing efficiency to offset the cost hike, or by increasing prices to pay for the added costs. But when wages are upped year after year, as has been the case in most industries for several decades, to squeeze out greater efficiency—that is, more productivity per employee—eventually becomes an impossibility.

Wage-cost-push inflation goes back to Roosevelt's New Deal, when labor unions were “enfranchised” to monopolize labor markets in individual plants and in entire industries. More recently doctors, dentists, and lawyers have gotten into the act. Through their associations they have successfully established standard or minimum fees for the various services they perform. Like the

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factory worker, the plumber, electrician, and airline pilot, professionals now get pretty well whatever they choose to get. The inevitable result is, of course, higher prices for the consumer.

This rigged, manipulated, or "un-free" labor market is something rather new in our history. Economic laws of supply and demand have become largely replaced by such artificial controls as legal minimum wages, by standard professional fees, and by labor contracts calling for annual pay increases, whether earned or not.

As long as people continue to get paid more for the same (or less) work, costs will go up, and consumers will continue to suffer from price inflation. No amount of tinkering with the national money supply, no shifting of the tax burden, and no application by the government of vague, half-understood economic theories is going to stop inflation. Radically new measures will be needed to halt the wage-cost-push inflationary forces.

BEN LANSDALE
Eugene, Ore.

SIR: Melville J. Ulmer's article "How To Fight Inflation" contains this eye-popping statement: "Over the past twelve months or so this force [inflation] has been intensified by the Agriculture Department's prior decision to cut farm output at a peculiarly strategic juncture, on the eve of an unprecedented increase in demand at home and abroad."

That statement is pure hogwash, as Professor Ulmer, an economist at an agricultural college, ought to know. USDA, under Secretary Butz, has taken all restraints off domestic farm production to meet expanding needs, both domestic and foreign. Furthermore, USDA has relaxed imports of foreign-produced meat, dairy products, and other foods in the general effort to dampen inflation.

HARRY W. HENDERSON
Washington, D. C.

SIR: Anyone as concerned with the unemployment of the least skilled as Melville J. Ulmer professes to be would do well to consider that they are that portion of labor most affected by the present interference

with market forces in the form of minimum wage laws. The alternative national perils of inflation and unemployment are neatly mirrored in the situation of the unskilled individual under legislation decreeing that he must either be paid more than is justified by his productivity or not hired at all.

The proposal that private industry be allowed to hire the unskilled at a noninflationary wage is admittedly a radical deviation from the orthodox ideology holding that government can judge its citizens' interests better than they can. But the quaint prejudices of those who think only government should be allowed to hire the unemployed are no substitute for reason in public policy.

CHARLES FLOTO
New Haven, Conn.

Dr. Ulmer replies:

Apparently Messrs. Langshur and Garretson are unaware that nearly 200,000 formerly idle men and women are now employed in federal public service programs. Naturally, no compulsion was used in their recruitment, Hitlerian or otherwise. Like the employees of GM or the corner grocer, the federal job-holders were induced to work by the wages and working conditions offered. Like everybody else except the boss' son, when absent without leave, they are docked; when they refuse to perform their duties, they are fired. This public employment, moreover, is not a lingering vestige of the New Deal, but was inaugurated during the administration of that other notorious radical, Richard M. Nixon. Another member of the same school, President Ford, proposed a broadening of the program in his special economic message of October 8. To be sure, my own proposal would be many times larger than Ford's and Nixon's together, and would be accompanied by other measures to promote stable prices along with full employment. I would hope too, in comparison with the present system, that it would entail a more imaginative direction of human energies into truly essential and creative productive activities. But in the light of the precedent just described, it seems to me to go much too far to call my program "revolutionary."

Mr. Landsdale and Mr. Garretson are concerned, though in different ways, about the impact of my stabilization plan on business. One fears that profits would be frozen, the other that they would be squeezed by a rise in union wages. Basically, the question concerns what is to be stabilized. The answer is the *average* level of prices together with the overall unemployment rate; the latter would be maintained steadily at its minimum. Insofar as these conditions are actually achieved, they would require that profits, wages, and all other incomes rise constantly, *but strictly in line with the progress of productivity*. Indeed, if an economy enjoyed full employment without inflation—the goal at which I aim—money incomes would *have* to behave in this way. If they outdistanced productivity on balance, inflation would follow by the rules of arithmetic.

Food prices have been an outstanding performer in the present inflationary surge, rivaling oil and medicine. For this I shall continue to give the credit to Agriculture Secretary Earl L. Butz, despite the touching remonstrations against it by Mr. Henderson. In 1972, as in previous years, he administered with great enthusiasm and no foresight the acreage allotments, marketing quotas, land diversion programs, and other bureaucratic paraphernalia designed to reduce output. At the same time, he triumphantly consummated his celebrated grain deals with the Soviet Union and China. These sales were so celebrated that they successfully exhausted our grain reserves. The result was the shocking experience awaiting consumers at supermarkets the following year. The story has a sequel. This October, despite the drought and our decimated crops, Secretary Butz approved an even gaudier sale of wheat and corn to the Soviet Union—\$500 million worth—to be delivered by his good friends at the giant Continental Grain Company and Cook Industries, Inc. President Ford vetoed that deal, but approved a scaled-down version of it later.

Mr. Floto's *bête noire* is the minimum wage law, and I fully grant the possibility that he personally knows someone he would hire if he could only get him for less. But for

years the Labor and Agriculture Departments have been studying this subject only to find that, on the whole, the effect of the minimum wage on employment and unemployment is insignificant. The demand for the unskilled is "inelastic," meaning that they get jobs if business is very good and they don't if it's poor to middling, whether wages are at or below the minimum. Anyway, before a federal minimum was established for wages in 1938, unemployment was greater than it has been since, so the law can't be that much of a culprit.

Do ardent libertarians typically mistake their hopes for realities, their wishful guesses for facts? I wouldn't know, but it seems from his letter that Mr. Reynolds does. For one thing, he managed to discover some ridiculously impossible provisions in my plan that only he could have inserted; I didn't. Nowhere did I suggest that public jobs be given "at an annual salary of \$8000 for all who now earn less." I did propose jobs for the unemployed at the wages prevailing for

their trades and their experience. I estimated that the *average* wage would be \$8000, with many falling well below and some quite a bit above. Second, I proposed that these jobs be financed by taxes. The increased spending on consumer goods by the new government workers would then be offset by the reduced spending of taxpayers. Without generating inflation, therefore, total employment would rise by the number of new public jobs. Obviously, the flow and variety of public services would likewise be increased. By "forgetting" that government workers also eat, sleep, and drink—and therefore would spend part or all of their paychecks—Mr. Reynolds sees no net change in employment. Third, although I carefully (I thought) distinguished my program from the New Deal's work relief—in objectives, financing, organization, magnitude, and historical setting—Mr. Reynolds treats them as identical. Fourth, he misrepresents FDR's accomplishments by taking an irrelevant year, 1930, as the base for his comparisons. The big dip didn't

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come until the next three years. FDR did not take office until March, 1933. The unemployment rate was then reduced from a catastrophic 33 percent of the labor force in 1933 (according to the Bureau of the Census) to 16 percent in 1937. A brisk recovery had finally been generated. It was arrested in the following year by the fierce resistance of business (and a resulting "strike of capital") to reforms that are now taken for granted. Finally, despite Mr. Reynold's canny calculations, the soaring interest rates last year and this were enough to send the housing industry into depression and to imperil the liquidity of much of the rest of industry, especially the public utilities. While the gross national product rose by 12 percent from the end of 1972 to the summer of this year, the money supply was allowed to increase by only 8 percent. That's tight money. That's also, primarily, what started the recession cum inflation of today.

FIT TO PRINT

SIR: Edwin Newman, in "Fit To Print" (October *Atlantic*), refers to one of the worst things the New York Times has been doing "for long years now."

Will he elucidate? Are those 385-day or 400-day years? How does one distinguish them from short years (whatever those are)?

WALTER BARRETT
New York, N. Y.

SIR: Long ago, in our family, we decided that "shower activity" meant running around and closing the windows and getting out the raincoat and umbrella. We wonder, too, whatever happened to just plain "sunny." Now it is always "sunny skies." And when the TV weatherman says the humidity is 100 percent, we figure we are going down for the last time.

MRS. C. RICHARD BATES
Wrightsville Beach, N. C.

COMPLEX ISSUES

SIR: L. E. Sissman's satire ("The Innocent Bystander," October *Atlantic*) on the House Judiciary Committee's public hearings was quite clever. And though I'm inclined to think a person would have to be

pretty callous to find so much humor in that particular string of events, I found his closing barb about "pledging allegiance" to the Committee a real scream.

Only in one respect did I think Mr. Sissman carried things much too far. I refer, of course, to his poem on page 76, about the "Eponymous violet" that "reforms [his] understanding." Mr. Sissman should confine his satirical comment to prose; for this further attempt at satire is, to my mind, just plain silly. I mean, I *got* it (even that rather strained reference to "kangaroo" gloves), but don't you agree that comparing the House Judiciary Committee to a violet is really taking advantage of poetic license?

WILLIAM J. COYLE
Lincoln, Neb.

SIR: L. E. Sissman's essay implies that we should agree, in awe, with his *total* disdain of a decade of American politics, his *obvious* judgment of an era of complex issues, and the "eye-rubbing incredulity" with which he watched the system of constitutional government work. The allegiance which the author "belatedly, sheepishly," offers to the American system (which has so many faults!) comes across like the acceptance of the guillotine by Louis XVI, who never really understood what was happening either.

PAUL J. WERNER
Washington, D. C.

L. E. Sissman replies:

Since I wasn't kidding, Mr. Coyle must be. As for Mr. Werner, I'm sorry if he was offended by my heartfelt relief at seeing the system finally work; I assume from his letter that he has spent the last eleven years subtly enjoying the delightful democratic give-and-take of an "era of complex issues" which included three assassinations, Vietnam, Mylai, Kent State, Attica, and Watergate.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: Ross Terrill writes, in his piece on North Africa in the October *Atlantic*: "If nobody but me is leaving Tangiers today, it is I who is the fool." Fool he may be, grammatical he ain't.

TALIAFERRO BOATWRIGHT
Stonington, Conn.

PHOTO AND DRAWING CREDITS

Cover, 70—Adrian Taylor and Nancy Freeman, design
Dennis Hodgson, photography

50—Jerry Uelsmann

52, 53—Stephen Snider,
Snider/Lampton Design

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Watson and the Shark by John Singleton Copley. Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.
Cortez Showing Cross and Crown by José Clemente Orozco. From a fresco in the entrance hall of the Orphan Asylum, Guadalajara, Mexico. European Art Color, Peter Adelberg, New York. *The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti* by Ben Shahn. Collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Gift of Edith and Milton Lowenthal in memory of Juliana Force. Detail from *The Conquest of Mexico* by Diego Rivera, a mural in the Cortez Palace, Cuernavaca, Mexico. European Art Color, Peter Adelberg, New York. *American Tragedy* by Philip Evergood. Private collection of Mrs. Gerrit Van de Bovenkamp. *Through the Mill* by Philip Evergood. Collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.

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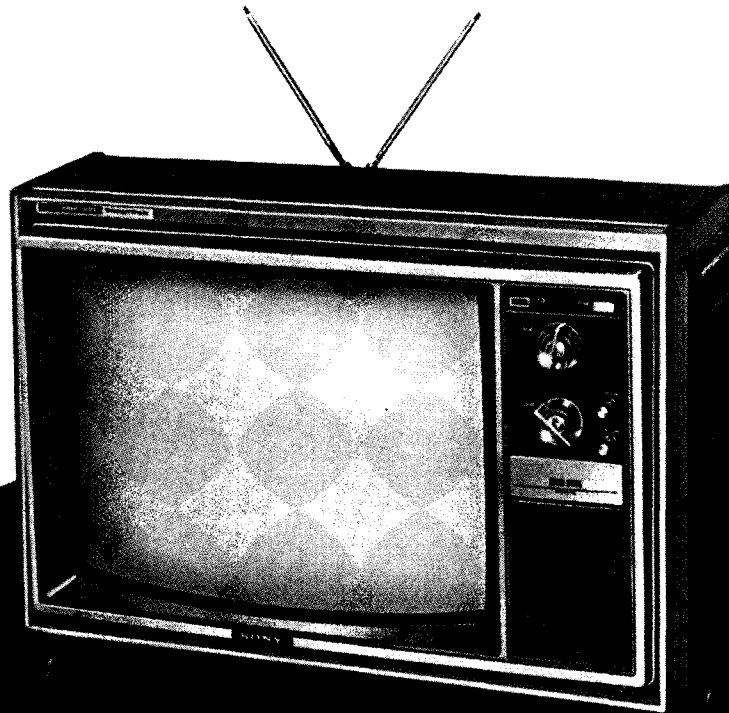
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IBM Reports

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Janis Knight, a teacher at Boyd Elementary, checks the progress of Jerinda Lewis.

A typewriter is helping children learn new words

There's a muffled rush of typewriter keys. An attentive look on children's faces. They're learning words in a new way at Boyd Elementary School, a public school in Jackson, Mississippi.

First, pupils learn how to type. Then they learn words by hearing them over a headset and typing them out. Each child proceeds at his own pace, receiving lessons that have been pre-

taped by the teacher.

While typing is a course usually reserved for high school students, the results of employing it to teach much younger children have been most impressive. Children in this class, which is made up of fifth and sixth year pupils, have shown marked improvement in writing, spelling, reading and other subjects as well. Almost incidentally,

some fifth graders are typing 75 words a minute.

"This isn't an elementary typing course," says school principal Betty Hollingsworth. "It's a class in Language Arts. When a child can hear the sound through the earphones, when he can see it on the page, and then when he can touch and feel it with his hands, this breeds success . . ."

Test results have confirmed Mrs. Hollingsworth's statement. Spelling scores as measured by the California Achievement Tests show fifth grade Boyd School students making average gains of almost a year after just three months in the typing program.

But there are other important benefits that simply can't be measured by tests. The children's creative writing talents have been stimulated. Budding poets and short story writers have emerged and flourished with new, enlarged vocabularies and a new confidence in their ability to use words.

The children even publish a school newspaper, the "Boyd Bulletin," which they write and type up themselves. It serves as a showcase for a profusion of brightly original stories and essays and poems.

Handwriting Improved

You might think that, as children relied more on the typewriter, their handwriting ability would decline. But that hasn't been the case at Boyd School. In fact, teachers have found the pupils' handwriting is improved after the typing course. "They get used to seeing the words appear neatly typed on the page," says principal Betty Hollingsworth, "and it makes them want to write better."

How the students themselves feel about the program was made pretty clear when it was announced that the typing room would be kept open after school hours for pupils who signed up for it. The line of children waiting to sign stretched so far down the hallway that teachers thought the school buses had stopped running.

Lower computation costs aid dairymen

Many dairy herds in Pennsylvania are producing almost 25% more milk than the national average, thanks in part to an IBM computer at Penn State University. While the average cow delivers 10,125 pounds of milk a year, the cows in these herds are delivering 12,675 pounds. In consumer terms that represents about 5,000 additional 8-ounce glasses of milk per cow.

This remarkable yield is a result of selective breeding, based on computer-generated reports on milk production by each cow, and computer-calculated culling and feeding guides for some 235,000 cows.

Called the Dairy Herd Improvement testing program, the service is available to dairy farmers for an annual fee of \$9.50 per cow or less, depending on the plan selected.

Each month the dairymen enrolled in the program supply the university with exact figures on just how much feed each of their cows consumes, her milking record and a sample of her milk for butter fat analysis. At the university the data is processed against the stored records for the appropriate cow.

During the 15 years the program has been in effect, according to Larry Pruss of Penn State University's College of Agriculture, "... the cost of nearly everything in the program has gone up—with one exception. Our estimated cost of a computer calculation is now actually much less than it was 16 years ago. These reduced data processing costs have definitely helped keep this program practical for the farmer."



Inventing floods to help control them

An IBM computer is assisting scientists to study the flooding of Italy's Arno River. It's showing them how the Arno would behave in flooding conditions that have not yet happened so that engineers can make plans to cope with them. The purpose of the project is to help prevent a repetition of the disaster which destroyed priceless art treasures in Florence in 1966.

Aids heart analysis

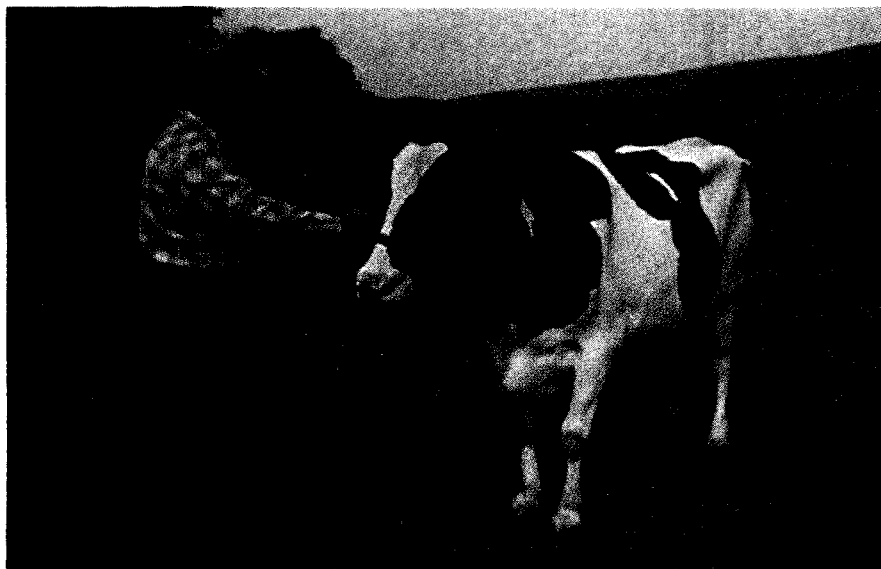
At any time of day or night heart patients in 23 Florida hospitals can now be linked telephonically to an IBM computer hundreds of miles away. After electrodes are connected from a sending unit to the patient, a special number is dialed. Within three to five minutes information leading to diagnosis will be returned directly to the attending physician. This permits hospitals to provide prompt professional treatment even when a cardiologist is not on the staff.

Located at the Shands Teaching Hospital at the University of Florida, this computer program is now in its fourth year. According to Dr. Lamar Crevasse, director of the project, the computer is capable of reading and analyzing electrocardiograms with a high degree of accuracy.



Wanted criminals found after arrest

Wanted criminals are finding out that New Orleans is no place for them to be. When they're arrested in that city, police can tell, almost instantly, if they're wanted for another offense either in New Orleans or in another part of the country. As law breakers are booked, identifying information is entered on a computer keyboard. If they're being sought, that fact is flashed on a video screen. Apprehension of wanted criminals has increased significantly since the computer booking procedure was begun. And citizens in New Orleans, and elsewhere, can breathe a little easier.



Allen Rearick and his prize Holstein, Gladell Governess Bess, who recently produced a record of almost 17 tons of milk in one year.

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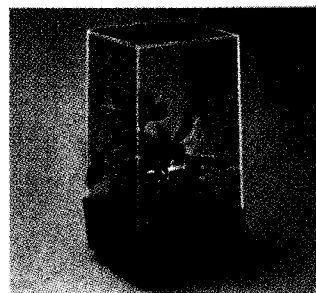


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THE RUSSIANS MEAN BUSINESS

. . . about business

by Hedrick Smith

That the sweet smell of détente can leave a bitter aftertaste should not come as news, writes reporter Smith from Moscow. The Russians have been trading shrewdly with the West since before the discovery of America.

In the fall of 1971, when I arrived in Moscow, only a few billboards punctuated the route from the airport to town, and they bore exaggerated, unfriendly, political cartoons of evil-looking American jets bombing helpless Vietnamese, or a sharp-eyed Uncle Sam, dollar signs in place of his eyeballs and moneybags dripping from his pockets, doling out bundles of planes, tanks, and other ugly weaponry to a menacing Israeli wearing an eye patch.

Today, those billboards are gone. The highway from Sheremetyevo airport to Moscow is now decorated with signboards, in English and Russian, announcing the product lines of Traktoroeksport, Stankoimport, Aeroflot, Prodintorg, and other Soviet foreign trading companies. The ads are plain and pedestrian. But the change from political polemics to commercial promotion is a significant sign of the times, a pragmatic symbol of the Kremlin's preoccupation with trade and its abandonment of go-it-alone economics.

For Americans, the watershed was the huge grain deal in the summer of 1972. People were suddenly jolted out of their nonchalance about trading with the Russians when three Soviet trade

specialists bought up nearly 20 million tons of American grain at bargain subsidized prices on favorable credits before the American market knew what had hit it. The classic Ivan Ivanov was no longer a stodgy Khrushchevian peasant, but a smart business operator to be reckoned with in the boardrooms of private enterprise.

The enormous scale of the Soviet orders, the swiftness and secrecy of their execution, the Soviet ability to synchronize the big orders with simultaneous chartering of transport ships, the Russians' sophisticated knowledge of the commodity markets and their general shrewdness in the tough American competitive arena, all came as a surprise. In short, the grain deal produced not only wariness, but a new, if grudging, respect for the finesse of Soviet traders. More important, it pointed up the glaring lack of knowledge in America about how the Soviets do business.

"They were very sharp in their buying practices," remarked George Shultz, then Secretary of the Treasury, "and I think that we should follow the adage, 'If we are burned the first time, why, maybe they did it, but if we get burned twice, that is our fault and we shouldn't have let that happen.'" Yet it almost did happen again in October, if on a smaller scale. The Ford Administration stopped a 3.4-million-ton wheat and corn purchase by the Soviets just before it was completed, moved in the direction of export controls over such private deals, and then negotiated a smaller, compromise purchase to be staggered over a period of months.

The grain deal of 1972 contained some important lessons about the Soviet style of commerce. In their relentless hunt for Western technology, the

Soviets have been in an essentially weak trading position, as they were when they bought American wheat because their own harvest was failing in 1972. Yet the Kremlin has been playing its relatively weak hand as if operating from strength. Its secretive state monopoly system has enabled it to play off Western companies—and countries—coily and quite effectively. When, for example, Moscow felt last spring that Congress was stalling on huge Siberian gas deals with America, it decided the time was right to start talking with Japan and West Germany.

As the first grain deal showed, Western businessmen and governments find the Soviet market so magnetic that the Kremlin has demanded and often obtained special terms of trade—low interest rates, favorable long-term credits normally extended to underdeveloped nations, wholesale transfer of factories and plants without the kind of profit repatriation or partnership arrangements that Western companies bargain for elsewhere.

The French government and the U.S. Export-Import Bank, among others, have granted Moscow loans at 6 percent interest or a fraction more—well below the prevailing market rates—to promote trade with the Soviet Union. The Soviets are practically alone among advanced countries in being granted Export-Import Bank loans; such loans generally go to developing countries. Even commercial banks like the Chase Manhattan have reportedly loaned money to Moscow below the going rate in order to get a head start in doing business with the Soviets. The earlier grain deal was partly financed by a \$500 million credit from Washington at 6.125 percent interest, plus Agriculture Department subsidies that reached forty-seven cents per bushel and cost American taxpayers roughly \$300 million; U.S. wheat prices soared as a result, and dragged bread prices up with them.

It was typical of Soviet style that the first grain purchases were handled mainly through two giant American trading firms. The Soviet pattern of trade inevitably favors the big multinational corporations because the scale of Soviet operations and the normally ponderous slowness of Soviet negotiations generally proves too costly and too tedious for all but the major corporations.

So the swiftness of the first grain deal was unusual. When Armand Hammer, chairman of Occidental Petroleum Corp., was handed a Soviet-prepared draft of a rather vaguely worded agreement on principles for technical exchange, he glanced over it quickly, found it acceptable, and signed it. Soviet officials, having anticipated delays

and haggling over language, were flabbergasted.

"But Mr. Hammer," bleated a Soviet bureaucrat, "that was meant for your study. It's only a draft. You see, it's marked 'draft.'" Hammer promptly fished out his pen, scratched through the word "draft," and handed the agreement back to the disconcerted Soviet official, who was left with no alternative but to sign his own paper.

The first grain deal demonstrated the successful Soviet technique of developing detailed, highly specialized knowledge of Western markets in order to drive the best bargains that world capitalism offers. The Foreign Trade Ministry maintains a bureau of two hundred and fifty highly trained economists whose task is to monitor day by day the worldwide demand, supply, and price trends on goods from cocoa or crude oil to finished manufactures, and to produce sharp, timely analyses for Moscow's specialized foreign trading companies.

The 1972 grain deal also pointed up the ease with which this generation of Soviet foreign trade executives moves in the capitalist world, staying at plush hotels like the Regency or Hilton in New York, or the Madison in Washington, flying on the private jets of American corporate princes, playing tennis with metal rackets at the Greenwich Country Club, having barbecues in Memphis, or lolling on the sands at Miami Beach.

"When you get with these guys who talk good English and adjust quickly to our style of life, you forget in two minutes that you are talking to a Russian," remarked one American economist. "Georgy Maslov, the head of Sovinflat, who grew up in Brooklyn when his father was head of Amtorg Trading Company, speaks American English as well as you or I. Vladimir Alkhimov, Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade, is at home with Americans; in our country, he might be a successful investment banker.

"This group of people who now travel the world and do business for Moscow are marvelous operators. You can spend a weekend, or a week, with them and have a very pleasant time. You simply forget they are Russians. As a result, they find out a good deal about us but what chance do we have of finding out much about them? What do they really think? What are they really after beyond the deal at hand? We're the country hicks in this game because we aren't prepared for it."

Communist ideology may condemn Wall Street, and Soviet propaganda may daily deride the "international leviathans" of the military-industrial complex as the "real villains" who oppose détente. But, as the grain deals showed, in the hard-nosed world of commerce the Kremlin clearly prefers dealing with the big corporations. Eight of last year's top ten Defense Department contractors—

Hedrick Smith is a correspondent for the New York Times.

The process of tapping Western technology got its start under Ivan the Great.

Lockheed, General Electric, Boeing, McDonnell-Douglas, United Aircraft, General Dynamics, Textron, Rockwell International—are doing business or dickering with the Soviets. Sometimes this even leads to awkwardly amusing situations. Once, a General Dynamics executive was explaining the firm's shipbuilding prowess, and launched into a description—with slides—of its production of nuclear-armed American Polaris submarines. When he suddenly caught himself, his audience of Soviet officials broke out in laughter.

The new Soviet traders—and undoubtedly Leonid Brezhnev himself—clearly thrive on hobnobbing with the aristocrats of American capitalism. Names like Rockefeller or Du Pont give off a magic aura here, despite years of Soviet caricatures of fat capitalists with big cigars exploiting the poor. Coming out of his first meeting with Prime Minister Kosygin in May of 1973, David Rockefeller remarked with evident amusement, "The world must be changing rapidly—I cannot help thinking that Soviet officials do not take their own propaganda too seriously."

The Cold War legacy, as well as Moscow's longtime economic isolationism, has also mistakenly led many Americans to conclude that trade is a new game for the Russians. The Europeans know better. Actually, buying high technology from the West is a pattern of commerce that precedes the discovery of America, and there are today astonishing parallels between the style and practice of Soviet trade and the earlier operations of Czar Peter the Great and his predecessors.

Russian merchants in the Middle Ages used to trade furs—the natural resource of that era as gas and oil are today—for what then amounted to high technology: processed woolen textiles and metalwork from Central Europe, or silks and finely worked gold and silver from the Orient. The organized process of tapping Western technology and expertise got its real start under Ivan the Great five hundred years ago. He hired Italian architects and engineers to build two of the great Kremlin cathedrals, a palace, and the Kremlin walls and towers, much as today's rulers hire Western firms to construct entire factories. Other Italians ran the imperial mint and managed the casting of cannons for the Grand Prince of Muscovy. Greek masters were brought in to teach art.

The next czar, Ivan the Terrible, persuaded some Englishmen to set up the first Russian press, used German military engineers to help him mount the siege of Kazan against the Tatars in 1552, and had the Dutch set up an ironworks to

support the armaments industry. At the turn of the eighteenth century, Peter the Great conducted a Western technology hunt on a grander scale, bringing to Russia thousands of foreign craftsmen in all fields and recruiting hundreds of Swedes and Germans to work in his civil service because he valued their efficiency, self-discipline, and honesty. He personally learned shipbuilding in Holland and England, and remodeled his government on the Swedish pattern. After him, Catherine the Great briefly hired John Paul Jones to tone up the Russian navy.

Trade and politics were traditionally closely linked. Czars entrusted their trade emissaries with diplomatic missions, much as the Kremlin and the White House now send a trade minister or our Secretary of Commerce to deliver political messages. In those days, too, the Russians imposed ideological controls on trade, and segregated foreign merchants from the local population. Like the Communist party today, the Russian Orthodox Church in the fifteenth century was on guard against alien heresies. From 1490 onward, books brought along by Western merchants were seized by the customs agent of the Grand Prince of Muscovy, who was in turn stirred to action by a vigilant and defensive church.

Then, as today, resident foreigners lived in isolated enclaves, apart from the mass of Russians. The most important of these, called Kitaigorod, was located outside the Kremlin walls where now stands the Rossiya Hotel, one of the most frequent lodgings of foreign businessmen and Western delegations today.

Russian history even contains a precedent for Leonid Brezhnev's effort to sweeten the climate of trade with America by letting large numbers of Soviet Jews emigrate. Around 1600, Czar Boris Godunov released a number of German merchants captured during the battle of Novgorod in a deliberate ploy to cajole the German princedoms into commerce. This angered the Russian reactionaries of the day, who had urged him to take a hard line on the prisoner issue.

Even Lenin, the revolutionary, was fascinated with American managerial skills, and declared his readiness to pay "not only with gold but even with raw materials" for capitalist technology. His flirtation with Western business in the 1920s is now regularly cited by his successors as unimpeachable justification for their current policy.

In the modern era, Prime Minister Aleksei Kosygin, by temperament and training an economic administrator with an urge for efficiency, was the first to advance the rationale for trading heavily with the West. "In our time," he told the assembled Communist party elite in 1966, "it is becom-

ing more and more evident that the scientific and technical revolution under way in the modern world calls for freer international contacts and creates conditions for broad economic exchanges between socialist and capitalist countries." In other words, the Soviet economy was industrialized but not modernized, and ran the risk of falling disastrously far behind if Moscow did not abandon its economic isolationism and begin trading vigorously with the West.

But it was Brezhnev, with a kind of mercantile-political realism, who transformed this insight into a cornerstone of Soviet détente policy. More than once, the burly party leader has made clear that the Kremlin needs peace and accommodation with the West for "realization of large-scale plans for the construction of a new society."

A joke that circulated within the official Soviet establishment on the eve of Brezhnev's visit to America in June, 1973, put the matter even more bluntly. Brezhnev, it went, had gathered his advisers for counsel on what he should ask from America. "Ask them to sell us cars and build us highways," suggested one. "Ask them to build us computer factories and petrochemical plants," said a second. "Ask them to build oil pipelines and atomic power stations," said a third. "No," replied Brezhnev thoughtfully. "I'll just ask them to build us Communism."

By now, the two general techniques in the Soviet pattern of trade are fairly well known. One is to tap Western technology and long-term credits in order to develop inaccessible resources rapidly, especially oil, natural gas, timber, and rare metals in Siberia. The other is to import complete industrial installations wholesale, especially to develop the chemical and petrochemical industries, the automotive field, computer production, the energy sector, and modern metallurgy.

The sums involved are enormous: \$1 billion for Krupp and other German firms to build a steel mill; \$1 billion for the Japanese to expand the Siberian timber and coal industries; \$1 billion from Bonn for oil pipelines; \$600-\$700 million from American and West European firms to equip an ammonia complex; more than \$1 billion for American, French, and other Western technologies for the Kama River truck plant; and, it is hoped, \$3 billion-plus from the United States for developing Siberian natural gas. In 1972 alone, orders for Western technology ran to \$2 billion—a figure that rose in 1973 and is still climbing—with the result that Moscow now spends more than 20 percent of its foreign exchange earnings annually in repaying loans. Essentially, it operates big deals on a barter

basis—using oil, gas, lumber, ammonia and other raw materials to pay back the credits used to build new plants.

More, however, lies behind the Soviet trade strategy than erecting large new industrial facilities. The major contract with Fiat to build a complete auto factory at Togliatti illustrates another Soviet objective. Fiat not only planned, programmed and supervised construction of the complex, but trained Soviet engineers and technicians and provided technical help in running the installation. Thus, what Moscow wanted to acquire was not just a modern plant, but the very art of modern mass production of cars plus the management and organization for such mass production.

Occasionally, the Kremlin has been tempted to use trade for political and strategic reasons, to exploit economic crises, and to try to disrupt Western economies. Some Western skeptics of détente, like Senator Henry M. Jackson, the Washington Democrat, believe that this helps explain Moscow's behavior in the oil crisis last winter.

As an oil-exporting nation with customers in Western as well as Eastern Europe, Moscow had its own financial and economic reasons for wanting to see the world price of oil driven upward. The Soviet press and radio, especially Arab-language broadcasts, urged the Arab oil nations to maintain solidarity with the Arab combatants of Syria and Egypt by using the "oil weapon." To do anything short of bleeding Western countries and their international oil corporations, the organs of Moscow argued, was to fail the Arab cause, to fail to use the full leverage of economic power at the disposal of what is, in Moscow's terms, the worldwide national liberation movement.

The Soviet oil-exporting agency quickly doubled, trebled, and quadrupled its own contract prices with West Germany, Finland, the Netherlands, and other Western nations to reap hard currency windfall profits. This eased the strain of financing Moscow's purchases of Western technology.

In the view of observers like Jackson, the Soviet Union had other, deeper, political objectives as well in exhorting the Arab oil sheikhs to bargain hard with the West. Moscow's advocacy of nationalizing Western oil companies is nothing new; it fits in with a long-standing Soviet tactic of trying to uproot Western influence in the Middle East. But in the current crisis, Jackson and others feel that Moscow—half privately, half publicly promoting the upward spiral of oil prices—was hoping to push the West toward bankruptcy and depression. By next year, the higher oil prices are expected to put a drain of \$100 billion on Western economies. One view is that Moscow takes great comfort in seeing the pressures of inflation increasing in the

Westerners find foreign trade officials the most worldly segment of the Soviet power elite.

West. The Soviet press, moreover, made no secret that Moscow also saw advantages in the rising competitive frictions between Western Europe and the United States as the oil crisis mounted.

By and large, however, Moscow's strategy in developing trade with the West has not been to cause havoc in world markets, but rather to tap the greater know-how of the West to build the muscle of the Soviet state. Its approach has been disappointing to those Western businessmen who once eagerly eyed the relatively untapped Soviet consumer market, 250 million strong, and anticipated big sales. The Soviets may have given quite a splash to the introduction of Pepsi-Cola, but overall, consumer goods have gotten very low priority, in keeping with the general scheme of the Soviet economy.

Significantly, since trade is an arm of state policy, the Soviet style of doing business often has a pomp and ceremony that smack more of diplomacy than commerce. Important business contracts are formally signed at the Ministry of Foreign Trade in a ritual that resembles the solemn endorsement of treaties by two governments. Negotiators inscribe their signatures on leather-bound documents. Full-sized flags of each of the trading nations stand at either end of the table. Ambassadors and ministers are in attendance. Champagne is poured and toasts are rendered.

On a more mundane level, the conduct of business does not have the ease and informality of Western commerce, or even that of some East European countries. Unlike Yugoslavia or Rumania, Moscow is not yet permitting full-fledged joint investment ventures. Businessmen cannot fly into Moscow unannounced, as they can into Budapest or Warsaw, and pick up a visa at the airport. But important changes have taken place over the past ten to fifteen years.

"Ten years ago," said a Frenchman with long business experience here, "you had to negotiate through Soviet security men. At the Foreign Trade Ministry you would actually be talking to an agent who knew absolutely nothing about business, and he would have to relay what you said to the trading specialists, and then relay back to you their answer. It was terribly slow. But now, you can talk directly with their trading specialists. As a result, the Soviets are more discriminating buyers now than before."

An American businessman, trading here for fifteen years, recalled the old days, when cables from his home office were often delayed in delivery to his hotel for a day or two, and his Soviet negotiators seemed familiar with their contents when next

he met them. So prestige-conscious were Soviets under the late Premier Khrushchev that when some orders went out for American fertilizers, Soviet traders reportedly asked that the goods be shipped in "neutral packaging"—to hide their American origin. Some businesses reported also that Soviet trading missions abroad were so saturated with intelligence agents that the real Soviet businessmen could not keep up with the commercial workload. (Britain, in 1971, expelled one hundred and five Soviets as spies, mostly from trade and commercial offices in London.)

Some of these old practices linger on. True, Western businessmen increasingly deal directly with real socialist executives, their ultimate customers, and come away favorably impressed with their caliber. Yet the really big commercial deals are negotiated by ministers or deputy ministers. Managers of Soviet industrial associations, comparable to American board chairmen or corporate presidents, sit at the table, but as silent partners.

Westerners generally find foreign trade officials the most worldly segment of the Soviet power elite, far more exposed to the outside world than the Communist party hierarchy. The best of the younger socialist executives are bright, well-trained, hardheaded, probing, energetic. Many have engineering backgrounds. Others came up the ladder in the Foreign Trade Ministry. The most versatile speak one or two foreign languages quite well.

They do not live nearly so poshly as the corporate princes in the West, but they live very well by Soviet standards. Many have overfurnished three- or four-room apartments and access, free or at low cost, to suburban government dachas. Among their most treasured privileges is the chance to travel abroad regularly and to mingle with foreigners. They shop in special stores for the Soviet elite, where hard-to-get caviar and imported foods and clothing are sold at cut-rate prices; they go on subsidized vacations to government rest houses; they ride in chauffeur-driven government cars.

Their influential positions help them place their children in choice schools, institutes, and careers, though, like American Establishment families, Soviet executives admit privately to problems with their younger generation. One Soviet executive said he had to take a fourteen-year-old daughter out of school to get her married because of pregnancy. Others privately voice exasperation with the craze of their youngsters for Western rock, jeans, and hair, though drugs are not generally a problem. More than one father has complained that the younger generation is no longer patriotic.

But many executives cater to these whims of their young. They are happy when foreign busi-

“Well, you ripped us off when you bought Alaska. Give us back Alaska and we’ll give you back your wheat or your money.”

nessmen present them with gifts of *Hair* or *Jesus Christ Superstar* records, as well as Swiss watches or expensive Western pens or lighters. Many wives are caught up in the current bourgeois Soviet fad of buying Czarist antiques. Traveling husbands sometimes indulge themselves in Western tailored suits and accessories, or come home discreetly with modern art objects for their apartments.

On the job, these men fall generally into two schools: the modernizers as distinguished from the merchants, or, to put it another way, the innovators as distinguished from the brokers. In classic Russian fashion, the merchant-brokers hunt the best bargains and thrive on the hassling of the bazaar. The other, innovative, school is more flexible and pragmatic, more interested in modernizing and revitalizing the Soviet economy than in shaving Western prices to the last kopeck.

One of the most prominent of the innovators is German Gvishiani, a suave, handsome, articulate, highly trained economist who is Prime Minister Kosygin’s son-in-law. He travels widely, speaks English effortlessly, and has gained a reputation as Moscow’s chief apostle of adapting modern sophisticated business management from the West.

In his book *Organization and Administration: A Socialist Analysis of Western Theory*, he advanced the rationale for using computers, systems analysis, the theory of information, and econometrics to improve the centralized Soviet economic planning and management system. He has warmly invited the big multinationals to do business in Moscow. Indeed, the Soviet State Committee on Science and Technology, of which he is deputy chairman, often acts as midwife to major new commercial relationships with the high technology companies of the West.

Among others whom Westerners put in this modernizing group are Leonid Kostandov, Minister of the Chemical Industry; Valentin Shashin, Minister of the Petroleum Industry; and Deputy Foreign Trade Ministers Nikolai Osipov, Nikolai Smelyakov, and Vladimir Alkhimov.

Alkhimov, bright, diminutive, personable, and well schooled in international finance, is Moscow’s leading salesman in America. After three years as commercial counselor in the Soviet Embassy in Washington, he has learned to cope with Americans. Once, during a visit by a group of White House Fellows here, Alkhimov was asked to comment on the Soviet “rip-off” of the United States on the wheat deal, and quickly parried: “Well, you ripped us off when you bought Alaska. Give us back Alaska and we’ll give you back your wheat or your money.”

A highly decorated World War II hero, now in his mid-fifties, Alkhimov once defused a ticklish question about Soviet Jewry during a business gathering in Chicago by recalling how, during the war, he and another man—a Jew—had manned a gun together for hours and had beaten back the Germans after everyone else in their sixty-four-man artillery battery was killed. At home, among insiders, he is known as a man who stuck his neck out by privately advocating that the Kremlin be flexible on the Jewish emigration question.

Most other officials in the Foreign Trade Ministry are regarded by their Western counterparts as traditionalists of the merchant school: First Deputy Trade Minister Ivan Semichastnov, Deputy Ministers Aleksei Manzhulov and Nikolai Komarov, and topflight trade specialists like Nikolai Belousov, the slender, gray-haired chairman of Eksportkhleb who executed the grain deal.

Those who have negotiated with Komarov regard him as the classic Soviet type—a husky, forceful, hard-driving, self-made man who graduated from the Moscow Aviation Institute and came later to foreign trade. He is neither as worldly nor as polished as some of his colleagues; he has a reputation as a bulldog of a negotiator with a fondness for the Wild West and American cowboy lore. “If he had been born in America, he could have been a tycoon,” commented one American.

“In trying to get a bargain for the Soviet Union, guys like Komarov overnegotiate,” observed a Western executive. “They don’t really like capitalists. They hate to see a capitalist get any profit at Soviet expense. It is not so much a matter of ideology. It’s a matter of national loyalty—having your team win. It comes out all the time in little ways: Soviet engineers can be spellbound by American technology, by demonstrations on how to grow oranges in Florida, how to transport an entire plant complex and set it up quickly in lightweight housing, how to organize distribution. But the Komarovs of the Foreign Trade Ministry tell them that they are not ready for such a system, and that a similar deal can be obtained through the Italians at half the price. So, months later, they make a deal finally with the Italians. It is a cheaper deal, but far less advanced.”

An American diplomat, evoking Dean Rusk’s famous comment about being eyeball-to-eyeball with the Russians in the Cuban missile crisis, remarked, “Some of these negotiations become a question of who is going to blink first. They are tougher than tough American labor-management bargaining.”

The obsessive secrecy of the Soviet system and the Soviets’ undying mistrust of foreigners can also create obstacles. In 1970, the State Planning Committee bought a Model 470 computer from Inter-

national Computers, Ltd., a British company, but it took a year to get the programming worked out because the Soviets refused for months to give precise information on what they wanted to use the computer for. A French company sold equipment a couple of years ago for a Soviet factory near Moscow, but found its technicians continually blocked for security checks when they went each day to install the equipment. Eventually the French discovered that the hitch was that the factory had been designated a "closed" (security) facility after the French equipment had been brought in.

Only very slowly is the Soviet Union opening up on the most basic information for the huge Siberian natural gas investments it wants from the United States. After long delays, American specialists have been permitted into the Urengoye gas field to begin checking out the reserves and to start making feasibility studies. But so far Moscow has not produced the financial information on its foreign exchange reserves and outstanding debt that international banks routinely require before making large loans.

This secrecy and standoffishness spills over into the man-to-man commercial relations. Abroad, Soviet executives may like fraternizing, but they rarely invite foreigners here to their homes, and they shy away from an informal two-man business lunch.

"It's not a good idea to bring over a golf-course-cocktail-circuit American executive," observed Christopher Stowell, a young East-West marketing specialist from Washington. "The Russians are far more technically oriented in their negotiations than any other country I've ever seen. They check everything out thoroughly. They do a complete technical feasibility study worldwide on any piece of equipment they buy in volume. They do their homework well. This is something they have to do to get money from their Plan. They use the negotiations as a learning process. A lot of Westerners don't like that, but you've got to understand, this is part of doing business here."

For many American firms, making the initial contacts has been hard, though in the past year the Soviets have helped set up trade shows to bring together thousands of their industrial specialists with American firms in the oil and gas equipment field, air safety control, and the machine tool industry, among others. Americans then face a labyrinthine bureaucratic structure—individual industrial ministries and their enterprises, the ultimate consumers of foreign hardware; the Ministry of Foreign Trade and its export-import companies, which actually negotiate the deals; the State Committee on Science and Technology, which promotes hookups

between Soviet firms and Western ones; the State Bank of Foreign Trade, which allocates the hard currency for Western technology; and the State Planning Commission, which dovetails foreign trade and the domestic economy, and has to authorize the big deals.

Many Western executives find the Soviet red tape monumental. "The Soviets can move very rapidly when they want," observed Sargent Shriver, now an international lawyer. "Or they can move very slowly. They can do nothing and take forever doing it, if they want. They can drag it out, without ever saying yes, without ever saying no, or without ever being rude about it. But eventually you decide it's not going to move because they're not really interested. You can have two things going that look almost the same. One they take and the other they don't. And you never get an explanation why."

The classic example of a protracted project was the Fiat deal to build the car plant at Togliatti. The idea, broached by Fiat in the late 1950s, was picked up by the Soviet leadership in 1962. It took four years to negotiate a contract and four more to produce the first Zhiguli, or Soviet-made Fiat-124. The entire affair was much more work than Fiat anticipated. Soviet negotiators in Italy hesitated to take responsibility for decisions, went home for instructions, and sometimes new negotiators showed up in their places. To break deadlocks, the Italians had to escalate to higher bureaucratic levels.

With its contract in hand, Fiat suddenly received two hundred volumes of Russian building instructions and had to invest 1.2 million man-hours just to handle the translating. Working conditions at Togliatti were so rugged for Italian workmen that they had to be constantly rotated, and paid \$1.5 million extra in bonuses, to hold them on the job there. So serious were the time and cost overruns that even now Fiat officials refuse to say whether the deal was profitable. An added problem has arisen from Moscow's practice of selling Soviet-made Fiat-124s under other names (Zhiguli, Lada) in the West in competition with Fiat. The Italian company's experience reportedly deterred Daimler-Benz from agreeing to serve as main contractor for the Kama River truck plant except on stiff terms that Moscow did not accept. Even now, it is unclear whether Fiat, for all its effort, will get an inside track on expansion of the Togliatti plant.

The weakest link in Soviet foreign trade is exporting, a problem that plagues Soviet officials as well as Westerners. "We want trade to be a two-way street," observed Robert Costello, Moscow representative for Pullman, Inc. "We've been doing our best to purchase what we can from the Soviets. But it is harder to buy than to sell. They

“High interest rates are hard to square with Marx.”

are not orientated to go after the export market. We have to go after them.”

A major difficulty is that export quotas are set by the central planning agency, Gosplan, for an entire five-year period. Sometimes a foreign firm signs up the entire export allotment at one fell swoop, and when other customers appear, the Soviets refuse to sell in order to preserve stockpiles for domestic needs.

Paradoxically, this citadel of socialism has found generally that in an era of détente, the profit motive has made businessmen its most reliable partners in the West. Nonetheless, dogma has intruded at times in commercial disputes over interest rates, repatriation of profits, foreign ownership in combined ventures within the Soviet Union, or foreign participation on Soviet boards of directors.

“On things that matter to them, they can be as tough as nails,” commented an American executive living in Moscow. “Interest rates, for example. It’s not the money. It’s just that high interest rates are hard to square with Marx.”

But ingenious Western businessmen are probing for ways to surmount such obstacles. Instead of profit repatriation from enterprises, foreign traders like the Japanese have learned to bargain for lower prices on Soviet timber, oil, or other resources to make a bigger profit on resale abroad. Various Western firms cut interest rates to suit the canons of Marxism, provided that Moscow accepts a compensating increase in prices on Western technology. Another gimmick is to test Soviet receptiveness to lease-back arrangements in place of joint ownership, to royalties as substitutes for dividend payments, to joint technical advisory committees instead of foreign directors on Soviet boards of directors.

To prevent jarring experiences like the 1972 wheat deal, Samuel Pissar, a Polish-born, now American, international lawyer, has advocated developing a whole set of new ground rules for East-West trade. In his book *Commerce and Coexistence*, one of the most influential works on the subject, Pissar has offered eighty different points, ranging from complaint procedures, arbitration, and adjustment of various commercial laws in both East and West, to rules protecting patents and trademarks and insuring that royalty payments are not blocked by currency restrictions, to broader provisions asserting that Communist economic trading firms cannot beg off fulfilling contracts on grounds that a five-year plan was changed. He is particularly concerned about rules against Commu-

nist states re-exporting Western technology at lower prices and rules requiring the East to open up on foreign trade and marketing information, which might have helped cushion the blow of the first wheat deal.

“That was not trade, it was massive procurement,” Pissar contends. “The Soviet officials were monolithic buyers for 250 million people at one time, plus they had the power of total secrecy about their market operations and our total ignorance about their own harvest. We had no preparation for that kind of deal. There were no ground rules, largely because our rules in previous years had been devoted to preventing trade with the Soviets, not to promoting it.

“The same thing actually happened when the Soviets sold aluminum and tin in 1958. They were evidently switching from planes to missiles and they had aluminum to get rid of. They dumped and the bottom fell out of the British aluminum market.

“In neither case was it malicious or dishonest or even unfair. Any trader would want to be secret about this kind of deal. What we need to do is develop with the Russians a framework of ground rules for permanent trade. For decades our two economic systems have essentially avoided doing business with each other. Now, suddenly, we have a tremendous change: national declarations of intent to engage in long-term, large-scale trade. But we are not yet really prepared for it.”

Increasing commerce with the world is having some impact on the Soviet system. Some Westerners even envisage trade as a catalyst for liberalization in the USSR. They harbor hopes that experimentation with new technologies, new concepts of management, and more flexible economics in general, may ultimately lead to greater freedom of thought and expression.

Skeptics, however, observe that during previous eras in history, Russia’s rulers have gone through phases of borrowing from the West, grafting on outside techniques to cope with economic lag and backwardness, only to revert to periods of reaction. Russia has never stirred out of its own special orbit or lost its authoritarian stamp.

Indeed, change is taking place in the Soviet economic system, but so far it is change within parameters that preclude any fundamental transformation. Foreign techniques are transplanted without generating any basic alteration of the Soviet economic or political system. The current Communist leadership seems as capable as its czarist predecessors of making adaptations for the sake of world commerce, while managing to contain the germ of change. □

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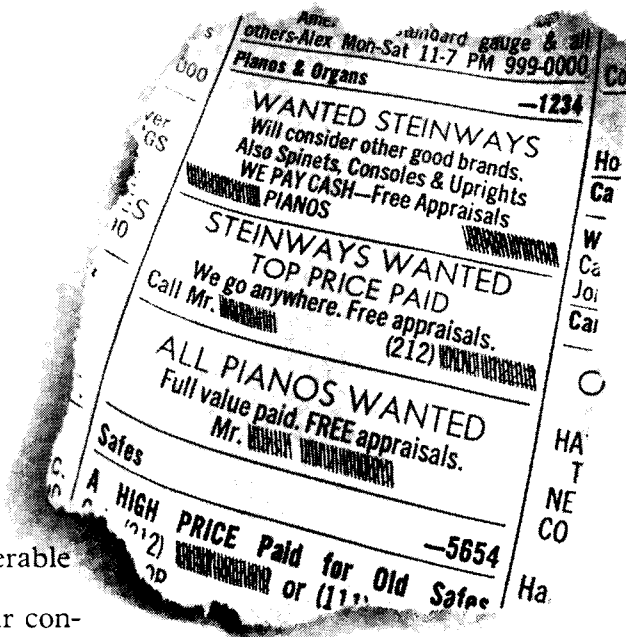
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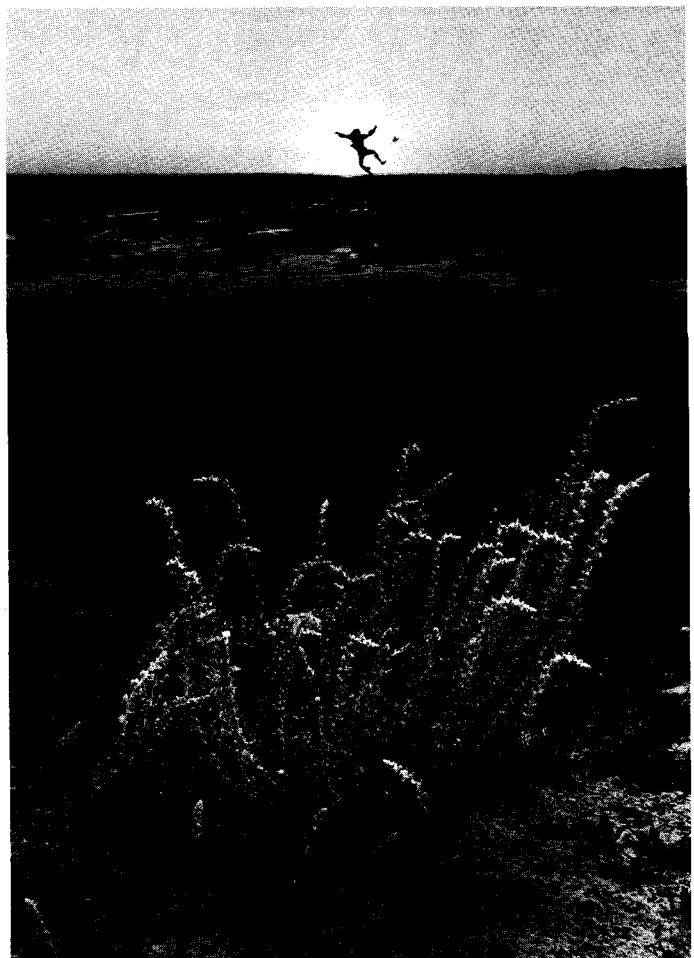
HAPPY

A story
by Robert M. Strozier

I am so happy. A leaf makes me happy. I am happy when I am observing any scene. To see the life of the party, who is enjoying himself so much, makes me happy. Everything is for the better. There are no stumbling blocks. Down makes me happy. A fence. I can't wait to jump the gun. Bacon frying, or a baby's first steps. The belles lettres. God is in all things. A patch of blue is God. My loved ones and friends make me happy. I am the first to arrive and the last to leave. I drop in unexpectedly on them every day. Peppermint sticks. The era of good feeling. If there is some of the bad mixed in with what they have to say, I point out the other side of the coin. I have friends from all walks of life, including people considered to be also-rans by others. I drop in unexpectedly on them. I am happy when some of them are able to live with us for a while. Solitude makes me happy too. Traveling, or being in a meadow or a waterfall. Watching as the inhabitants come out of the forest. Giving the money I have to a bird with a broken wing makes me happy. But if there is some unexpected windfall, then I am happy too. Lambent flame. The reflection of your eyes is mirrored in a leaf. Drip castles. Fealty. Velvet. There are no black looks. All the poems. It takes my breath away. I am made so happy by my wife. Sometimes, when she may be a little cross because of the people who stay over, I thank her for a job well done. The variety that there is makes me happy. A seashell that you find is totally different from someone bursting to tell you some good news. Or you have freshly mown hay being different from auld lang syne. I could tell what a pleasure it was to be an adolescent. I close my eyes and ears and stop breathing sometimes; then I open the gates! So much that is wonderful comes streaming in. Sunshine cakes. No one is in another's bad books. You can call attention to what is good when you meet people, or pass them, and they will stop and regard you. Whispering grass. A still life. A twig that is resting on the sidewalk. There isn't a life and death struggle. I am made happy by the letters of my wife and children when they move out for a while. We are so close-knit. The letters come rapid-fire. A sea chantey. Mr. Bluebird. The madonnas that have been painted. If all you have is a rake, that is fine. There is no losing game. I kneel to look at what grows, and try to touch anything that is falling. Everything has its good side. A mild rebuke or a swelling. If someone may seem to be ugly as sin, he is far from it. He is a peach. Calico cats. Or if he may snap you with a towel. The works of Ste-

Robert M. Strozier is a free-lance writer who was formerly managing editor of *Audience* magazine.

phen C. Foster (1826-1864). Especially "Beautiful Dreamer." The arrowheads that you may find. I am made happy dropping in unexpectedly on my friends to find that some of them are not there. Still, wishing to see them makes me appreciate them so much. Anything that is damasked. The howl of a wolf that says everything is going well. Nothing makes you drag your feet. Vernal keepsakes. The Feast of Stephen. Everything shares a oneness. The tallest building is part of your arm. There are many examples. There is no wear and tear. A brogue. Brown paper packages tied up with strings. When my wife and children do not return this one time, I am made happy looking forward to seeing them again so much. Flapjacks cooling on a ledge. The ebb of life, in and then out. It is so fine to be running up a tab. L'après-midi d'un faune. Bonhomie. My hands are cupped to form a home. The gigantic figure Michelangelo. I always hum under my breath. Some of my friends wish to scatter my visits more until my wife and children return, which makes me happy. When I see them only once in a while, or not at all, their good qualities are in my mind all the time. Auburn mists. The *je ne sais quoi* of everything. Good feelings are always going up. There is no trick or treat. There is just treat. Oratorios. Any pregnant pause. Motes. Troubles melt like lemon drops. I am made happy sending my wife and children whatever they need. There may be a thousand blended things, chocolate Easter eggs and hummingbirds and dappled orbs and peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and a spiderweb attached to the patchwork quilt and diamonds in the rough and something that is honeycombed and fireflies and the dog's wet tongue and Ursa Major. Not seeing any of my friends gives me a chance to be in a meadow or a waterfall more. Pliny. French hens. The tattoo of hail. The articles of faith. Elves. Pencils of sunshine. Myrrh. Afton. There were no dark ages. Tinker toys under the mistletoe. Immutability. A leopard's spots. Cranberry pies. Esse. The chlorophyll that is in all things. Attic shapes. Any laughing matter. Time immemorial. A bushel and a peck/And a hug around the neck. Anything that is marbled. Death is not untimely. The Garden of the Hesperides. Molasses dancing in your head. Everybody gets a square shake. Old Dobbin hitched to the shay. Tumbleweed in the gloaming. Kumbaya. Loving cups. I make sure everybody has a seat on the bus. The decision reached by the people considered to be also-rans not to let me back into the house means one good thing gives way to another that is even better. Watching where it is, I am made happy looking forward to the additional elbow room that will be provided. A leaf makes me happy. I am so happy. □



"WHO KILLED HARRY GLEASON?"

by Andrew Hacker

Lawyers may not serve on American juries, and jurors may not ask lawyer-like questions. "Most lawyers would rather have juries grope in the dark than exercise an independent judgment," says the author, after serving on the jury of "a typical New York murder" trial. So the "truth" must be discerned on the basis of selected and conflicting evidence.

It was late enough for The Late Show: drawing close to 2:00 A.M. The setting would be familiar to a faithful viewer: a cavernous chamber in Manhattan's criminal courts building. All eyes were on the man who had risen in his place. "Your Honor," he was saying, "we have reached a verdict."

What made the occasion exceptional was that I was the one saying those words. Later, when people asked me how I had spent my summer vacation, I had only to murmur "murder trial." Beside that, nude bathing in Dubrovnik pales into insignificance. Everyone wanted to hear more. We all know about crime in the streets. But how many of us take part in the final chapter? It was a fascinating experience, but a disquieting one as well, raising some serious questions about the role of juries in our judicial system. I have come to the conclusion that court procedures do little to encourage sound verdicts. Justice does get done, but as often by accident as by design.

By making inquiries, I later learned that courts in every state treat juries in much the same way. Citizens are regarded as sufficiently mature to deliver the final verdict, but not adult enough for participation in the proceedings. All this will become clear as I describe what I have come to think of as "my" case.

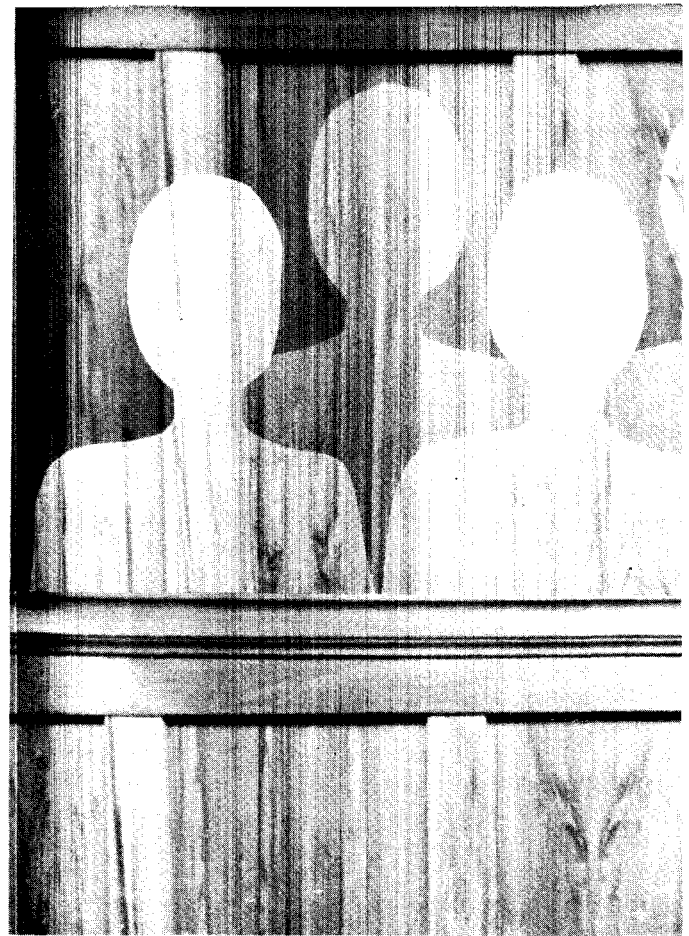
"A typical New York murder," was the general opinion. This one didn't even make the inside pages. Fortunately, it was not one of those brutal slayings where a holdup man guns down his victim. Nor had it finished off a quarrel among

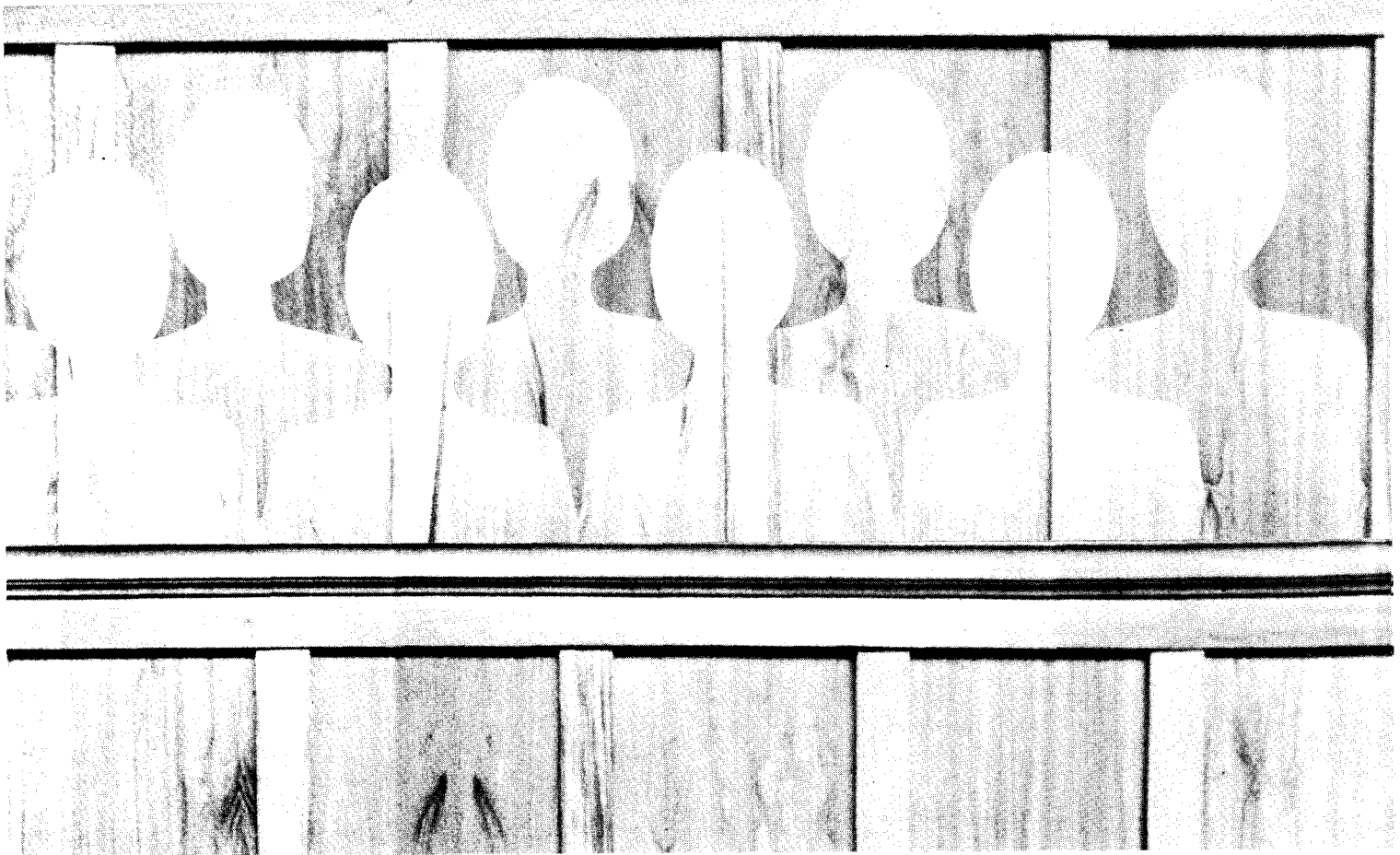
friends or relatives. Rather, it was the cast of characters that made this murder unsurprising: a sampling of the pimps, prostitutes, and addicts who frequent the city's street corners. People one expects will come to no good end.

Everyone agreed that Harry Gleason had not shot himself. The question was whether Fred Carter had fired the fatal bullet. The prosecutor said he had, and claimed enough evidence for a guilty verdict. The defense insisted on Carter's innocence. The police had arrested the wrong man, they said; the real killer was still at large. We had to decide which story to believe, which meant we had to reconstruct what had occurred on a dark night, over a year earlier, in a neighborhood none of us knew well. If we voted one way, Fred Carter could spend the rest of his life in a state penitentiary. If we voted him innocent, he would be back on the street by nightfall. Jurors are not allowed to say "pass," or "no opinion." They must take a specific stand on every ballot.

The scene, which we were warned not to visit, was an unmemorable stretch of Fourteenth Street, consisting of faded shops, several bars, and a last-run movie theater. Late at night it becomes something of a tenderloin, with sex and drugs available at bargain prices. The action began at about 3:00 A.M. on a warm May morning. I have put the recounting in italics because it came from alleged eyewitnesses, who appeared only for the prosecution. They just might have been lying.

Seven or eight people are standing on the sidewalk chatting, sharing a bottle, and passing the time as





they often do while the rest of the city sleeps. Among those present are Miguel and Ramon, later to testify in court. They belong to methadone programs, but are otherwise unemployed. Also Sharon and Rita, both prostitutes. Sharon, who would be another prosecution witness, is a habitu  of the area. Rita has just arrived, and is the event of the evening in hot pants and see-through blouse. Harry Gleason, soon to be the decedent, stands on the edge of the group. He does odd jobs at a hot-pillow hotel across the street, and is Sharon's current boyfriend. About fifty yards down the block, in the Jefferson Bar, sits Fred Carter, Rita's pimp and also new to the neighborhood.

(If you're at all like my friends, you'll want to know everyone's race—no matter how much I insist it had no bearing on the case. Ramon and Miguel were Puerto Rican. Sharon and Rita were white. Gleason and Carter were black. Whatever its other qualities, Fourteenth Street is an integrated neighborhood.)

Rita approaches Miguel with a proposition. ("There was this white girl asked me if I wanted to go with her.") He rebuffs her, but good-naturedly. ("My ----- is sick.") She speculates on his sexual proclivities. ("She insulted my mother.") He slaps her face. Hard. She calls down the street for her protector. ("Freddie! Kill him!") Carter dashes out of the Jefferson Bar, gun in hand, firing point-blank as he runs toward the group. Harry Gleason, an onlooker at the argument, falls to the pavement, blood streaming from his head. Carter turns and flees down a subway staircase which is just a few yards away.

The rest of the recital can revert to regular type, as both sides tended to agree on what happened next.

It was just one of those nights. A policeman happened to be on the subway platform as he saw Carter leap over the turnstile. He had heard the gunfire up on the street, and assumed Carter's arrival had something to do with those shots. He recalled Carter's behavior, which seemed just a little unusual. ("He went back and forth along the platform. He seemed to be trying to conceal an object.") At about that time, a patrol car pulled up at the shooting scene, having been just a block away, and the men in the car having heard the firing. At the behest of bystanders, another patrolman descended to the subway platform, where he also saw Carter, now seated on a bench. ("I saw him make a downward motion with his hand. He had something in his hand. He was putting something down.") Still more policemen arrived, and took Carter into custody. The man from the patrol car remained behind and looked under the bench, where he saw a paper bag. "In it I found a .22 revolver," he told us. "There were six spent rounds in the chamber."

Twenty days later Harry Gleason died in St. Vincent's Hospital. The autopsy by the medical examiner revealed a .22 slug in his brain. However, its riflings had been twisted so out of shape that they could not be matched to the gun under the subway bench. This is often the case, we were told.

That was the story we heard: from Ramon, Miguel, Sharon, and various police personnel who had figured in the incident. All of them, as I have

said, appeared on behalf of the prosecution. Fred Carter never took the stand, which was his right, and in no way to be held against him. His lawyers—two young men appointed by the court—tried every tactic to discredit the prosecution's witnesses. They were especially rough on Sharon, who had given the most detailed account of the slaying. Tall, soft-spoken, and reminiscent of Gene Tierney, she engaged our attention (and fed some fantasies) during her two days on the stand. Cross-examination revealed that she and Ramon and Miguel all had narcotics charges hanging over them, a good reason for cooperating with the district attorney. Harry Gleason had been her boyfriend. Fred Carter had installed an attractive competitor on her corner. (How attractive we could not say. Rita never appeared in court.)

Even so, only minor inconsistencies emerged. Sharon's testimony agreed with that of Ramon and Miguel, and all three tended to reiterate the statements they gave at the station house shortly after the shooting. It was only in its summation that the defense hinted at a more somber side to the story. "I implore you to believe that Fred Carter is merely a pawn," his lawyer said. "He has been fingered maliciously by people who have an intense interest in protecting themselves." (Could he be trying to tell us something?)

We were a responsible jury, and knew we had to begin by presuming Carter's innocence. The burden lay on the prosecution to prove his guilt, and beyond a reasonable doubt. But could he really be innocent? Even supposing that Sharon and her friends were practiced liars who wanted to build up goodwill at the D.A.'s office? This man was caught running away from a murder scene and concealing a revolver containing six spent cartridges. Talk of red-handed, of a case being open and shut. . . . Our first ballot came out six-six. Half of us wanted to acquit Carter, to let him back on the street by sundown.

Might he have been the wrong man after all? Let's try another script for size. Again in italics, because it also may be totally fictional.

Ramon or Miguel or one of their friends is showing around a .22 revolver which has recently come into his possession. The gun goes off accidentally, hitting Harry Gleason. Fred Carter, standing outside the Jefferson Bar, hears the gunfire. What would you do if you were Carter, professional pimp, and with a gun in your pocket? So he hurtles down the subway, unlucky man, into the arms of two policemen. Back upstairs, Ramon and the others decide not to risk convincing the police that their gun went off by accident. Far easier to pin the whole thing on Fred Carter. Which they did.

There could easily have been two .22 revolvers: the one that killed Gleason, and another carried by Carter. The ballistics expert told us there were "probably a million" such guns in the city. Certainly two of them could have been on Fourteenth Street that night. It's that kind of area. The spent shells in Carter's gun? He could have finished up some target practice earlier that day and forgotten to reload. Did we want to retire a man to Attica because he forgot to shake out a few empty cartridges?

This rendering dovetailed with the defense view that Carter had been "fingered" for a slaying he never committed. We debated for twelve more hours, taking at least three additional ballots, before we reached a twelve-zero decision. Very weary, and not entirely happy, we filed into the half-lit courtroom and reported our verdict.

Our judge was superb. He had all the virtues we hear tell of—dignity, compassion, learning—but never expect to meet in real life. "You have heard the evidence," he instructed us. "You are the exclusive judges of the facts." Yes, we had heard the evidence—if by that one means the answers witnesses gave when questioned by the attorneys. Yes, we were judges of the facts—if by that is meant information presented to us without inquiring about our needs or preferences. We were being asked to paint a picture, but we could use only the colors and canvas chosen for us.

The so-called "adversary system" assumes that a two-sided contest will bring out enough information for either a conviction or an acquittal. (Notice how judges keep sending undecided juries back to deliberate further.) Partial truths, defective memories, even outright lies will be exposed by cross-examination, or so, at least, the system supposes. The method has a long and honorable history. At the same time, its premises do not always succeed in practice. Let's take a closer look at the participants.

The prosecutor confines himself to information he thinks likely to bring in a conviction. Defense lawyers present only evidence which makes their client look innocent. Neither side cares about the whole truth. In fact, both feel free to misrepresent appearances if that suits their purposes. (The most notorious instances involve asking rape victims about their earlier sexual experiences.) The judge remains neutral. He is there to ensure a fair trial: to safeguard the rights of the defendant and to allow the prosecution its statutory powers. But fairness need not entail airing all the facts. Unlike his European colleagues, he cannot put questions of his own to the witnesses. All he can do is rephrase a lawyer's question in an effort to get a more precise response. And the jury? We were the only ones in the room obliged to find out what had actually happened. To perform that duty, we were

given good seats and the privilege of listening.

And listen we did. For more than a week. Yet during our deliberations, we repeatedly found ourselves running into dead ends. Several key questions had been neither raised nor answered during the trial. It was at that point we became aware that there can be facts which neither side wishes to elicit because *both* the defense and the prosecution, each for its own reasons, regard the information as harmful to their case.

For example, neither side asked the policeman who found Carter's gun whether it showed signs of having been fired within the previous few minutes. Or, again, no one asked the surgeon at St. Vincent's Hospital to describe Harry Gleason's wound. The entry mark of the bullet would indicate whether it had been fired from a few inches away or had come from much farther down the block. And no one asked whether Sharon, Ramon, and Miguel had been left together long enough to agree on a frame-up. A patrol car took the three of them to the station house, where they dictated statements to a detective. Those depositions paralleled the story they told us in court. But suppose they had decided to frame Carter before they made those statements?

None of us had the temerity to ask these questions ourselves. We gathered quite early in the proceedings that neither the judge nor the attorneys had any desire to hear from us. They looked upon the courtroom as their personal (and professional) preserve. We were expected to blend with the paneling. Yet there are occasions when jurors feel they need more information. I am not referring to hearsay, or past arrest records, or other impermissible matters. I have in mind factual questions of the kind I have just mentioned. So far, I have yet to hear a strong case for withholding such testimony. The suspicion arises that most lawyers would rather have juries grope in the dark than exercise an independent judgment. "This should come as no surprise," Charles Alan Wright once wrote, "in a society which takes pride in the image of Justice wearing a blindfold."

Of course jurors should be permitted to ask questions, as they are in English courts, with their participation woven into the trial format. Aryeh Neier, who heads the American Civil Liberties Union, points out that "a lawyer may have a strategy he wants to pursue and interruptions would undermine that plan." I am sure that jurors would be willing to wait—although I might add that on the Supreme Court the justices feel free to break in on counsel during oral arguments. Still, when the lawyers have finished with each witness, there is no reason why the judge cannot declare a short break, during which jurors can write out their questions.

All the same, Neier has misgivings. "There may be certain points a defense attorney doesn't want to bring up," he says. "Were a juror to raise those matters, it might hamper the defense of the accused." And so it might. But the jury is there to uncover the truth, not to make things easier for the defendant. (After all, some defendants *are* guilty.) In France, the judges may take over questioning if they feel that one or both of the attorneys have shown insufficient zeal in their probing. In this country, judges must remain silent, even if one side has a wholly indifferent counsel. So the task falls to the jury.

I will agree that questions should be written out and sent up to the judge, who would screen the phrasing before asking them. We don't want a juror blurting out anything which might imply some prejudice on his part. ("Precisely where were you standing when the defendant fired the gun?") A succession of notes might be necessary, especially if the witness is unresponsive, or if the juror has an abstruse point he wants to pursue. (In difficult situations the juror could come up and sit beside the judge, and explain *sotto voce* what he wants.)

Needless to say, the attorneys must be allowed to object to jurors' questions, and to argue for their withdrawal, even if the judge has approved them. But I am also taken with the idea of the jury having its own counsel, who would try to persuade the judge that a question is indeed permissible. Thus, if the prosecutor cited *Connecticut vs. Caldwell* to support his objection, the jury's counsel might counter with *Miles vs. Massachusetts*.

Take another matter that appears easily remediable on its surface. Jurors are not allowed to take notes. This rule prevails no matter how long the trial, or complicated the testimony, or ambiguous the law. Our case was relatively short, but it still added up to forty hours of unrelieved listening, the equivalent of a semester's worth of lectures. (Imagine not taking a single note during a college course and then being expected to do justice to a final exam.) Justices on the Supreme Court of the United States jot down points while hearing oral argument. But we lesser beings were expected to retain evidence and arguments which amounted to 1049 pages of typed transcript, and included testimony from a pathologist, a ballistics expert, and the man who arranges the New York City subway schedules.

In consequence, much of our time was spent jogging one another's memories in the hope that someone would recall a particular remark. We filed out every so often to have the stenographer read us some portion of her tape. But the typical jury doesn't do this more than once or twice ("We don't want to bother them"), nor is a copy of the transcript placed in the jury room for ready reference. Reconstructing the episode on Fourteenth Street was difficult enough without also having to

argue over what had been said within the courtroom.

Did I say this was a simple request? Wait until you hear from the lawyers. "A juror who can quote from ampler notes will have an undue influence over the others," one said to me. "If no one has notes, then everyone is on the same plane." More or less a memorization contest, with no extrinsic aids. I find it a bit curious that lawyers, who only rarely serve on juries, speak on this subject so knowingly. Some members do assume a degree of authority within the group. This certainly happened with us. But the respect they commanded stemmed from personal qualities, which far outweigh jottings anyone might have in a notebook. Furthermore, having the transcript read aloud to us didn't really satisfy our needs. Our personal notes would also have included observations on appearances, demeanor, and other items that don't get into the stenotyped record. Such clues are especially important when you have to agree on whether one witness is lying or another is telling the truth.

"They'll doodle, or write out shopping lists," objected another counselor of my acquaintance, who admitted that he occasionally did just that when at the defense table. Yet without pencil and paper, a juror can still let his mind wander, daydreaming or studying the spectators. If lawyers don't like doodles, they could devote more care to ensuring that the jurors understand each phase of the questioning. We suspected that many of the colloquies were not intended for us at all, but were for scrutiny by an appellate bench at some later stage.

"If we had only heard from so-and-so," was a repeated refrain in the jury room. A jury should be able to subpoena witnesses of its own if, during deliberations, it concludes that their testimony will prove helpful. (Until such time as we have a counsel, the questioning would have to be done by the judge, with jury members sending up the questions.) For example, we would have called the doctor who cleaned up Harry Gleason's head wound.

We suspected that neither the defense nor the prosecution wanted to put Rita on the stand, despite the fact that she had played a leading role in the drama. From what we heard, she seemed as likely to harm one side as the other, and with no forewarning. Well, the twelve of us had some questions we wanted to ask her, regardless of how her testimony redounded. Even if her fealty to Carter had grown threadbare, she was not a Fourteenth

Street regular, and had no motive for joining in a frame-up. And even if she lied, or proved unresponsive, she was still part of the mosaic. Her nonappearance left so glaring a hole that at times we felt the impossible was being asked of us. Needless to say, no one inquired whether we wanted to meet Rita, nor did anyone explain her absence. It was a bit like *Carmen* without Carmen.

Today's jurors are better informed and more independent-minded than in the past. They realize that lawyers may overlook threads in an argument, that even a well-matched battle will reveal only part of the story. Participation by the jury would remind lawyers that those twelve seats contain sentient human beings, not stage props from the Perry Mason warehouse. The stakes are real. Jurors resent being treated like children.

Unlike bar associations and civil liberties groups, jurors are not organized, and have no influence over the judicial process. Few citizens serve on more than one criminal case during their entire lives. As a result, they express their dissatisfactions the only way they can: by failing to agree on a verdict, or voting for acquittal because so much information is missing. (In murder trials in New York one defendant in three is acquitted, and hung juries are increasingly common.) Obviously I am not appealing for more convictions if they have to be based on guesswork. Nor do I want jurors prying into matters which are irrelevant or prejudicial. We should be able to rely on our judges to prevent that, just as they now check overzealous attorneys.

Whether in large cities, like Washington and Detroit, or in smaller towns, such as Harrisburg and Gainesville, jurors have shown a good understanding of due process and constitutional safeguards. They have long since passed their probation period, and are ready for heavier responsibilities, not for their own sake, but to satisfy the oath they took when accepting their seats: to arrive at the truth about what really happened during that split second we call a crime.

Our verdict? We found Fred Carter guilty of murder. And beyond a reasonable doubt, despite all the questions left dangling. We just couldn't attribute those empty cartridges to target practice earlier that afternoon. □

Beefeater

Gin
FIFTH

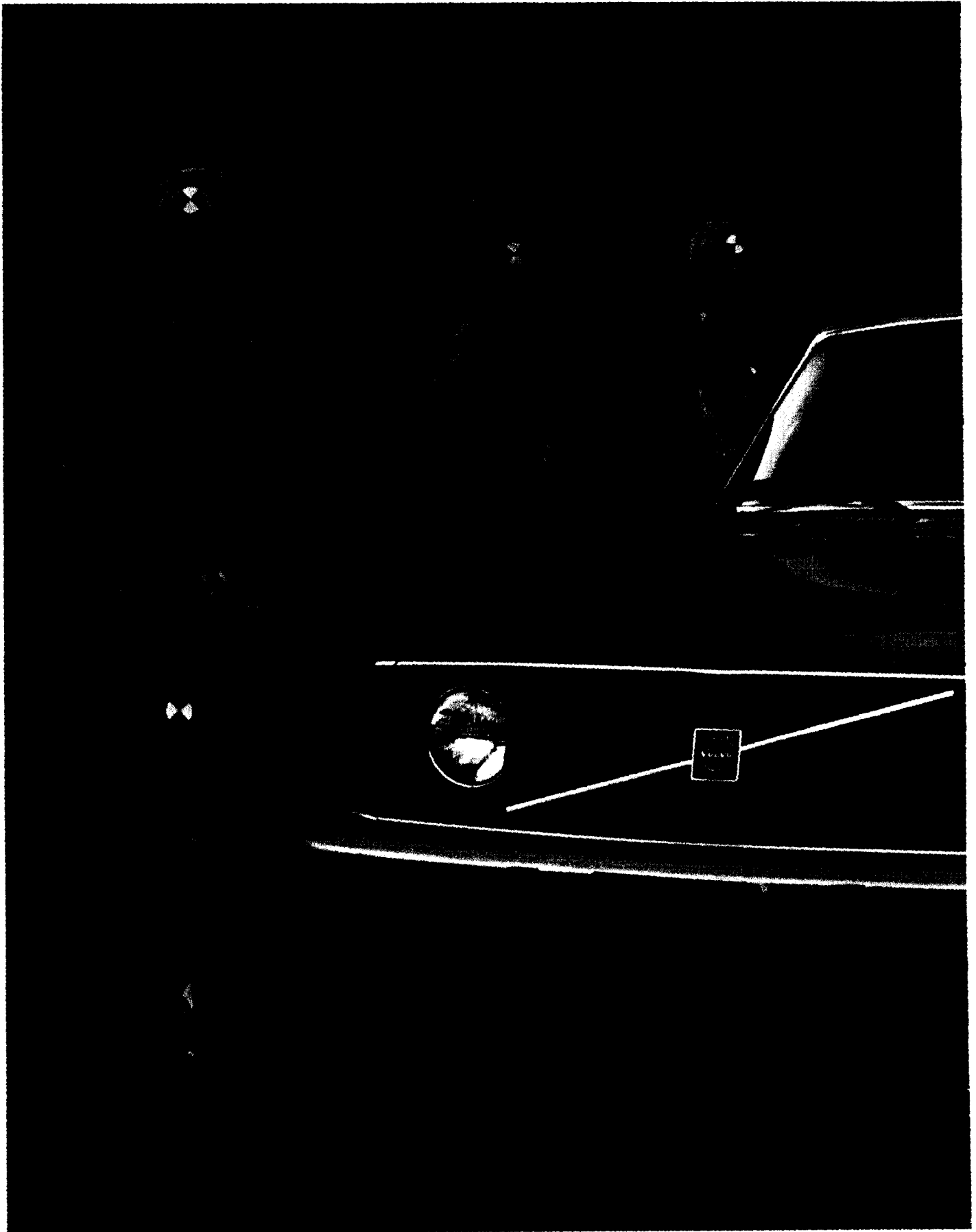
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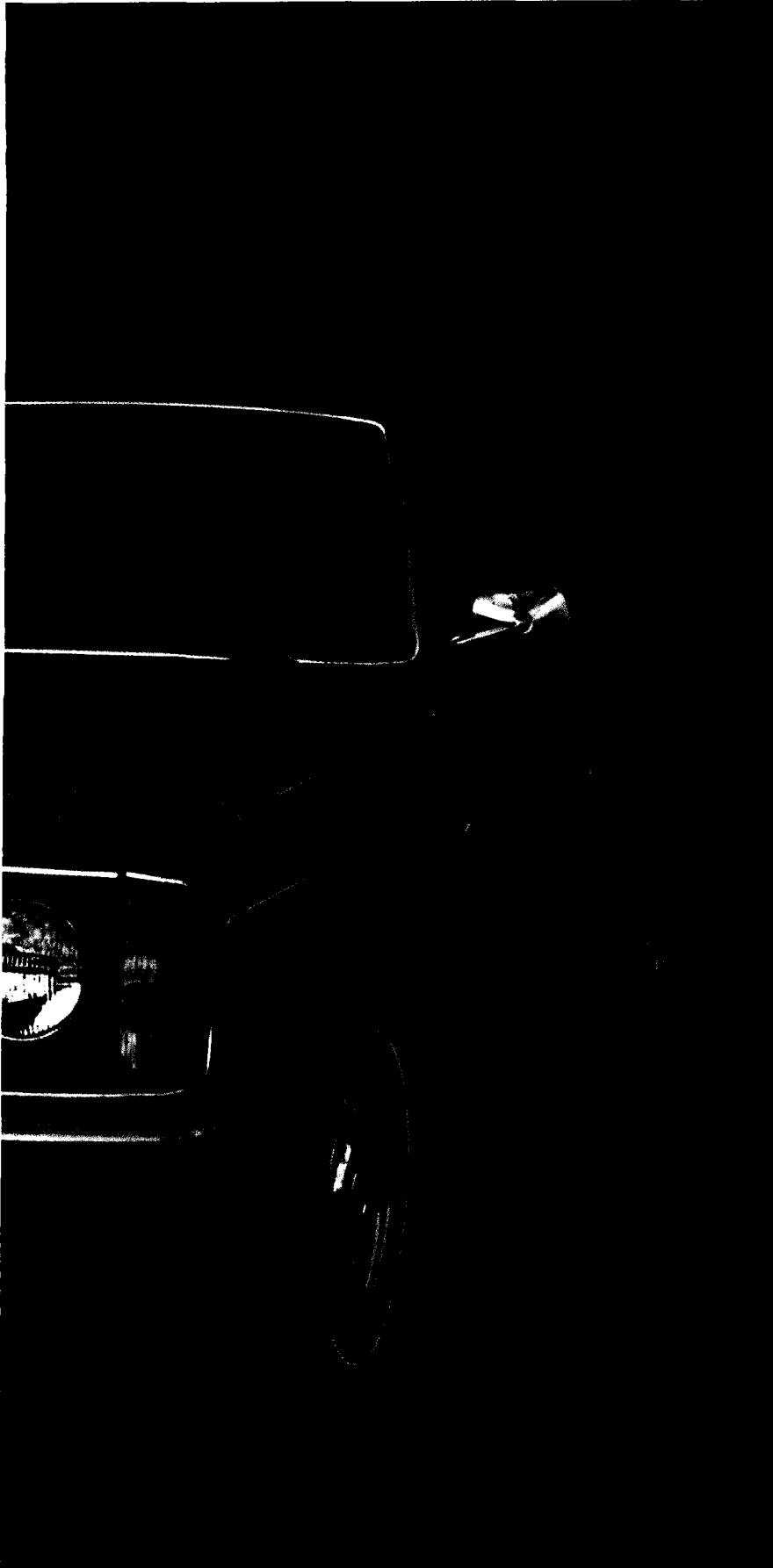
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THE ART OF HISTORY PAINTING

by Alexander Eliot

Before Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley, the genre was dedicated to the good, the ideal; it now encompasses the bad and the beautiful.

“History painting” sounds more fusty than feisty, perhaps. Yet I cannot help regarding it with special interest, since both art and history fascinate me. Not generally recognized is the fact that the two most important Early American artists were history painters. Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley, however, followed that line in England rather than America. Between them, they injected realism and portraiture into the genre, and before and after the American Revolution they brought an art revolution home to London.

Benjamin West, although born in the same year as Copley (1738), was the first to reach England and turn the London art world upside down. The tenth child of an innkeeper, West had grown up in idyllic surroundings near Philadelphia, on the site of the present campus of Swarthmore College. According to his own account, friendly Indians first taught him to mix red and yellow earth pigments, while his mother supplied blue indigo from her dye vat, and the family cat less willingly gave up the raw materials for paintbrushes from her fur.

By the age of sixteen, West had achieved local fame as a portraitist. One of his sitters, a gunsmith named William Henry, was so taken with the youth's abilities that he suggested West attempt history painting. “What is that?” West wanted to know. By way of reply, William read aloud Plato's account of the death of Socrates. The dignity, display of character, and transcendental overtones of Plato's *Dialogue* spoke directly to young West's Quaker heart. He set himself to paint the scene, and soon he had resolved to devote his professional life to subjects of a similar nature.

The way to begin, he guessed, would be to absorb the best examples of the art in Rome. To any ordinary young fellow in his position at the time, such an ambition would have seemed quite wild; but not to West. He found wealthy sponsors to support his aims, reached Rome at the age of twenty-two, and spent three years there under the tutelage of the neoclassicist Anton Raphael Mengs. When he was taken to the Vatican to view the famed classical marble called *The Belvedere Apollo*, West exclaimed in his easy, enthusiastic way: “How like a Mohawk warrior!” Roman society was charmed by him, naturally.

In 1763, West headed for home again. Stopping off in London en route, he made friends with the great portraitist Sir Joshua Reynolds and other artists. The considerable figure-skating skills which West had developed on the Schuylkill river, however, were what gained him entrée into London's smart set. His impromptu performances on the frozen pond in Hyde Park were the talk of the town. Lords galore, and bishops as well, flocked to commission pictures from the clever and accomplished young American. So West found himself persuaded to stay on in London.

West's paintings of that time were in the classicizing vein of Poussin. Their sources in literature and statuary were so remote as to appear universally edifying. *Pylades and Orestes*, *The Continnence of Scipio*, *The Fright of Astyanax*, *Pyrrhus When a Child Brought to Glaucias for Protection*, and *Agrippina with the Ashes of Germanicus* were just a few of the commissions which were showered upon him. It was *Agrippina*, the last on that list, which happened to catch the hazy eye of the king.

An unusually perceptive critic had observed, soon after West's arrival in London, that “the glorious title of the American Raphael can never be, without irony, bestowed on West.” King George III could not see why not. Himself a simple, though unstable, soul, he found West's open-faced idealism and industrious work habits irresistible.

This, he doubtless thought, was just what the old masters must have been like. George appointed the artist History Painter to the Crown, with permanent studios at Buckingham and Windsor Palaces. Then later—at West's own urging, it seems—the king personally sponsored the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts. Sir Joshua Reynolds was the Academy's first president, and West its second. Long-lived, serious, and almost universally liked, West presided over Academy affairs for nearly three decades. He had just one known difference of opinion with the more sophisticated Reynolds, but this was basic, for it concerned West's chosen field.

In one of his celebrated "Discourses," Reynolds averred that works of art "which are built upon a general nature live forever, while those which depend for their existence on particular customs and habits, a partial view of nature, or the fluctuation of fashion, can only be coeval with that which first raised them from obscurity. Present time and future must be considered as rivals, and he who solicits the one must expect to be discountenanced by the other." Sir Joshua felt strongly on that point. Imagine, then, his astonished distress when, in 1770, he found his friend West hard at work upon a history painting which dealt with very recent history!

In 1759, General James Wolfe had driven the French from Quebec's Plains of Abraham to win Canada for England. It was an epic battle, in which the impetuous Wolfe himself was three times hit by musket balls and expired on the field at the moment when victory was assured. "I die contented!" were the general's last words—perfect, West thought. *The Death of Wolfe*, as West envisioned his painting, would combine the chill grandeur of classical idealism with all the color and excitement of an actual battle scene in modern dress. Reynolds, however, earnestly begged him not to paint it like that, but instead to "adopt the classic costume of antiquity as much more becoming the inherent greatness of the subject than the modern garb of war."

King George himself backed Reynolds' argument; but West felt keenly that, in the commonwealth of art, painters ought to make their own decisions, regardless of councillors and kings. The Battle of Quebec, he pointed out, had transpired "in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no such nations, nor heroes in their costumes, any longer existed." Although the battle had been recent, it was, he concluded, "a topic which history will proudly record, and the same truth which guides the pen of the historian should govern the pencil of the artist." In brief, and in more than

one sense of the expression, the American stuck to his guns. The result was a radically new masterpiece, which caused a sensation at the Royal Academy exhibition of 1771. Applause drowned out the first shocked reactions, and it soon became evident that history painting would never be the same again. Reynolds himself gracefully conceded: "Mr. West has conquered."

The following year, West consolidated his victory by painting *William Penn's Treaty With the Indians* in commemoration of an event which had occurred almost a century before. This time he clothed his characters in costumes which he recalled from the days of his own youth in Pennsylvania. The buildings also were such as he himself remembered. West portrayed plump Penn on the basis of tradition. His own relatives, including his father, stood in for some of the surrounding figures. "The great object I had in forming the composition," West later wrote, "was to express savages brought into harmony and peace by justice and benevolence, by not withholding from them what was their right, and giving them what they were in want of." The picture does breathe peace, albeit not very deeply. It is accomplished pageantry. One guesses that it may also have been intended to convey a hidden message as to how the coming breakaway of the American colonies might be averted.

If so, the king failed to register that. The aesthetic message, however, he was now ready to accept. Grand themes need not be ancient ones; modernity in itself does not exclude sublimity. The king was so excited by this discovery that when West later proposed to commemorate a British victory at sea (*The Battle of La Hogue*), George personally saw to it that the artist was enabled to make preparatory sketches of naval maneuvers from the poop of the Admiral's frigate. Thus pictorial journalism achieved, for the first time, the favored place in the scheme of things which it still retains.

I turn now to West's great rival: John Singleton Copley. As everybody knows, he made his unique contribution to America's self-image in the stream of time by painting portraits of notables in and about his native Boston. But Copley also aspired to loftier achievements. At the age of thirty-six, therefore, he took a holiday from portraiture in order to embark on a Grand Tour of Europe and imbibe the necessary culture. George Carter, a British artist who accompanied Copley partway on his travels, penned a waspish but vivid caricature of Copley the innocent abroad:

He had on one of those white French bonnets which, turned on one side, admit of being pulled over the ears: under this was a yellow and red silk handkerchief, with a large Catherine wheel flambeau upon it, such as may be seen on the necks

Alexander Eliot's books about art include *Sight and Sound*.

of those delicate ladies who cry Malton oysters: this flowed half way down his back. He wore a red-brown, or rather cinnamon, great coat, with a friar's cape, and worsted binding of a yellowish white; it hung near his heels, out of which peeped his boots: under his arm he carried a sword which he bought in Paris, and a hickory stick with an ivory head. Joined to this dress, he was very thin, pale, a little pock-marked, prominent eyebrows, small eyes, which, after fatigue, seemed a day's march in his head.

As for what was going on behind those deep-set eyes, Copley's letters home to Peter Pelham contain valuable clues. Writing from Paris in his careless hand, he exhorted his young half-brother as follows:

I . . . would persuade you from inactivity as I would a near friend from plunging into certain destruction . . . Draw landscapes, Dogs, Cats, Cows, horses, in short I would have you keep in your Pocket a book and Porto Crayon—as I now do—and where ever you see a butifull form Sketch it in your Book.

Then from Parma, in March of 1775, Copley wrote:

Poor America! I hope the best but I fear the worst, yet certain I am She will finally Imerge from the present Callamity and become a Mighty Empire, and it is a pleasing reflection that I shall stand among the first of the Artists that shall have led that Country to knowledge and cultivation of the fine Arts, happy in the pleasing reflection that they will one day shine with a luster not inferior to what they have done in Greece or Rome in my Native Country.

The fourteen months which Copley spent in Italy, indulging what he called "the luxury of seeing," and copying Renaissance pictures, irrevocably altered his whole approach to art. The honest vision of character and the solid craftsmanship which had distinguished his American portraits were supplanted by sophisticated techniques and exalted ideas. Copley was one of the first Americans to view the excavations then taking place at Pompeii. He bought plaster casts of ancient carvings for study purposes, and among these appears to have been *The Gladiator* from Rome's Villa Borghese. For the first time, Copley was applying himself to figure drawing and to large-scale composition.

In October, 1775, Copley concluded his Grand Tour where it had begun, at London. To his delight, he found his wife, his children, and his Tory father-in-law there to welcome him. They had come from Boston to avoid being caught up in the struggle for independence. Copley, of course, approved the move. "Political contests" he considered "neither pleasing to the artist nor advantageous to Art itself." Except, Copley might have added, as subject matter.

Unschooling, of Irish stock, contentious, and self-consciously self-made, Copley was not the sort to breach the upper levels of London society as West had done. Moreover, the city of Gainsborough, Romney, and Reynolds would be less than overwhelmed by Copley the portraitist. But the growing colony of Tory American expatriates warmly welcomed the Copley family into their midst. Then, too, Benjamin West, with whom Copley had corresponded for years, was cordial and encouraging. Copley bought a fine mansion in Leicester Square, and settled in to practice his profession, come what might. He doubtless already entertained a secret ambition to outstrip the kindly West at history painting.

The single most original work which Copley had accomplished in Boston was his portrait of Paul Revere. He had posed the patriotic silversmith at a workbench, and in shirt sleeves—something unheard of before. Thus Copley had created a silent hymn to the dignity of craftsmanship, and also an egalitarian icon. Now, in London, it occurred to him that something similar might be done with history painting. Why not democratize the genre by depicting some personally fateful but historically trivial occurrence in the life of an ordinary citizen? For example, the London merchant Brook Watson.

In youth, while swimming in Havana harbor, Watson had lost a leg to a rogue shark. Copley obtained Watson's commission to commemorate the event on a grand scale. To make sure that his picture reproduced the setting correctly, he drew upon Peter Canot's engraving of the harbor. Hired models, it appears, posed for the figures of Watson's rescuers. For the face and figure of the desperate youth under attack, however, Copley employed *The Gladiator* from Rome's Villa Borghese. By tipping his marble-limbed protagonist head down and belly up before the drop-jawed onrush of the shark, Copley arrived at an unreal—almost surreal—effect which immeasurably heightens the whole picture's atmosphere of nightmare. Young Watson appears absolutely frozen with terror. When the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1778, saltwater enthusiasts among the public noted various lapses of realism. It was, for instance, evident that Copley could never have studied a shark close at hand. Nobody even noticed the extreme novelty of the work. Yet Copley had struck the keynote for romantic horror painting of the future.

In fact, *Watson and the Shark* eerily foreshadows Theodore Géricault's *The Raft of Medusa*, which was first shown at the Paris Salon of 1819. Géricault, too, balanced hope against horror in a spine-tingling manner. But Géricault meant his picture to embarrass the French maritime service and render unforgettable the scandals which surrounded the frigate *Medusa's* shipwreck. This was

history painting with an angry twist. Like Copley's relatively minor, but much fresher, masterpiece, it failed to win much recognition at the time. Copley's *Watson* has come to rest at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, however, and Géricault's *Raft* is now in the Louvre, so justice finally triumphed in both cases.

In 1778—to return to the year when Copley first exhibited *Watson*—a curious drama occurred in England's House of Lords. The Duke of Richmond had proposed making peace with the American colonies. William Pitt the Elder (the ill, eccentric but eloquent Earl of Chatham) arose to contest the motion. In mid-speech, however, the Earl fell back, open-mouthed: the victim of a fatal stroke. Here was a subject, Copley saw at once, which might fire the public imagination as *Watson* had not. He resolved to paint it in truly monumental style, and to begin by making portrait sketches from life of some fifty-four peers who had been in the chamber at the time. To incorporate so many actual portraits in the final work, he guessed, would be an innovation fully as startling as any of West's.

Portraits which employed history picture props were a commonplace of the period, but no one could recall ever having seen a history picture so heavily freighted with portraiture as was *The Death of the Earl of Chatham*. Although it took two years of unremitting labor to complete, the effort paid off handsomely in every way. Bypassing the Royal Academy, Copley exhibited the picture privately at Spring Garden. Some twenty thousand people paid their shillings to view it in the course of the first six weeks, and attendance at the Royal Academy exhibition for 1781, which ran concurrently, fell off by almost a thousand pounds. Copley took orders for engraved reproductions of the painting and disposed of the picture itself, by raffle, for the then princely sum of two thousand guineas. He had rocketed to equal eminence with West in public opinion.

Early in 1781, nine hundred French troops landed on the English island of Jersey and swiftly occupied its capital. Major Francis Peirson, aged twenty-four, led a British counterattack which repelled the French invasion. And, like General Wolfe at Quebec, Peirson died of his wounds at the battle's height. This was the next subject which Copley seized upon and transformed into instant history. Once again he employed portraiture, painting the figures around Peirson from life. But he did not so honor Peirson's black manservant, who was believed to have shot down the French soldier responsible for the major's death. The cockade-hatted black in Copley's painting is a splendid personification of cool, concentrated revenge. Yet Copley's actual model was a house servant of the auctioneer James Christie (who lived just across Leicester Square from the artist's own residence). As for the icy, rigid figure of the fallen Peirson,

that was the Villa Borghese's *Gladiator*, felled once more. A crisply opportunistic and calculated work *The Death of Major Peirson* certainly was; but perfectly brilliant. This diamond in the crown of "British School" painting, as the works of West and Copley were labeled in British and European museums, retains its feverish luster even now.

History painting had been rendered lifeless by too great an allegiance to the good, the true, and the beautiful; in short, to the ideal. First West, and then Copley, plunged the genre into the tempering waters of the real. Between them, they reinvigorated the ancient art form.

This is not the place to record the subsequent erosion of their powers, nor to discuss the labored and lame canvases which both men produced in later life. The two constantly quarreled over Royal Academy business, and their squabbling distressed the poor, precarious mind of the king. "West is an American," George III one day informed an importunate Academician, "and Copley is an American, and you are an Englishman, and if the Devil had you all, I would not enquire after you!"

Copley was acutely conscious of his later failures. He died a disappointed man, wishing that he had returned to Boston to live. West, on the contrary, waxed ever more complacent. William Hazlitt, in a sharp-edged passage from *Table Talk*, gave the reason for this. "When Mr. West had painted a picture," Hazlitt wrote, "he thought it was perfect. He had no idea of anything in art but rules, and these he exactly conformed to so that according to his theory, what he did was quite right. He conceived of painting as a mechanical or scientific process. . . ."

The next generation of American painters was decisively influenced by West and Copley both; sometimes in unexpected ways. Gilbert Stuart, for instance (far and away the most successful of West's many students), was put off history painting for life by his master's example. But West prepared John Trumbull (who had served directly under General Washington) to create stirring and historically invaluable scenes. Trumbull had lost one eye in a childhood accident, so West advised him to paint small. Accordingly, Trumbull crammed forty-eight portrait figures (in Copley's manner) into his surprisingly lively thirty-inch-wide canvas, *Declaration of Independence*.

Washington Allston, John Vanderlyn, and Samuel Finley Breese Morse all three devoted enormous efforts to history painting, but with less happy results. Morse, in particular, had worshipped West. "There is not a line or a touch in his pictures," Morse wrote home from London, "which he cannot account for on philosophical principles." As to his own ambitions, Morse added: "I cannot be happy unless I am pursuing the intellectual

A PORTFOLIO OF HISTORY PAINTINGS



1.



2.

1. *THE DEATH OF WOLFE* by Benjamin West
2. *WATSON AND THE SHARK* by John Singleton Copley
3. *CORTEZ SHOWING CROSS AND CROWN* by José Clemente Orozco
4. *THE PASSION OF SACCO AND VANZETTI* by Ben Shahn
5. *Detail from THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO* by Diego Rivera
6. *AMERICAN TRAGEDY* by Philip Evergood
7. *THROUGH THE MILL* by Philip Evergood



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.

branch of the art. Portraits have none of it; landscape has some of it, but history has it wholly." In 1822, Morse completed his most ambitious canvas, *House of Representatives*, which hangs now in Washington's Corcoran Gallery. It contains no less than eighty-one portraits of congressmen, but brings none of them to life. The scene is shadowy, serene. Morse took the picture on tour; it drew no crowds anywhere. "Alas," he confided to a friend in middle age, "the very name of *picture* produces a sadness of heart I cannot describe." Abruptly abandoning the painting profession, Morse went on to invent the telegraph—which must have given him some satisfaction.

From the telegraph to television, technology has advanced at a rush. For us, televised news and wide-screen cinema epics convey more sense of history-in-the-making than can oil paints. Yet it would be callow to argue from this that the genre itself is dead. History painting lives and breathes, but now it serves a purpose which would have amazed West and Copley. Those two expressed, throughout their work, a sort of reverence for the status quo. Not for nothing had they abandoned the relative freedom of America and snuggled up, as it were, to the British throne. As for their American heirs, the whole lot painted pictures that tended to confirm and support the triumphs and pretensions of the young republic. State propaganda, of a positive kind, remained the rule for them as it had been for their mentors in London. And this is just the sort of art that Soviet Russia's official painters still produce. It does indeed seem spiritually dead today, yet history painting survives in another way.

If any one man may be said to have given the genre a whole new lease on life, it is Francisco Goya. His overpowering canvas called *The Third of May, 1808* shows Napoleon's soldiery inexorably gunning down a group of bare-handed, childlike Spanish "rebels." Completed in 1814, and now at Madrid's Prado Museum, the picture displays no piety whatsoever; on the contrary, it bristles with protest. Much the same thing might be said, I imagine, of all the great history pictures produced since Goya's time. Géricault's previously mentioned *The Raft of Medusa* hisses and sobs like a sea in torment; it came just five years after Goya's masterpiece. Eugène Delacroix's cold, gory condemnation of Turkish imperialism, *The Massacre at Chios*, followed in 1824.

Our century, too, has known masterpieces of history painting which were done in protesting rage. An American example, dating from 1932 and now at the Whitney Museum, is Ben Shahn's dry, looming *Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti*. In 1936, the air bombardment of a defenseless Basque village stung Pablo Picasso to furious indignation, out of which he created *Guernica*—the best-known of all his works. *Guernica* commemorates a chillingly

prophetic moment in the history of warfare, and also damns it with tremendous moral urgency. There are no heroes in this history picture, only victims, and that is just the point.

Three great Mexican painters contemporary with Picasso and Shahn—Diego Rivera, José Clemente Orozco, and Alfaro Siquieros—eloquently condemned the "conquistador-christian" ethic in mural after mural. They have a worthy heir today in Ecuador's Oswaldo Guayasamin, who wields his paintbrush like a machete.

The greatest living master of angry history painting is one whose career reads like West's and Copley's in reverse. Philip Evergood was raised in England and schooled at Eton. He went on to study at Cambridge, then switched to London's Slade School of Art. During the twenties and early thirties, he wandered France, Italy, and Spain, developing a rich sense of art history along with professional sophistication as a painter. Then, during the depths of the Great Depression, Evergood turned his back upon Europe to settle permanently in the United States. Soon afterward came the moment of decision concerning what to do with his gift. Happening upon a shantytown settlement of cold and hungry people, Evergood presented them with a half-gallon of gin and joined their shivering circle around a bonfire in the snow. "Their tragedy hit me between the eyes," he later recalled, "because I had never been as close to anything like that before. Then I got a brain wave. It seemed to me that I should be involved in my work with this kind of thing." So he sat up all night with the ragged outcasts, white and black, sketching them by firelight.

"When I thought of my background at Eton and Cambridge and that kind of nonsense which had taken up so much of my life," Evergood concluded, "I felt very moved to shake it off and to be a part of what I was painting, and to me it meant even more . . . it meant sacrificing your good and comfortable safety to fight for some of these guys and stick my neck out too." Accordingly, Evergood plunged into militant social demonstrations and strikes. "Perhaps I overdid the action," he guessed in later years. "Maybe I could have done just as much by putting the time into my work. Still, what's lost on action may be gained in feeling. . . . I don't think that anybody who hasn't been really beaten up by the police badly, as I have, could have painted an *American Tragedy*."

Out of tragedy, in part, spring the good things that people do, including relatively deathless works of art. But where will history painting go from here? Is it likely to retain the journalistic aspects first introduced by Copley and West? Will it keep the acid ingredients injected by Goya and Evergood? Or will our children or grandchildren witness some totally unexpected development of the genre? □

BADLANDS REVISITED

A memoir of murderous days in Nebraska

by Marilyn Coffey

Charles Starkweather and Caril Fugate left a trail of corpses—and an astonished nation—behind them as they roamed through Nebraska in the winter of 1958. They were an aberration, a pathological quirk in an otherwise rational world. Or were they?

I still remember where I was when I heard that murderers Caril Anne Fugate and Charles Starkweather were “on the loose” in our town. It was one of those moments suspended permanently in time—like the day my father heard the news about Pearl Harbor on the car radio as he crossed a certain bridge south of town. Or the day FDR died. Or the day, a generation later, when I froze before a barroom TV set listening to details of a report that Kennedy had been shot. Talk about *news*.

Not that the local press hadn't covered Caril and Charlie. They had. I'd read all about the young couple—she fourteen years old, he nineteen. Belly down on our new rose-beige wall-to-wall carpet, elbows grinding into the nylon tufts, I read how they were wanted for maybe killing Caril's mother, her stepfather, her little half sister. But what did that mean? Only another family squabble. Why, just the week before, belly on the same carpet, eyes on the same daily, I'd read all about that nice Mr. Williams, a shoe repairman over in Beatrice, Nebraska, only forty miles south of our town. Mr. Williams shot his wife, two daughters, and one son, killed them as they slept, then ran down to the basement and blew his head off. With a 16-gauge shotgun. Who would have thought it. And I read, the same day, a report about that despondent housewife up in Hibbing, Minnesota, who killed herself and her three kids because she was going bananas. Small wonder. Hibbing—what can you do in a place like that except count stars of a clear night?

Granted, the circumstances of the Fugate-Stark-

weather killings were a bit bizarre. The body of Marion Bartlett, Caril's fifty-seven-year-old stepfather, was found wrapped in newspapers and stuffed in a chicken coop out behind the Bartletts' one-story house where Caril lived. He'd been shot and stabbed. The body of Caril's mother, Velda Bartlett, thirty-five, was wrapped in what looked like bedclothes and stashed in the outhouse. Shot and stabbed. The body of Caril's little half sister, Betty Jean, only two-and-a-half years old, reporters said, was found near Velda's, stuffed into a cardboard box. Betty Jean hadn't been shot. She'd been clubbed to death and her throat slashed: skull fractures and lacerations, the paper called it.

Weirder yet, Caril and Charlie had sat a strange sort of wake with the bodies, staying with them for at least two days. Maybe six. Warding off relatives who came to inquire, shooing away a lady who stopped to buy eggs, calling in sick to the Watson Bros. trucking company for Mr. Bartlett so nobody would suspect.

Still, when you added the details up, what had



Caril and Charlie done, really, but lopped off a few of her kin? Big deal.

How could I know that these family deaths were only the beginning of a chain of murders that would make Caril and Charlie a Legend in Their Own Time? How could I foresee that a young movie producer, Terence Malick, would fictionalize them sixteen years later in a movie called *Badlands*? That NBC-TV would feature Caril's prison life in an hour-long documentary which, in turn, would spawn a book, *Caril*, that draws heavily on this TV footage? Or that the New York *Daily News*, running a series about "liberated" women criminals, would bill Caril as a predecessor of a long line of female terrorists, the latest sensation being Patty Hearst?

Today, Caril and Charlie seem well on their way to becoming my generation's Bonnie and Clyde. Born on the heels of the Depression, suckled on World War II, isolated and alienated without the words to express it, Caril and Charlie shared more with my generation than we, perhaps, were willing to admit. At that time, in 1958, in Lincoln, Nebraska, we were prone to magnify the differences. There seemed to be many.

For one thing, I was literate. A junior at the University, I was busy stuffing myself on Shakespeare and the classics, and squabbling with my parents who said that classics wouldn't feed me, that I should study teaching instead. Or nursing. That way, when my husband died, I could support the kids. Caril, who wore her dark brown hair in a ponytail and fancied white baton boots, was still in high school. She was considered a spunky kid with a "certain elfish charm" who could pass for eighteen. Charlie was an out-and-out high-school dropout with red hair, bandy legs, and bad eyesight. At five foot two, he stood an inch taller than Caril. He worked on a garbage route, shouting obscenities at people, telling old guys how to drive, and generally acting surly. "Nobody knowed better than to say nothin' to me when I was a-heavin' their goddam garbage," he wrote of himself later. Illiterate. As his writing showed.

Besides, I had taste. Caril and Charlie might settle for hamburgers and TV, but I went to see foreign films and ate in one of the town's foreign restaurants: a pizza parlor, the first one I'd ever seen. I would never have shopped for Christmas presents in a filling station, which Caril and Charlie did. They favored a stuffed poodle. Charlie drove a souped-up '49 Ford with missing hubcaps and no radiator grill; he wore a black motorcycle jacket and black cowboy boots, cheap ones, several sizes too big. He stuffed the toes with paper. No, he didn't impress me. Just another greaser, the sort who edges his car ahead of yours at the stoplight, revs the motor, guns out on the yellow. Or hangs around the hamburger palaces, wisecracking. Charlie was nothing compared to my boyfriend,

Gene, a University senior who drove (when he couldn't beg his old man's Mercury) a hearse with print curtains at the windows.

Charlie got in trouble with the cops, letting underage Caril drive his car. But not us. We had our illegal beer busts down by the old creek bed, forged our ID's so we could spin down to Omaha and drink hard liquor like the grown-ups did, bought our Trojans in the corner drugstore and made out like bandits on the back roads.

But then, what could you expect? Caril and Charlie lived in the seedy north part of town, Charlie in his rented room and Caril with her folks in that ramshackle white frame house of theirs. Gene and I lived on the right side of town, though my sector, south Lincoln, was so good my folks could look down on Gene, whose mother rang a cash register in the supermarket and ran around with Air Force Base people, and whose father, like Charlie's, was a carpenter. My family moved to south Lincoln after my father's small-town-based trucking firm collapsed under the brunt of Jimmy Hoffa's illegal union-organizing activities. That period of ominous phone calls, tires punctured with ice picks, railroad spikes heaved from speeding cars, strange men in out-of-state automobiles conspicuously cleaning their shotguns outside my father's office, initiated me into violence. My uncle Glen, known as the hothead in a hotheaded family, kept a shotgun on the front seat of his car and a pistol in the glove compartment. He followed our trucks out of town, daring any Teamster thug to mess with *him*. When I was younger, Glen fought Japs, and regaled me with stories of going to Ku Klux Klan meetings with my grandpa. Not that Grandpa went after blacks; there weren't any in the whole county. He went after Catholics, instead.

A year older than Charlie, I considered myself much more sophisticated, despite my small-town upbringing. I snickered knowingly when I read in the Lincoln *Journal*, the week Caril and Charlie went on their rampage, that only eleven shotguns and five pistols were known to be squirreled away in the University's whole dormitory system. Didn't I know better? Why, my boyfriend and his buddy could hustle up a better arsenal than that between them. So I wasn't particularly impressed when the county sheriff found Charlie's hot rod—and three more bodies—some sixteen miles south of town.

Two of the three new bodies were discovered at the base of the stairs in an abandoned storm cellar. That seemed fitting. Storm cellars are common in Nebraska, dug to provide shelter from the tornado funnels that periodically pass by. My grandmother had one, a cave dug half underground with double wooden doors at the top, cool in the summer and warm in the winter. "Stand in the southwest corner with your back

against the wall," my mother instructed us as we sheltered in our basement. "That way, if the house caves in, you won't get killed by falling debris." We huddled there more than once, staring at the wringer washing machine and the metal rinse tubs, waiting.

Caril and Charlie went to the abandoned storm cellar to get warm—it was January—when their car got stuck. They didn't stay long; the place spooked Charlie. "A hole in the ground, looks like a bomb shelter," he described it. Actually, the cellars more closely resemble the World War II munitions storage units near Hastings, Nebraska, half-buried Quonset huts mounded with dirt like freshly turned graves, camouflaged with grass so enemy pilots couldn't spot them. "They cast no shadows," my father said. But bomb shelters were a topic of considerable import that January. Russia had recently launched two Sputniks, and we had yet to lift off our first spaceship from Cape Canaveral. For that matter, we had yet to launch our first ICBM. And with SAC's national headquarters only sixty miles away, Lincoln was bound to get a lot of atomic fallout as Russian bombers came streaking over Alaska, past our DEW Line.

The third body was found in a small shack not far from Charlie's car, which had gotten stuck in a farmer's driveway. When Sheriff Merle Karnopp spotted blood in the snow, he called for reinforcements: his men, some Lincoln cops, and state troopers. They closed in on the farmhouse with a bullhorn and tear gas, not to mention assorted firearms. Some thirty neighbors—farmers and townspeople from nearby Bennet, population 350—gathered to watch the fun. Okay Charlie, we know you're in there, come on out with your hands up, the sheriff shouted over the bullhorn. We'll give you five minutes. And for five minutes, as if in silent prayer, everyone waited. Then, okay, here we come, ready or not, and they were off, heaving nine tear-gas bombs into the house, running in, guns drawn, running back out again, eyes streaming, waiting until the tear gas cooled down enough for them to have a look around. They found an empty house. But the blood in the snow led to an outbuilding where they discovered the farmer, old August Meyer, seventy, dead as a doornail. He'd been blasted in the head with a .410 shotgun at close range. The first officer in the door nearly puked at the sight.

That's when the panic began.

August Meyer was an old friend of the Starkweather family; Charlie, his brothers, and his dad,

Guy, had gone to the Meyer place many a time to hunt. "If Charlie'll kill an old friend like August, he'll turn on his own father," Guy Starkweather said, and he bolted his doors and windows against the return of his son.

He wasn't the only one to worry. The farm people south of Lincoln did, as well as those in the little town of Bennet. The two other victims had lived there: Robert Jensen, seventeen, president of the Bennet High School junior class and member of the football team, and his sixteen-year-old girl friend, Carol King. They'd gone out on a date the night before, cruising the back roads, I speculated, as Gene and I were wont to do: parking on the crest of a hill, cocking the rearview mirror so we could spot the headlights of any would-be bushwhackers before they saw us, slumped in the front seat, jockeying positions to miss the gearshift. We kept a pistol ready in the glove compartment, just in case. If we'd been Robert Jensen and Carol King, Starkweather wouldn't have stood a chance. No, siree, we'd of blasted his head clean off—Gene's gun was a heavy German model.

Robert and Carol had stopped to give Charlie a helping hand with his stuck car—a custom on the plains where it's a long trek between filling stations or farmhouses. They got taken to the storm cellar for their trouble. Robert was shot six times—killed in self-defense, Charlie said; Carol was not only shot but stripped and viciously raped. Officials never did say how, but we could speculate, we who had heard by then, that somebody, Caril or Charlie, had rammed a shotgun repeatedly down the throat of Caril's little half sister, Betty Jean, until she choked. We could almost see Charlie ramming Carol with his .22, could almost hear him hollering (in all-American fashion) "Up Yours!" as he pulled the trigger.

Radio stations began broadcasting descriptions of Caril, Charlie, and the stolen Jensen car, a dark blue 1950 sedan with twin aerials on the rear fender. It was assumed to be hidden south of town—or else speeding across the plains in some great getaway scene.

People who lived near Bennet packed their kin, if they could afford it, and fled to Lincoln for safety. Those who remained picked up their guns and posted themselves by their doors. "Gonna shoot first, ask questions later," one farmer said. The sheriff told folks to call their neighbors every half hour or so, make sure they were still alive, and many people called out-of-state relatives as well. Phone lines out of Bennet and nearby towns were jammed all afternoon and evening—a preview of the panic that hit sections of Lincoln the next day.

I was running an errand at the University's School of Journalism when I heard that Caril and Charlie had doubled back into Lincoln, killed three more people, and were currently "on

Marilyn Coffey, a native of Nebraska, is the author of a novel, *Marcella*. She teaches composition and literature at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn.



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Working round the clock, it took us 25 days to drill the first well. It was 8,500 feet deep—and we discovered gas, but no oil.

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Exploratory drilling can often take as long as five years. We were lucky. It had taken us just two.

The next step was to design and construct the oil-producing platforms which would replace the mobile rig. These huge platforms would be anchored to the seafloor directly over the field.



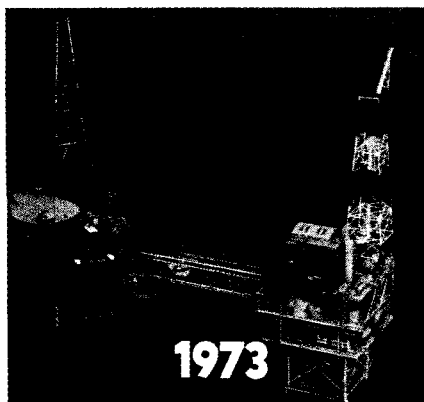
Platform construction and installation. We started building the twin drilling and production platforms in 1972. Construction took 16 months.

Each offshore platform has to be built specifically for the area it will work in. We have to take into account water depths, wind and wave action, earthquake possibilities, and other factors. This is why a platform built for the relatively calm Gulf will be different from one built for the fierce North Sea.

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Then we added the platform decks. These included the crew's quarters as well as facilities for producing the oil.

oil to you.



Production drilling. When everything was shipshape on the platform in early 1973, we began to drill the first production well that would actually bring the oil to the surface. We drilled four wells in 1973, and seven more in 1974.

Most of the wells are drilled straight down for a few hundred feet, then slanted away from the platform base. This greatly increases the area that can be tapped from one platform.

Frequently, we use several platforms in developing an oil field. These platforms, like the individual wells, must be placed carefully to insure that the oil is recovered as efficiently as possible.



Underwater pipelaying. While the platform crew was drilling the production wells, bargemen and welders were busy laying the underwater pipeline that would take the oil from the platform to shore.

Aboard a pipelaying barge, coated sections of pipe move along a track and are welded together. Then the welds are inspected by X rays. The joints are given the same protective coating as the pipe and the continuous pipe is slipped down onto the seafloor.

To get the oil to shore from our new producing platform, we had to lay a section of pipeline that linked our platform with a main pipeline nearby. If this main artery had not existed, and we had to lay one, then the entire pipelaying job might have taken several months. As it was, we did it in one month.



Refining and delivering to you. The crude oil that started coming to shore this year from our production platform in the Gulf was carried by another pipeline to a nearby Exxon refinery.

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And the gasoline you're filling up with today may have come from that field we started looking for eight years ago.

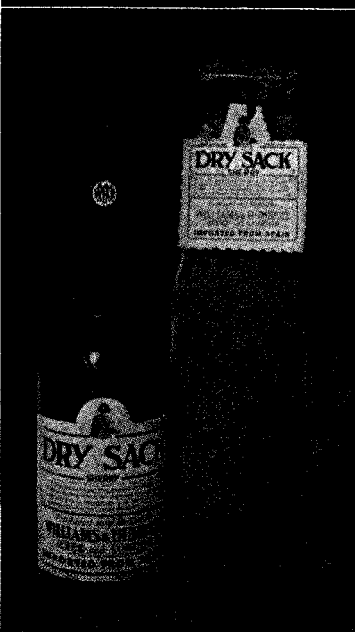
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the loose,” possibly in my section of town. Now that was *news*. For they hadn’t killed just anyone. They’d killed three of our kind, decent folk—the sort whose kids wear braces. That news changed my whole perspective. I’d gone to the journalism school in defeat, to switch from my prestigious liberal arts major in English to something practical: news reporting. But what an auspicious beginning! With nine people dead, the story began to assume national proportions. Sure enough, even the intellectual New York *Times* found it fit to print.

I heard this latest development, appropriately, from the head of the journalism school, a tough-minded newswriter, a man who encouraged students to the kind of enterprise shown by an editor in Camden, N.J., covering the story of mass murderer Howard Unruh. The editor called Unruh up at home, before cops had time to corner him, and asked nonchalantly, “How many people have you killed, Howard?” Unruh, a World War II vet, had killed thirteen, gunning them down at random on the main street. He held the national record for mass slayings—at least until Juan Corona’s hatchet killing of twenty-five migrant workers, a record toppled recently when twenty-seven dead boys were unearthed in Texas.

I listened respectfully while the department chairman read the details off the AP wire—how Caril and Charlie had doubled back from the August Meyer farm into the south Lincoln section; how they had cruised the neighborhood (Charlie knew it well from his garbage run) and eventually slept there, undetected even by the Skyline Dairy man; how they were let into the fashionable home of C. Lauer Ward by his unsuspecting housekeeper. She knew Charlie; he used to shovel their snow.

Mr. Ward was away working at one of his many jobs. (He was president of the Capital Bridge Co. and the Capital Steel Co. which supplied raw material for the bridge company, and director of several of Lincoln’s banks.) Caril and Charlie hung around quite awhile, binding and gagging Clara Ward, his wife, and Lillian, the housekeeper, in one of the upstairs bedrooms. Both women were stabbed to death. Charlie said he had to kill them in self-defense when the maid came at him with a gun. Later he switched stories, saying Caril did it.

Charlie met Mr. Ward in the vestibule as he came home for supper. The industrialist got Charlie’s customary greeting: a blast in the head. Now the killers were loose, cruising around somewhere in Mr. Ward’s big black 1956 Packard, license 2-17415.

The chairman warned me to be careful going home; I felt a chill, or premonition, and left, cutting swiftly across the school’s flat parking lot to jump in my mother’s Chevy. Safe. So far. The school’s tall carillon, dubbed the “Singing Silo” by

students, interrupted its rendition of “Nellie Gray” to chime out the noon hour. A modest erection compared to that three-hundred-foot University of Texas tower where Charles Whitman would let fall a spray of ammunition that hit forty-six people, held one hundred cops at bay. His record was eighteen dead.

I arrived home unharmed, parked Mom’s Chevy in our double garage, and hotfooted it into the house. I found my mother cowering in a corner of the dining room, our portable radio, its cord stretched taut, blaring beside her. If I hadn’t known better, I might have thought she was listening to a tornado warning.

“Thank goodness you’re back,” she said. I didn’t have to ask her if she’d heard. Danger gave us a sudden common bond, dissolving our differences.

We sat as far away as possible from the windows, debating whether or not to draw the curtains. Mother was for drawing them so Caril and Charlie couldn’t see us, trapped like flies in a spider web. I wanted to leave them open. True, that might give the couple a clear shot, but at least we could see them coming. A decided advantage, I argued. With the curtains drawn, the pair could be within pistol range before we knew anyone was there. Mother finally, reluctantly, agreed.

My father called. He’d been trying to reach us, he said, but was unable to get through from his office (he was state purchasing agent then) in the Capitol building. The lines were too busy. We didn’t know it yet, but the news of the Ward family deaths piled up the heaviest traffic on Lincoln telephone circuits since V-J Day. My father said he was vaguely acquainted with the dead man, and wasn’t it awful, and Vic (my father loved being on a first-name basis with the governor) might have been the last person to see Mr. Ward alive. Don’t come home, my mother begged him. He said he didn’t plan to.

Together, Mother and I listened to the radio.

Caril and Charlie, charged with first-degree murder and described as “armed and dangerous,” were presumed to be somewhere in town. State patrol cars were ordered to converge on Lincoln. About forty or fifty sheriff’s deputies, farmers, and state patrolmen searched for the Ward car; their ranks soon increased. Between one and two hundred National Guardsmen were called into active duty by Governor Victor Anderson. “All the experienced combat men we can get,” the governor ordered. And the FBI got into the act. Not to mention volunteers, as the word, “a killer is loose in the city,” spread. There was talk of forming Vigilance Committees, of making a house-to-house search, indeed, a closet-to-closet one. Soon a total of twelve hundred men were guarding us. And that wasn’t counting individual householders who stood armed in their yards, protecting their loved ones against imminent massacre.



Caril Ann Fugate, Charles Starkweather; funeral of two of their victims; Starkweather

Around us, neighbors sat in paranoid vigils like our own, although we didn't find that out until afterward, when the fuss simmered down to a series of cocktail-party stories. Many folks left their garage doors open and the keys in their automobiles. That way, people reasoned, Caril and Charlie wouldn't need to come looking for anything. Large fast cars, preferably with full gas tanks, were considered the best insurance.

Some neighbors took more drastic action, like the woman who filled up all her big cooking pots with water, and kept them bubbling on the stove. "I figured they'd come in the back door if they came at all," she explained, "because our kitchen is close to the garage. So I waited next to the stove. When they walked in, I was going to heave boiling water all over them."

When our doorbell rang, we froze. In whispers, we debated our strategy: Mother said we should stay put, but I argued against it. Wouldn't we be in a better position to defend ourselves if we found out who it was? Then, if necessary, we could call Father at the State Capitol building and he could summon the National Guard. . . .

At length, I tiptoed to the window. It was only my boyfriend, Gene, and his best buddy. Husky prairie boys the both of them, waiting on our front porch, rifles slung over their shoulders.

Naturally, I opened the door.

The pair filed into the living room, smelling of beer and brandishing loaded rifles; they had shotguns in the car. And pistols. Gene's buddy wore his pistol concealed, strapped in a holster to his sturdy chest. His pockets bulged with shells. They'd volunteered to join Sheriff Karnopp, who was broadcasting openly for a posse. The sheriff gathered, Gene told us later, every local lush from ev-

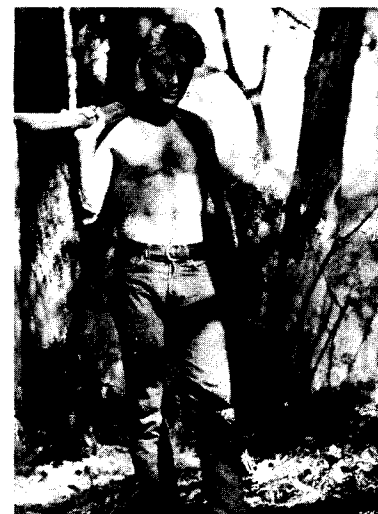
ery bar in downtown Lincoln. Some had never held a gun before. The sheriff armed them all; he had to. You couldn't beg, borrow, or steal a gun in the whole county, Gene said. Every man had his hand on his.

Having determined that I was still alive, Gene left, revving up the motor on his borrowed Mercury and peeling out. Let smart-ass Starkweather try to ditch *them*. Fat chance. Old Charlie didn't know what he was up against. Off they sped.

Downtown, the radio reported, some of Governor Anderson's newly summoned National Guardsmen were protecting the National Bank of Commerce, which Charlie was expected to rob. District court recessed early. Hotel business began to flourish as concerned employers booked rooms for their employees rather than have them venture home. The Lincoln Air Force Base volunteered its helicopters, and citizens were urged to report any sign of a black Packard, license 2-17415.

The radio station KFOR put up one hundred dollars reward for information leading to the capture of the pair. So did the president of the United Garbage Association—good PR for his suddenly maligned profession. Lincoln's Mayor Bennett S. Martin offered five hundred, stating that he believed the killers were still in the city, that they were using our town as a base for their bloody deeds. Governor Anderson put up a thousand.

The radio kept broadcasting the Ward license-plate number until we had it memorized. The station received dozens of phone calls—it would receive hundreds—describing a black Packard cruising someone's neighborhood. People were urged to stay off the streets, especially in south Lincoln. My mother began worrying whether my sister Margery would survive. She was due to be bussed home from high school, to be driven right through the main target area. Should one of us try to meet her? Or was the risk too high? The warnings to re-



Scenes from the film Badlands

main indoors weighed heavily, but I volunteered, being young enough to enjoy the surge of adrenalin that anticipated danger provides. A rush, we'd call it now.

As I headed toward the front door, the radio broadcast another sighting of a black Packard, this one with three numbers of its license verified. The car was only blocks away. I hesitated. My mother urged me to stay in and let Margery take her chances. We listened while the station verified one more number on the plate; the car was a block closer to our home.

I dashed to our tall hedgerow, concealing myself as best I could from the lethal street. Periodically, I poked my head out of the greenery to scan the block. How I wished Dad hadn't sold his hunting guns. I could use one now. Not for nothing had I dropped by the ROTC building once a week for target practice, strapping myself into a shooting harness, flopping down on my belly military fashion, sighting down the long barrel. I had a credible record for bull's-eyes. It was ironic that I should wait unarmed.

Margery, I had decided, would have to come the first, most dangerous, half block by herself. If she made it to the corner, I would signal her home by waving my arms. If it worked. Knowing the depth of Margery's stubborn nature, I thought she'd be as likely to slow down as speed up if she saw I was in a hurry. But I underestimated her terror: she came running. Not that it mattered much. By the time we were safely indoors, the radio had reported that the sighting of the black Packard was a false alarm.

Meanwhile, Caril and Charlie were hundreds of miles away, in Wyoming. They'd beat a fast retreat from Lincoln in Mr. Ward's Packard, heading northwest on

Highway 2, one of the state's least frequently used roads. Charlie dyed his telltale red hair black with shoe polish, but he needn't have been so careful. The widely publicized dragnet of the state was actually concentrated almost entirely southeast of Lincoln. Officers had reasoned that Caril and Charlie would head down Kansas City way; wasn't K.C. the nearest metropolitan area that could afford them a hideout? But the two weren't thinking like 1920s gangsters. They were headed for Washington state to stay with Charlie's brother Leonard, a chef.

On their way, a few miles outside the small town of Douglas, the couple noticed a new Buick parked alongside the road. They pulled over to take a peek. Inside, Merle Collison, a shoe salesman from Great Falls, Montana, was stretched out, catching himself a little shut-eye. Charlie woke him with a bullet through the window. Merle staggered out of the car, was blasted back into the front seat—and eternity—with nine bullets from Charlie's gun. "People will remember that last shot," Charlie wrote of it later. "I hope they'll read my story. They'll know why then. They'll know that the salesman just happened to be there. I didn't put him there and he didn't know I was coming." Charlie could have been a Zen sage.

Then, of all the bum luck, the Buick's emergency brake stuck. While Charlie struggled to free it, Joe Sprinkler stopped to lend a hand. He thought there'd been an accident. Here, help me unstuck this thing, Charlie ordered, pointing his gun Joe's way. Joe spotted the body in the front seat and thought better of it, and grabbed Charlie's rifle instead of the brake. As the two struggled, a Wyoming deputy sheriff, driving into Douglas on a routine errand, happened by. He didn't recognize the Ward car, but stopped when he saw the men fighting over the rifle. Caril high-tailed it to his car, hollering, "Help! It's Stark-

weather! He's crazy, he just killed a man." And the chase was on.

Charlie dropped his gun, leaped into the Packard, and lit out. The deputy radioed ahead; Douglas cops set up a road block. Charlie tore through it at better than a hundred per, kept right on going. The sheriff and the police chief joined the chase—into Douglas's city limits, out again, guns flashing. Charlie stopped when a shot shattered his window. He staggered out of the Packard, hand over his ear, shouting, "I'm hit! You lousy bastards hit me!" It was a hollow accusation. Inspection showed he had a superficial cut from a piece of flying glass.

It was over.

Caril and Charlie were, of course, celebrities. Their doings were reported in some detail: Charlie ate heartily and slept well in the Douglas jail. Caril, "stunned and dazed," ate lightly, her matron said. That's because she had no idea her folks were dead. Caril, Charlie said, had no part in the killings. That's right, said Caril. She was just Charlie's hostage. Hostage, hell, replied Charlie. She had a gun; she could of escaped if she wanted to. He himself had no idea that the maid and Clara Ward were dead. He'd left Caril guarding them, he said, so she must of done it. Like she killed that King girl he'd left her to guard. Come to think of it, Caril was "the most trigger-happy person I ever seen." Hadn't she killed Collison? Oh, he'd fired the first couple shots, but that wasn't dead enough for her. She finished the salesman off. And hadn't she blabbered all across the state something about how the maid just wouldn't die? Charlie, by contrast, had wanted to give himself up right after the Jensen shooting, but Caril would say no. Sitting there in the front seat with a .410 on her lap. What's a fellow to do?

"She seemed to have a hold on him," Charlie's mother testified. Charlie wrote his folks: "but dad I'm not real sorry for what I did cause for the first time me and caril had more fun . . ."

They signed their own extradition papers and came on home—by car—to stand trial. They were afraid to fly.

Lincoln folk sighed in relief at their capture, even if we felt a bit foolish that they were caught in Wyoming, and not in town. We stored our rifles away and let things drift back to normal—although nearly everyone found some excuse or other to drive out to the north section of town, take a gander at the Bartlett house, and see where the bodies had been hid.

The Lincoln newspapers began running page-one stories about dogs. The *Journal* revealed how Charlie had brutally kicked the Wards' poodle, how their Chesapeake Bay retriever "may have been kicked once." The Humane Society looked

for new owners: thirty people volunteered. The paper lauded them. Twenty more raised their hands. Photographs were published of the new owner and his daughter. A picture of Caril's dog, King, appeared. It didn't need a home; Caril's uncle was keeping it for her.

The newspaper editors, perhaps somewhat shamefaced for participating in a panic that had no basis in fact, began blasting the cops for not catching Charlie sooner. The December murder of a local filling-station attendant—at the station where Charlie and Caril had shopped for stuffed dogs—was blamed on Charlie. Why, asked editorials, hadn't he been caught then? The exposé of the police department was the biggest since Lincoln's Great Bank Robbery of the 1930s, but nothing came of it. The cops, investigators decided, had done what they could do. They weren't to blame.

Caril and Charlie wrote pages and pages of confessions, especially Charlie: "Don't know why it was but being alone with her was like owning a little world all our own . . . lying there with our arms around each other and not talking much, just kind of tightening up and listening to the wind blow or looking at the same star and moving our hands over each other's faces . . . We knewed that the world had give us to each other. We was goin' to make it leave us alone . . . if we'd been let alone we wouldn't hurt nobody."

We read every word, and speculated about their psychologies. We couldn't read enough. Charlie, we learned, was an artist. He painted in oils, canvases executed in bold rough strokes, landscapes and animal skulls. The papers published shots of them. Once he painted an Indian—with red hair. "Like mine," his mother told reporters.

Charlie's IQ was measured at 86, four points below the normal range of 90 to 110. His vision tested at 20-200, a point away from being technically blind. Thick glasses corrected his sight to 20-30. "He may go blind within a year," his folks said, explaining his actions. They weren't sure why, but thought it was some form of astigmatism.

But social stigmatism seemed Charlie's major problem. He was shy, with a "peculiar walk, as though he straddles a barrel," and he took a lot of razzing for it. Got himself into scraps.

"I forgot about my bow-legs," he wrote, "when me and Caril was having excitement. When I'd hold her in my arms and do the things we done together, I didn't think about being a red-headed peckerwood then."

Specialists were called in to explain him. "Socially," the University's criminologist said, "he was an empty man. The only way he could be important was by killing."

Second-semester classes ground on. I learned how to report news. In my senior year, I covered Caril's trial as part of a Journalism 171 assignment. "Nearly an hour before court opened yester-

day afternoon," I wrote, "men and women jammed the anteroom. People pushed and shoved each other as they hurried down the hall. The uproar could be heard . . . from the courtroom." Caril was found guilty of the murder of Robert Jensen and sent up for life.

A year later, inside the Nebraska State Penitentiary, forty-three official witnesses watched Charlie get juiced. He went with his fists clenched, they said. A few hours earlier, when the Lions Club over in Beatrice asked Charlie to donate his eyes to an eye bank, he retorted, "Hell, no! No one did anything for me. Why in hell should I do anything for anyone else?"

Outside the pen's gate, dozens of teen-agers gathered on the midnight of his execution. Most came dressed in blue jeans and bobby socks. Some drove in, car radios blaring rock 'n' roll; some made their pilgrimages on foot. One girl told reporters, "Some of us knew him. Some of us wanted to be with him at the end." A repentance of sorts. After all, we didn't mean him no harm when we called him a bowlegged red-headed peck-erwood. We was just teasing. It warn't our fault he took it all so serious.

Charlie probably wouldn't have been impressed. "The more I look at people," his confession reads, "the more I hated them because I knowed they wasn't any place for me with the kind of people I knowed. I used to wonder why they was here anyhow? A bunch of goddamed sons of bitches looking for somebody to make fun of . . . some poor fellow who ain't done nothin' but feed chickens."

Now, sixteen years later, I sit in a darkened movie theater and watch Terence Malick's romanticized version of those days flicker across the screen. Charlie has changed. He's twenty-five, not nineteen, and fancies he looks like James Dean, a description lifted from a 1958 *Time* magazine. He shoots only when pressed; the Ward family is spared, Caril has no mother or half sister. Caril has moved to the right side of the tracks, lives alone with her father, has hair like a Clairol ad, and takes piano lessons. Together, Caril and Charlie (now Holly and Kit) move as in a dream. The transition from nobodies to newsmakers to cinematic heroes is complete; media provided the vehicle. Caril and Charlie have been immortalized, as it were, on their own terms. Or so it seems. Malick's *Badlands*, filmed from Caril's point of view, is as curiously detached as some of Charlie's confessions; our view of violence is as unemotional as the neat, round, clean, cinematic bullet holes left by Charlie's gun. The movie successfully shields us from the impact of those days. Like our news media, it ultimately supports our indifference to violence. At last, indeed, we are entertained by it. □

THE NEW BLAST-FURNACE IN THE KEMEROVO METALLURGICAL COMBINE

by Bella Akhmadulina

Up there where the new blast-furnace rises
they are working.

Is that boy laughing?

Is he balancing in the wind?

Indifferently, he walks the thin ledge
and for a moment, just slightly,
tilts his head as if yearning
for the ground that awaits him.

He is at ease in the echo
of erratic footfall,
in the scatter of sparks like fistfuls
of failing stars in an August sky.

Of course there is the bravado,
the passion and sudden expectation
that a passing girl will understand
the distance, his height above ground.

Girls have other things in mind—
one will look up, see him, and understand
nothing. It is something farther
that calls to her, something beyond him.

And yet, on a rare trip to the circus,
she will strain forward, pale
with concern for the walker
when he steps onto the wire.

With his anger cloaked, and almost cool,
he again looks down
onto girls who have forgotten him,
then scatters sparks, failing stars of fire.

—Translated by Daniel Halpern

THREE HUNGRY DEMOCRATS

The 1976 Democratic nomination for President is up for grabs. The field is getting crowded. This month *The Atlantic* profiles three early hopefuls—Senators Mondale and Bentsen and Congressman Udall. Examinations of other aspiring tenants of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue will follow in subsequent issues.

I. WALTER MONDALE Has he ever been tested? by Albert Eisele

About an hour after Senator Edward Kennedy took himself out of the race for the 1976 Democratic presidential nomination on September 23, a reporter asked Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota what he thought Kennedy's action would mean for himself and others who might seek the nomination.

Mondale, sitting in his office around the corner from Kennedy's on the fourth floor of the Russell Senate Office Building and puffing intently on a cigar, answered by recalling something the late Stewart Alsop had written about Kennedy. "He once wrote a column comparing Ted to a shade tree that is so big and effective that no other trees could grow around it," said Mondale. "Well, I think maybe we'll see some of the sunlight coming through now."

Whether enough of that sunlight will fall on the forty-six-year-old Mondale's sharp-edged profile to transform his senatorial acorn into a presidential oak, only time will tell. But there is no mistaking the feeling of relief that Mondale now displays after ten years of trying without much success to emerge from Kennedy's large shadow. Since coming to the Senate in December, 1964, as Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey's handpicked successor, the former Minnesota attorney general and son of a poor country preacher has learned to accept the fact that as long as a Kennedy was

available, few Democrats would focus on him in the search for new presidential timber. Now, with Kennedy's withdrawal, Mondale has emerged as the leading candidate of the perpetually restless, and fickle, liberal wing of the Democratic party.

Minnesota's contribution to 1976 presidential politics and the people around him are realistic enough to understand that Kennedy's action merely removed the biggest of many big obstacles between Mondale and the Democratic nomination. "Mondale's not going to inherit anything from Kennedy automatically," Richard Moe, Mondale's administrative assistant, said after Kennedy's withdrawal. "He's going to have to show people he's got something before they'll go for him." But Moe, a dedicated professional politician of thirty-eight who was attracted to politics by the example of John F. Kennedy, notes with irrefutable logic that "the odds on us are no longer than they are on anybody else now. Certainly, they're good enough to warrant making the effort."

Some people think Mondale has been contemplating that effort almost from the day he arrived in the Senate as the latest export of Minnesota's robust and progressive Democratic-Farmer-Labor party. Unlike his political mentor Humphrey, who arrived in the Senate sixteen years earlier like a rowdy

lumberjack barging in on an old folks' picnic, Mondale prudently avoided offending senior senators, and concentrated on learning about the levers of legislative power. Carefully heeding Humphrey's advice that in the Senate, it's often not as important *what* one says as *how* one says it, Mondale began an uninterrupted climb to a certain kind of national prominence.

He was one of a dozen young, liberal Democrats who came to the Senate in the 1960s, one of a new generation of senators who were ideally situated to use that venerable institution as a launching pad for loftier ambitions. Under the egalitarian leadership of Mike Mansfield, who believed that freshmen should be heard as well as seen, Mondale and others—Edward and Robert Kennedy, Birch Bayh of Indiana, Daniel Inouye of Hawaii, George McGovern of South Dakota, Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin, Fred Harris of Oklahoma, Thomas Eagleton of Missouri, Alan Cranston of California, and Harold Hughes of Iowa—not only swept away some of the Senate's musty gentility, but also gained the kind of visibility that has long made that body the best breeding ground of presidential dark horses.

Starting with his maiden speech in the Senate, which dealt with the world hunger problem, Mondale identified himself with the politics of human need. In countless legislative battles, he prodded his colleagues about the problems of "the poor, the powerless and those who are without adequate representation in our political system."

Characterizing himself as a "problem-oriented, pragmatic liberal," Mondale constructed a career out of the issues that were the touchstones of New Deal-New Frontier-Great Society liberalism. He was, he told the voters of Minnesota and the nation in 1972, not a radical, but a reformer.

At the same time, Mondale built a reputation as an expert legislator. As one of his colleagues remarked earlier this year, "Fritz Mondale is the best politician in the Senate

next to Robert Byrd, the biggest self-promoter next to Bill Proxmire and Jack Javits, and the toughest s.o.b. next to Scoop Jackson."

Such a senator did not go unnoticed by that mysterious but influential force that New York *Times* columnist Russell Baker once dubbed "the Great Mentioner." Mondale began to be mentioned with increasing frequency as a presidential dark horse. But the Mondale-for-President boom didn't begin in earnest until the night of November 7, 1972, when he won re-election to a second full term by a healthy margin. His victory was greatly magnified by the fact that it flew in the face of George McGovern's disastrous defeat by Richard Nixon, and it was hailed as a political watershed by Humphrey, an expert at running for, if not winning, the presidency.



Walter Mondale

Standing at Mondale's side in the same Minneapolis hotel ballroom where he gamely conceded to Nixon four years earlier, Humphrey anointed his political protégé as the latest in a long line of Minnesotans who have aspired to the White House. "We are seeing the beginning of a truly great national career that can take Fritz Mondale to the office which I long sought," Humphrey declared. Then, with Mondale looking more grim than grateful, Humphrey added, "If it isn't being too sacrilegious, I don't mind being John the Baptist for Walter Mondale."

With that kind of an evangelical send-off, Mondale would seem to be a shoo-in for the nomination. But obviously, he is not. As he approaches the point of no return for an all-out campaign, Mondale re-

mains unknown and unrecognized by 97 percent of the American electorate, according to the Gallup Poll, and with Kennedy out of the race, Gallup still shows Mondale as the preferred nominee of only 2 percent of Democrats, trailing even his ex-colleague, former Senator Eugene McCarthy. Naturally, Mondale likes to quote another pollster, his friend Lou Harris: "It's going to be an unknown in 1976 and it might as well be you." The fact remains that after a year of hard campaigning as an undeclared candidate in more than thirty states, including repeated visits to all the key ones; after taking all the ritual steps required of a serious candidate, including formation of a volunteer campaign committee, beefing up his professional campaign staff to six, traveling to Israel, Bonn, Brussels, London, Paris, and Moscow, and writing a forthcoming book on his view of the presidency, Mondale has yet to strike many sparks.

One reason may be that Mondale just doesn't turn people on. A man of average size, with prominent blue eyes, a slightly beaked nose, and carefully groomed, straight, dark blond hair that he has let grow slightly longer at the urging of his wife, Mondale conveys an image of earnest youthfulness and Boy Scout sincerity. He is a good but not outstanding speaker, and his voice sometimes takes on a whining, sermonizing quality.

Mondale's shortcomings as an orator were demonstrated in Los Angeles last June when he spoke before about 2000 people at a convocation sponsored by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. His speech, titled "The Crisis in the Contemporary Presidency," was a thoughtful argument that the presidency must be stripped of some of its regal trappings and made "life size" and "open and accountable" to the people.

"It had all the earmarks of a great speech," recalls a California newspaper editor who was present and wanted to see if Mondale was as good as advertised. "He delivered it well, but he just sort of swallowed the ending. He dribbled it out and

what he said was almost lost in the way he said it. I thought to myself, 'Boy, if you're going to run for President, you've got to do this kind of thing better.' He's been on the scene for a long time now and he should be doing something about this problem."

One who sees this problem in a different perspective is Joseph Rauh, the Washington liberal gadfly who has known Mondale for twenty-five years. "There's nobody in the public life I respect more," says Rauh, who is even willing to forgive Mondale for his slowness in opposing the Johnson Administration's Vietnam policy. "I've never seen him do anything shabby or second-rate and I consider him and (Senator) Phil Hart (of Michigan) to be two of a kind in that they predicate their lives on decency and integrity. I'm lyrical about everything except Mondale's chances and I'd mortgage my house if it would help him. But the fact is Fritz just isn't very good at projecting himself. I was at a party recently with about sixteen people and Fritz walked in and nothing happened. It was like I walked into the room. I said to my wife, if Hubert Humphrey had walked into that room, everybody would immediately know he was there and he'd be the center of attraction in two minutes. I guess Fritz just doesn't have that kind of chemistry."

Another reason Mondale's candidacy has not caught fire may be his inability to dispel nagging doubts about whether he is willing to make the costly personal and political sacrifices that all presidential candidates must make. Those doubts were summed up recently by Gaylord Nelson, one of Mondale's best friends in the Senate, when he said, "Fritz Mondale combines more of the qualities that people look for in a presidential candidate than any young guy in the Senate. He's tremendously intelligent, he's honest, he's tough, he's a good senator and a good liberal and he's personally

attractive. The only question about him is whether he really *wants* to be President."

The most compelling evidence that he doesn't was provided by Mondale himself after he helped Humphrey win the 1968 Democratic nomination and then watched him narrowly lose the presidency to Richard Nixon. "I don't have the stomach for a presidential race," Mondale told an interviewer. "I watched Hubert up close and I don't like the way something like that tears you apart. I like some privacy. I like to see my family once in a while."

There is no question that Mondale, having seen up close the terrible physical and psychological toll running for President has taken of Humphrey, McCarthy, McGovern, Muskie, and above all, the Kennedys, is reluctant to pay that toll himself. He has a genuinely close-knit family life with his wife, Joan, and three children, Teddy, seventeen, Eleanor Jane, fifteen, and William, thirteen. He and his wife, who is the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, an art critic and author of a book called *Politics in Art*, and an accomplished political campaigner in her own right, prefer a night at home in their large, old-fashioned house in Washington's Cleveland Park neighborhood, by themselves or with friends, rather than circulating among the Georgetown social set.

Mondale, whose obsession with things political leaves him little leisure time, relaxes by playing tennis regularly with several Cleveland Park neighbors, taking an annual family skiing vacation in Vail, Colorado, and going deer hunting and fishing in northern Minnesota and Canada at least twice a year with friends from Minnesota. "The skiing and hunting and fishing trips are the only times he really relaxes and gets his batteries recharged," says an aide, who confides that Mondale is an "airport caller" who, rather than sit idle five minutes waiting for a plane, will call friends and aides "to find out what's happening."

He reads voraciously, usually political books like Theodore White's

The Making of the President series, David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest*, and Tim Crouse's *The Boys on the Bus*, and lately has been reading a great deal about domestic and international economics and trade. When he was in the army, more than twenty years ago, he read books like Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, and the historical works of Arnold Toynbee and Henry Steele Commager, but he has no time for such reading now.

The sense of social responsibility and compassion for the down-trodden that were to become trademarks of Mondale's political career were the legacy of his parents. His father, the Reverend Theodore Sigvaard Mondale, was an itinerant Methodist minister in southern Minnesota for a quarter-century before his death in 1948. A successful farmer and land speculator before going into the ministry, he abandoned the Lutheran faith of his Norwegian immigrant parents because of its rigidity.

By the time his son Walter Frederick, or "Fritz," as he would be called, arrived in January, 1928, the elder Mondale was serving a church in the hamlet of Ceylon, and raising his second family. His first wife died in 1924 after a long illness, leaving him with three sons and an adopted daughter, but not before picking out the young woman she wanted to care for her husband and children after she was gone. The chosen woman, whose name was Claribel Cowan, was a member of the first church the Reverend Mondale served, and sixteen years his junior. After a courtship by mail, during which she completed her music studies at Northwestern, they were married in 1925, and subsequently had three sons, of whom Fritz was the second.

It was a difficult period for the Reverend Mondale. At about the same time his first wife died, he and a local lawyer who were speculating in farmland were wiped out when the postwar economic boom collapsed. To add to his miseries, the

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Three Hungry Democrats

Methodist hierarchy decided he was not cut out to serve larger, wealthier churches, but was better suited for poor, rural churches. Ironically, in light of his son's later oratorical shortcomings, the major reason for the demotion was that the senior Mondale was unimpressive in the pulpit, a problem that was aggravated by a slight stutter and a lingering Norwegian accent.

The Mondales moved twice when Fritz was growing up, first to Heron Lake in 1932, and then, in 1937, to Elmore, where they stayed until he went away to college. Elmore was a typical Corn Belt village of less than a thousand inhabitants, close to the Iowa border and not far from where Fritz's great-grandfather homesteaded in 1864, after emigrating from Norway.

The future senator's childhood was poor, but not poverty-stricken. Even in the worst years of the Great Depression the Mondales never went hungry, because farmers in the parish brought them meat and produce in lieu of monetary contributions, and the family always kept a large garden. Often, Fritz and his father and brothers drove to the county seat of Blue Earth and hawked surplus corn and cabbages door-to-door for cash, while Mrs. Mondale gave piano lessons to supplement her husband's meager ministerial salary.

While the Reverend Mondale was not an outstanding preacher, he was a respected and well-liked pastor who was devoted to his flock, and they to him, even though few of them shared his enthusiasm for Minnesota's socialistic Farmer-Labor party and its flamboyant governor, Floyd B. Olson, or Franklin Roosevelt and his New Deal. Since he couldn't mix politics and religion in the pulpit, the Reverend Mondale did it at the dinner table by preaching the virtues of humanitarian government based on a concern for people's needs; man's obligation to serve as a wise steward of God's material blessings; and above all, the need for individual charity and honesty. His favorite Bible passage was St. Paul's admonition to the Corinthians that without charity

man is nothing, and his cardinal rule of child-rearing, his most famous son remembers, was "you can make mistakes around here but you can't lie."

To the Reverend Mondale, drinking and smoking were serious vices indeed. Once, when the family was returning from one of its frequent camping trips to northern Minnesota, the elder Mondale spotted a drunk passed out in front of a small-town bar. He stopped, went inside, and sarcastically congratulated the bar's owner and patrons on the excellent advertisement for alcohol who was lying outside.

On another occasion, when he caught Fritz smoking a cigarette, he bought two big black cigars and invited his son to join him in a gentlemanly smoke. Ten minutes later, the boy was in the backyard retching while his father urged him to finish the cigar. The boy was in his twenties before he touched tobacco again or took a drink, and although he now smokes cigars occasionally, he is still somewhat prudish about alcohol, never allowing himself more than two scotch-and-sodas throughout an evening. "I must say," Mondale confided to a friend later, "after seeing some of the problems alcohol causes people, I don't think my dad was very far off."

At Elmore High School, Fritz Mondale's accomplishments were not academic—his grades were only average—but athletic and social. He worked at odd jobs and summers to help pay his way through Macalester College in St. Paul and the University of Minnesota.

Mondale's first real political involvement came in 1946 and 1947, when he helped Humphrey and other future stars of the newly formed Democratic-Farmer-Labor party—including Orville Freeman and Eugene McCarthy—wrest control of the party from left-wing elements and Communist sympathizers. In 1948, after helping Humphrey get elected senator, Mondale took a year off to head the student arm of the liberal Americans for Democratic Action in Washington, D.C., and then returned to Minnesota to

finish college, graduating cum laude in political science at the University of Minnesota. He spent two years in the army at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and enrolled in the University of Minnesota law school the day he got home. Mondale made the Law Review, and graduated in the top fourth of his class in 1956, a few months after he married Joan Adams, the sister-in-law of a classmate.

He practiced law for four years, first with the politically active Minneapolis firm that produced Governor, later Agriculture Secretary Freeman and Congressman Fraser, and then on his own with his closest friend, Harry MacLaughlin, now a member of the Minnesota Supreme Court. In May, 1960, Governor Freeman, whose 1958 re-election campaign Mondale managed, named the thirty-two-year-old Mondale attorney general after the incumbent abruptly retired. Mondale, the youngest attorney general in the state's history, proved to be extremely popular in his four and a half years on the job, earning national recognition for his prosecution of charity frauds and price-fixing and his consumer protection efforts.

Then in December, 1964, all the cards came up right for Minnesota Attorney General Mondale. Lyndon Johnson's selection of Humphrey as his vice presidential running mate left a vacancy that the governor, Karl Rolvaag, filled with Mondale.

While Mondale's political luck has been indisputably good—he was appointed to both elective offices he has held, and has never had a tough election opponent—there are those, including some of his biggest boosters, who think it is also responsible for what they consider his greatest weakness as a person and a politician.

Minnesota's senior congressman, John Blatnik, who is retiring this year after twenty-eight years in the House, says, "Fritz has many strengths and I rate him very high all down the line and I think he would make a good President because he has the right instincts and

concern for humanity." Blatnik, who was bitterly disappointed when Mondale, rather than himself, was picked to succeed Humphrey, adds, "But I think he lacks the self-confidence or the guts to stand up and fight when things really get rough. When the wind is blowing hard against him, he likes to wait for a little more favorable tide. We had a lot of tough fights back there, but somehow, Fritz always managed to slip out and disappear."

Blatnik's criticism may be colored by his personal feelings, but Mondale's penchant for political caution and for avoiding controversy is well known in Minnesota, where the news that he had his appendix removed in 1967 caused some Democrats to say they hoped the surgeon had inserted some guts before sewing him up. Another Minnesota Democrat who has been intimately involved in party affairs since the late 1940s and who thinks Mondale has most of the strengths of Humphrey, Freeman, and McCarthy, and few of their weaknesses, echoes Blatnik in kinder but no less damaging words.

"Fritz Mondale's biggest weakness is that political success has come too easy for him and that he's never been tested in a really tough campaign," says the individual, who will not speak for the record because he is in a sensitive government job.

"You've got to give him credit because he has made the most of every opportunity he's had and has never let himself get into a position where he's politically vulnerable. But the fact remains that he hasn't gotten out in front on any hard, tough issues. He's never had to go to a legislature or to the people and recommend a tax increase like Freeman did and he's never had his friends desert him over an issue like they did with Humphrey over Vietnam. With Fritz, I think you have to ask yourself the basic question—what's he going to do when the chips are down?"

Some Mondale-watchers wonder if the man, having never endured political defeat or the kind of personal tragedy that makes a man look deeply into himself, possesses a self-identity strong enough to inure him against the pressures that are brought to bear on a presidential candidate. Far less charitable critics see him as a kind of Scandinavian Sammy Glick, a political opportunist in populist clothing who has all the markings of the great midwestern progressives of the past, but little of their fire and feeling. That judgment was given early expression by Mondale's then senior colleague, Eugene McCarthy, who once described Mondale as "the new brand of Senate liberal. He's like that toothpaste that comes in a plastic

bag with a brush—you get it all at once." A more succinct criticism of Mondale is embodied in the campaign slogan that Republicans are waiting to unveil if Mondale wins the Democratic nomination—"If you liked McGovern, you'll love Mondale." Still other critics of Mondale point to his espousal of what they call "cheap" issues, easy targets like child abuse and drug control, which no human being would be against anyway. "Mondale never puts any real chips on the table," says one such critic, "only funny money."

Mondale undoubtedly will have plenty of opportunity to refute—or reinforce—those criticisms as he heads down the long, lonely, treacherous path toward the presidency in 1976 or some future year. When the going gets rough, as it undoubtedly will, Mondale may well recall what he told a group of reporters in 1970. It is important for liberal senators to stick to their Senate duties, he said, and not listen to the siren song of presidential politics. "The one big problem most liberals have when they get down here is that when they get their first big national news story, they're off and running," said Mondale, who obviously has changed his mind. "I think some of us have got to stay around here and do the work. I do believe liberals are inordinately susceptible to the presidential bug."

II. LLOYD BENTSEN

by James Fallows

Can another Texan apply?

Braniff Airlines' flight number 11, a.k.a. the LBJ special, leaves Washington's Dulles Airport each afternoon at 5:35 on a nonstop trip to Austin. The flight, which Braniff introduced with some reluctance during the heyday of the Pedernales, is now a steady earner, and it makes Austin the smallest far-off city with such direct connections to the capital.

On one Sunday afternoon last September, the day that Gerald

Ford pardoned Richard Nixon, a lean, distinguished-looking man in his early fifties waited to check in on flight 11. From the cut of his brown glen plaid suit and the detached, slightly impatient look on his face, he might have been a banker from Connecticut on his way to discuss investment possibilities in the computer industry, or an executive of the Rockefeller Foundation preparing for a conference at the University of Texas. He received no

more attention than any of the several hundred other passengers in the terminal, which was unusual only because he, unlike anyone else in the building, was at work trying to become the next President of the United States.

Since the end of 1973, when he decided to spend a year finding out "whether a moderate from Texas has a shot at the Democratic nomination," Lloyd M. Bentsen, junior senator from the Lone Star state,

Three Hungry Democrats

has spent a great deal of his time as he spent it that afternoon—in transit between one public appearance and the next. By Election Day, 1974, Bentsen had appeared in thirty-three states, and had delivered some one hundred and thirty speeches. On the weekend he flew to Texas, for example, he spoke in Indiana on Saturday, spent half an hour on national TV on Sunday morning appearing with Senator William Brock on *Face the Nation*, landed in Austin on Sunday evening, and on Monday morning was a major speaker at the Southern Governors' Conference; there he walked over to George Wallace's wheelchair to shake hands as the TV cameras rolled. He can please a crowd, and did on this occasion. But in his speeches, and even more so in his private conversation, he foxily avoids the specific commitment or the revealing observation (on or off the record) that might prove embarrassing.

During the first week in October, Bentsen spoke in Lansing, Michigan, on Friday, in Wichita, Kansas, on Saturday, in San Antonio on Sunday morning, and in Dallas on Sunday night; he flew back to Washington on Monday, departed that night for Atlanta, taped another debate with Senator Brock on Tuesday morning, and on Tuesday afternoon addressed a meeting of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in Miami.

Through this year of physical and financial depletion (at one point in late summer, Bentsen's advance calendar showed a total of five free nights before the election; and much of a special \$365,000 campaign fund has gone into the year's effort), Bentsen was not technically "running." What he was doing, he said, was deciding whether to run, conducting a sort of test marketing that would enable him to make his final decision at the beginning of the new year. If, as has seemed certain since the withdrawal of Teddy Kennedy, Bentsen becomes a starter in this year of the dark horse, his campaign will be one of the more fascinating. Its fascination is not that Bentsen is a probable—or at

this moment even plausible—victor, but that his type of presidential politicking recalls something fifteen years past. Different inheritors have appropriated different portions of the "Kennedy legacy"—the looks and style passed on to the two brothers; the reputation for social concern taken over by assorted liberals; the tough-guy outlook on world affairs a tragic bequest to Lyndon Johnson. But at least one part, the part evoked by phrases like "tough-minded," "hard-boiled," "pragmatic," is riding with Lloyd Bentsen this year.

The predominant fact about Bentsen's national campaign is that he lacks a national identity; in mid-1974, the Harris Poll gave him a name-recognition figure of about 2 percent. But the problem is more profound than simply not being well known, for Lloyd Bentsen's past is private. Before he was elected



Lloyd Bentsen

to the Senate four and a half years ago, Bentsen had spent the greater part of his adult years in the closed world of Houston high finance. Unlike Scoop Jackson, who has been in Congress for thirty-four years, or Walter Mondale, who won statewide office in 1960, or even Morris Udall, who entered the House in 1961, Bentsen's record is a short one indeed. Save for his geographic identity as a Texan, no great advantage so soon after the Johnson years, Bentsen carries the handicap of anonymity—and the corresponding advantage of being able to create an identity *ex nihilo*.

The way in which national anonymity can be an advantage is illustrated by Bentsen's position in Texas, where his well-known back-

ground is actually his greatest handicap. Bentsen's modest senatorial prominence has made him stronger at home now than he has ever been before, but there are still those who bear him an abiding mistrust. Generally they cite three reasons.

The first is his family background, for like a hard-boiled candidate of another day, John F. Kennedy, Bentsen first entered politics backed by his father's fortune, the accumulation of which has been a matter of public controversy. The elder Bentsen, Lloyd Sr., moved with his brother Elmer from South Dakota to the Texas Valley (the state's southern tip) in the 1920s, where the two soon made a fortune in the "immigrant land business." In theory this meant nothing more than selling land to people from far away, but in practice it often involved greeting a trainload of Minnesotans, escorting them through acres of sunny citrus land, and then selling them land identical in every respect save a lack of water rights. Virtually worthless land, that is to say. In 1950, dissatisfied customers began filing the first of several dozen lawsuits against the elder Bentsens, alleging conspiracy and fraud. The plaintiffs in the first test case, a couple from Iowa named Polmateer, claimed that they had paid \$525 per acre for land worth, at most, one fifth that amount. The judge ruled in their favor, and ordered the elder Bentsens to refund the Polmateers in full. In another case, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the elder Bentsens could properly be sued to determine whether they had violated a federal statute. Shortly thereafter, the Bentsens began settling most subsequent cases out of court. At no time has anyone accused Lloyd Jr. of involvement in his father's and uncle's affairs, but his first excursion into politics was financed by his father's money.

After attending the University of Texas Law School (he has no undergraduate degree) and receiving decorations for flying fifty missions as a pilot in World War II, Bentsen returned to what had become the family's political fiefdom, and in 1946 was elected county judge. Two

years later, in 1948, he was elected to Congress, and, at age twenty-seven, was the youngest member that year.

The second of Bentsen's burdens is his strong identification with the big-money, Texas-Tory branch of the Democratic party, dominated by John Connally before his Republican conversion, and associated (though never contentedly) with Lyndon Johnson. Although Bentsen has supported Johnson and Connally, and in turn been supported by them (Connally urged him to make his 1970 run for the Senate; in 1971, Johnson went so far as to say that Bentsen might be "the greatest senator Texas has ever had"), it would be a mistake to take either of them as a model for how Bentsen might perform in or around the White House. Connally and Johnson both made themselves into rich men, but both of them were born poor, Connally poorer than Johnson. Like Connally, wheeling and dealing, Johnson often radiated with a "joie de con." But even during his darkest days in the White House, no one could accuse Johnson of being merely a manipulator. There was too much of the elemental man in him to justify so simplistic a label, and he retained his commitment to the New Deal to the end. All of these ingredients—passion, ideology, and the hustler's glee—seem absent from Bentsen's managerial makeup.

In his brief service in the House, Bentsen was a consistent if unsophisticated conservative, with a generally unremarkable record. He must live today with one of the few remarkable statements he made, his recommendation on July 12, 1950, that the United States give the North Koreans one week's warning and then hit them with atomic bombs. Although he was unopposed in all his races for re-election, Bentsen decided to leave the House in 1954 "to establish financial independence" for himself and his family—his wife, Beryl Ann (nicknamed

B.A.), and his children, Lloyd III, Lan, and Tina, whose ages now range from thirty to twenty-three.

He accomplished his goal quickly in the insurance business. By the time he ran against Yarborough, he was president of Lincoln Consolidated, a large holding company with extensive insurance interests, and his personal worth was \$2.3 million.

Bentsen remained on the periphery of politics during these years, but was clearly affiliated with the Connally camp. He supported Connally in his various races for the governorship, and at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, Beryl Ann Bentsen sat between Connally and Jake Jacobsen in the Texas delegation. Connally urged Bentsen to run for the governorship in 1968, and two years later played an important part in his successful race for the Senate. Indeed, Bentsen was the last Texas politician Connally successfully anointed before going on to Republicanism and disgrace.

The 1970 election is the third and most inflammatory item on Bentsen's critics' list, not because he beat George Bush, then a Republican congressman, in the general election, but because he eliminated the incumbent senator, Ralph Yarborough, in the Democratic primary. Yarborough had left fences unmended, and might well have fallen to Bush, but he was the Texas liberals' hero, the only one of their number to hold major office, and as such, a perfect candidate for martyrdom. Bentsen played his role in this martyr's drama to perfection, running an expensive, slick campaign which made heavy use of TV spots, and taking a gloves-off, Agnewesque position on all the divisive social issues. He pounded Yarborough on busing, school prayer, and—in what Bentsen's own men called the "World War III" spot—antiwar protest. This last commercial, which has entered the mythology of Texas politics, depicted civil disorder and generalized mayhem, followed by Lloyd Bentsen's calm voice reminding the voters that Yarborough had sup-

ported the moratorium, and asking whether this was the kind of representation Texans really wanted.

The ads were not so much dishonest as they were demagogic, and on Bentsen's side it may be said that Yarborough engaged in a little demagoguery of his own about the Bentsen family history. After the primary, Bentsen engaged in enough reconciliation to enlist such liberals as Barbara Jordan, the black congresswoman from Houston who was then a state senator, to his side. He beat Bush by a 53 to 47 margin. Nonetheless, such was the residue of the primary campaign that the Nixon Administration, which had sent its big guns to Texas on Bush's behalf, embraced Bentsen after his victory in the fall as part of its "ideological majority."

As soon as he arrived in the Senate—as soon, that is, as his record as a national politician began—Bentsen took pains to rid himself of the right-wing image the campaign had given him. In one of his first speeches as a senator, he formally rejected the Administration's embrace, saying that he was an "establishment man" who believed in four establishments: the United States of America, the United States Senate, the State of Texas, and the Democratic party. This was the first step in a dance Bentsen has been practicing ever since: a flattering *pas* toward his partners on either side, a coy step back from the extreme. On nearly every issue of symbolic importance to the liberals, the constituency farthest from his natural base, Bentsen has taken a "correct" position. In his first few months in Congress, he voted to restrict the right to filibuster, one of the few Old South senators ever to do so; shortly thereafter, he fought Senator John Stennis to reduce funding for the Trident submarine. He voted against the SST, he has sponsored mass-transit legislation, and he has even taken his distance from big oil, sponsoring a variety of proposals to restrict the major companies in favor of the smaller, independent operators.

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No one should imagine, Bentsen says, that this amounts to a calculated drive to the center: "It's some of those fellows out in left field who had to move." I asked him whom he meant. He wouldn't say. "Gary Hart?" I asked. He gave me a small grin—a rare departure from his customary noncommittal caution. Still, it is interesting to compare Bentsen's positions on these well-publicized issues with some of his less famous votes. Ronnie Dugger of the *Texas Observer* has done just that, and last September listed a dozen recent votes in which Bentsen lined up with the other senator from Texas, the extremely conservative John Tower. The votes included restoration of the death penalty (both senators for) and opening up the FBI's files (both senators against). "We know why Tower casts such votes," Dugger concluded, "but he is not running for the Democratic nomination for President."

Bentsen's smart, carefully balanced performance has not only put him in the running with a national constituency which might otherwise have considered him an uptown version of Russell Long, but also helped him to a position of some respect within the Senate. Bentsen has not, in four years' time, become a backstage titan at the Capitol, but he has won compliments from the likes of Majority Leader Mike Mansfield ("an extremely impressive senator with a bright future"), Minority Leader Hugh Scott ("a heavyweight"), and Spencer Rich, congressional reporter for the *Washington Post*, who has written several flattering stories with headlines like "Soft-Spoken Bentsen Gains Wide Respect In the Senate." The most tangible evidence of his influence occurred last summer, with the passage of the most important legislation protecting the pension rights of employees of private companies ever enacted. For years, similar bills had been approved by the Labor and Public Welfare Committee, and for years they had died in the Finance Committee, but this time Bentsen—as an insurance man, a master of the bill's actuarial minutiae—nursed the bill through Fi-

nance to passage. In mid-1973, Bentsen's reputation as a "work-horse" was beginning to spread among some of his fellow senators, and he began entertaining the notion that 1976 might be his year. To conduct his one-year trial heat, Bentsen had two preliminary arrangements to make. The first was to find the money—\$365,000, all of it raised at a \$200-per-plate affair in Houston late in 1973. The second was to hire a campaign staff, now working under the direction of Ben Palumbo, a former aide to Senator Harrison Williams. With the machinery ready, Bentsen began his test campaign, setting himself four goals to reach by Election Day, 1974:

The first, according to Palumbo, was to "make the senator a familiar personality to the Democratic party structure nationally"—to expose him not to the voters, but to the party regulars. In this effort, Bentsen has made good use of his position as chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, which gave him an official reason to speak in each of the thirty-three states where Democrats were running for the Senate.

The second was to have the senator taken seriously by the national press. Outside his home state, Bentsen has received almost no critical coverage; recently he has been mentioned quite favorably in the *Boston Globe*, the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Sun-Times*, and many others.

The third was to "have him become a familiar face and personality to the regional print and electronic media." To this end Bentsen has appeared on talk shows across the country and has met for informal discussion with the editorial boards of several major papers.

Finally, Bentsen hoped to identify himself with economic issues—not in the gadfly's role, like a Galbraith or a Proxmire, but as a solid, serious policy-maker, and as a party spokesman. Bentsen's important breakthrough in this area occurred last July, when he convinced the Senate Democratic Policy Committee that he should give the party's televised rebuttal to Presi-

dent Nixon's economic message. It was a tub-thumping attack on Republican management of the economy, and variations on it have become his standard speech. "I want to talk about the price of food, about the cost of buying a house. About good times and bad times. In short, about our national economy, and the way it affects your household." And so he does, conjuring up the traditional specter of the Republicans as the party of depression.

As Palumbo and his staff see it, Bentsen not only hit all four of his targets, but did so months before the deadline. Unless Bentsen is weighing factors he has not revealed, the go-ahead is certain. While none of his campaign strategists say he is *going* to win, several suggest how he could: Scoop Jackson will keep putting his foot in his mouth and continue to lose support; the George Wallace camp will realize that their man is a nonstarter, and will see Bentsen as their next best hope; the Kennedy voters will disperse among the candidates rather than swinging en masse to Mondale; the Mondale campaign will not catch fire; and, in the middle of a split and tumultuous convention, all eyes will turn to the cool and confident man from Texas.

Perhaps. Perhaps. Bentsen does have several undeniable advantages—his proven access to big money, the demonstrated efficiency of his campaign organization, and the propitious timing of his emergence as an economic wise man. But his several disadvantages suggest another, which is as unlucky in its timing for Bentsen as the economic issue is fortunate. That is the vague quality known as "character."

Judgments in this area are clearly speculative and should be labeled as such. But as our presidencies have become reigns rather than administrations, making guesses about the character of potential Presidents seems a risk worth taking.

The difficulty in Bentsen's case is that he offers precious little for examination. Apart from his four years in the Senate, his record con-

sists of a long-past, probably irrelevant interlude as a congressman, and a very recent, very relevant half-lifetime as a businessman. Those years in Houston—when Bentsen aged from thirty-four to forty-nine, when he was transformed from the hollow-cheeked boy of the congressional campaign photos into the elegant champion of the boardroom, when he began as a millionaire's son and finished as a millionaire himself—must offer many clues, but the clues are hidden.

From the limited evidence of Bentsen's public record, a few tentative conclusions can be drawn. Fifteen years ago, in a discussion of the Kennedy-Nixon race, a writer named Robert Fitch said that both candidates exemplified the politics of the "cool cat." "The essence of the cool cat is that he is controlled rather than committed; that is, he is self-controlled, rather than controlled by ideals to which he has given himself." As it turned out, of course, he was wrong about Nixon, who gave over his control not to ideals, but to inner demons; but he was close to the truth about Kennedy, and even closer about Bentsen. If there is a single way to characterize Bentsen's actions in public life, it is to say that at each point his decision has been the *smart* thing to do. Not necessarily the principled thing, or the brave thing, or even the conservative thing—although each of those terms may apply in certain cases. Ideology, emotion, even personal pique, have taken subsidiary places to the dispassionate logic of this modern "cool cat."

Bentsen's personal bearing is in keeping with his political philosophy; it is absolutely lucid and absolutely cold. His first words to me, as I settled down next to him in the airplane and started asking him questions, were, "How long is this going to take? Can we get it over with as quickly as possible?" In public he is less abrupt: Both

friends and enemies agree that on a platform and in a crowd he is far more graceful, far less strained since he went to the Senate than he was in the 1970 campaign. Still, as a member of his staff put it, "I think everyone realizes he won't ever have John Connally's gift of charming the man in the street, or Lyndon Johnson's delight in pressing the flesh." In the course of an admittedly limited exposure to him, the one evidence of "human" frailty I observed was his decision, after some hesitation and with apparent regret, to have a dessert helping of cherries jubilee. The comments of his friends—such as they are, for he is not a man who has intimates—suggests that this impression was not far wrong. "Lloyd never unwinds," says a Texan who has worked with him in politics (and who, like nearly all of Bentsen's associates, refused to be quoted by name). "He relaxes, of course, but his mind never loses that pitch." Another man, who has worked with him in Congress, says, "He is *unencumbered*, by people, ideas, anything."

Bentsen's self-control is almost palpable. He does not smoke. Since coming to Washington, according to his press secretary, Jack DeVore, he "generally restricts his drinks to sherry." Even in his recreations—tennis, raising roses, collecting *objets d'art*—Bentsen does not go slack. The same Texan who says Bentsen never unwinds recalls that during the 1970 campaign, Bentsen would scrupulously set aside his Sunday mornings for a tennis match. "He was a ferocious competitor. He was going to beat the pants off you or know the reason why. Now that he's in politics, he has the same determination to be the best, to rise to the top. But if he doesn't make it, it's not going to wound him. He knows who he is, and doesn't need political power to survive." "He has very few hangups," says another political associate. "He doesn't judge things on

the basis of who he is supposed to be, or what his family was, or what everyone else expects him to do. He really does judge on the facts."

Such dispassion has its attractions, especially for a presidential candidate. A man not shackled to ideology might have an easier time cutting his losses than Johnson had in Vietnam. ("Lloyd can get angry about mistakes, but he is the first one to admit his own errors," says a member of his staff.) A man less interested in symbolic showcases than in tangible results might pass fewer pieces of "landmark" legislation, and instead find out how to make the laws on the books work. A man with managerial experience as extensive as Bentsen's might be a less easy victim of the corrupting influence of the White House culture than previous Presidents have been. A man with as firm a sense of his own identity and competence as Bentsen's might not be tortured, as was Nixon, by enemies real and imagined, or distorted, as was Johnson, by notions of how a Texan should handle the Ivy League advisers around his table. "Is it difficult," I asked him, "to run as a Texan, when memories of LBJ are so fresh in the public mind?" Bentsen replied, "When people meet me, they see I'm very different."

But the "cool cat" has his shortcomings too, not least because some small, foreign element of illogic, of *character*, remains beneath even the most controlled exterior. Kennedy and Nixon demonstrated this in their different ways; Kennedy with his defensive, he-man reactions in foreign policy, Nixon in fashions too obvious to mention. It is reasonable to assume that Bentsen, too, has a heart, that he believes in something more than he has revealed, that we cannot judge him solely on his logic. We may not need to know what our Presidents make for breakfast, or what clothes their children wear, but we do deserve a look at the moral baggage they carry.

III. MORRIS UDALL

Can a congressman from a small state out West . . . ?

by Arthur Hadley

Who is the six-foot-six roughhewn man with the ready grin striding off the airplane in St. Louis, Madison, Denver, Salt Lake City, New York, Phoenix, White Plains, as he seeks the Democratic presidential nomination? Is it a senator? a powerful governor? a general? a major national figure?

No.

Who is it, then?

A congressman from the small western state of Arizona, a divorced Mormon, in favor of voluntary zero population growth, a man beaten out for Speaker and Majority Leader of the House: Morris Udall. The man whose major legislation on land use has just been defeated. Is someone kidding?

No one is kidding. "The country is definitely looking for new faces," Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield said recently. He had long been urging his friend Edward Kennedy to withdraw, as he subsequently did. Commenting on Democratic hopefuls, Mansfield remarked ". . . Mo Udall, a congressman, is a man of promise, integrity and intelligence."

Senator Barry Goldwater, not normally a Udall fan, believes: "Udall might well be the answer to the Democrats' troubles in finding a presidential candidate with a new face." (Udall's sardonic response: "Look how well we Democrats did the last time an Arizonian ran for the presidency.")

This is not to say that Udall has arrived on stage to nothing but cheers. Congressional leader Wayne Hays of Ohio, a fellow Democrat noted for tart observations who had opposed Udall's efforts at campaign spending reform, remarks, "I have as much chance of being King of England as Udall does of being President. His record in the House is spotty. The Post Office bill [which

made the Post Office semi-private] he elbowed through turned out a farce and a disaster. As a human being, he is a very attractive guy. But as a political strategist, he leaves a great deal to be desired."

Bernie Sisk, a senior Democratic congressman from California who has also crossed swords with Udall, believes: "He is trying for a middle-of-the-road image. A working relationship with Middle America. But I have the feeling that some of his positions are not too acceptable there."

Three major forces propel the Udall candidacy: Udall himself; the fear of many Democrats that the party will destroy itself in yet another left versus right shoot-out, giving the White House to the Republicans for another four years; and a new power rivalry between the House and the Senate.

Udall's ostensible reason for running, the cover for his campaign, is that he was asked to test his chances by twenty-nine Democratic congressmen. They were not just the usual petition signers, but rather a solid cross section of the middle management of the House: men who, while not yet senior enough to chair committees, run important subcommittees. They included Henry Reuss of Wisconsin, Thomas Ashley of Ohio, Frank Thompson of New Jersey, and Otis Pike of New York. In their petition to him last May, these congressmen wrote: "Barely twenty-six months from convention time the public is presented with a short exclusive list of 'leading contenders.' Almost every name on that list is a U.S. Senator. . . . We think it is important to look in other places including the House. . . . Historically the House—more than any other place—has produced broadly acceptable, unifying leaders. . . ."

Republican Congressman Lawrence Hogan of the House Judiciary Committee put it more succinctly after the televised impeachment hearings: "Everybody is used to seeing those clowns from the Senate on TV. The House operates with real dignity." Udall himself states: "There is great resentment in the House over the way senators' views get priority." The leading senatorial hopefuls he calls "self-anointed candidates."

Like so much of politics, perhaps too much, the statement urging Udall to run came about mostly by chance. Last spring Congressmen Reuss and Obey, both Wisconsin liberals, were standing together on the floor of the House. Obey was lamenting the factionalism in the Democratic party, and what then seemed to him to loom as "the possibility of a Kennedy-Jackson shoot-out in which everyone will get hurt." Reuss agreed. Both men fell to talking about the lack of good candidates and the Senate monopoly on media attention.

"If we could just get someone like Udall to run . . .," began Obey. "Let's ask him," said Reuss. They walked over to Udall and asked.

Udall mentioned his star-crossed political record (defeated in the 1970 House leadership contest), and habit of backing unsuccessful candidates (Stevenson, Robert Kennedy, Muskie, a mayor of Tucson who is now an insurance salesman), and suggested they look elsewhere. He finally agreed that if they could get 10 percent of the House Democrats to ask him to run, he would. Reuss and Obey contacted friends, and within a week were back with a carefully constructed list. Udall was off. "When I first went out on the road I was a bit embarrassed. I wasn't sure anyone would show up for the press conferences."

He can be sardonic about his campaign. At an evening airport press conference in Salt Lake City in July, facing three reporters and two television crews plus a small deputation of Democratic office-holders, he said, deadpan, "It's great to be in North Panguich again and see all you people—That's where I am, isn't it?"

"If you all would like to know about my campaign, I can report that neither Fritz or Teddy or Scoop has resigned in my favor. Mayor Daley has yet to call. No corporation has tried to corrupt me—though my wife is thinking of installing a phone in the bathroom so she can talk to reporters."

Humor is an integral part of any Udall argument or speech; he uses anecdote and wit to convince people, a technique he learned as a county prosecutor in Arizona. And he admires Lincoln for his conscious political use of the storytelling technique.

But the humor also raises questions about the seriousness and effectiveness of Udall's candidacy. Stevenson got a lot of laughs, but too few votes. "Mo has a wonderful, irreverent, and lively mind," says former LBJ White House counsel Harry McPherson, now chairman of the Domestic Affairs Task Force of the Democratic National Committee, "but he takes almost too much of an insouciant view toward politics. Can he incant 'We must go forward together again' for the two-hundredth time without laughing?"

"How much does Udall want the presidency?" asks Congressman Jonathan Bingham of New York, one of the twenty-nine urging Mo to run. "A man has to be single-minded almost to the point of insanity to run for President."

Udall knows these criticisms, and faces them: "I am not [Eugene] McCarthy," he told a group of college Democrats in Salt Lake. "I run to win." Later he compared himself to George McGovern. "The big dif-

ference between me and McGovern: He got beat. I want to win."

Larry King, the Texas writer who knows Udall as well as anybody, remarks: "He pokes a little fun at himself because he is self-conscious. But he is a man of real ambition. When he runs, he takes himself seriously." "One of the things we are doing in this phase of the campaign," says Terry Bracy, Udall's administrative assistant and de facto campaign manager, "is finding out how much Morris Udall wants the presidency."

"He always was ambitious," says his elder brother Stewart, who held the same congressional seat before becoming first JFK's, and then LBJ's, Secretary of the Interior. "Anything I wanted to do, he would try and do better. And he usually did, too. He is a better congressman than I was." The two brothers are close: "as close as Jack and Bobby" is the example they both pick.

Both brothers admit to a great deal of sibling rivalry as they grew up in St. Johns, Arizona, on a family farm. "Roots," or self-knowledge, is an important theme with Udall, who believes he gained from growing up poor in an isolated environment. He does not romanticize the problems. At the age of six, playing with a rope and knife, he was cut in the eye. The wound festered. "One of the reasons I lost my eye was because there was no good doctor in town."

Udall played professional basketball for the Denver Nuggets to put himself through University of Arizona law school. One time, a fan at court side was riding him unmercifully. Finally the fan yelled, "And what's more you're a lying s.o.b. No man can play ball with one eye." Udall wrenched his glass eye from its socket and thrust it at the heckler. "You try seeing with the son-of-a-bitch."

After World War II, the brothers practiced law together. In the tradition of ambitious small-townners, they turned to politics to give their energies broader outlet. Stewart remembers that he ran for Congress because his interests were broad and national, while Mo was interested in

the law and ran for judge. Mo remembers that he was set to run for Congress but his wife didn't want to go to Washington, so he talked Stewart into running for Congress while he ran for judge.

Mo was defeated that time around for judge. Four years later he was set to run for his retiring father's seat on the State Supreme Court when his father dropped dead and the Republican governor appointed a Republican Udall, Mo's uncle, to fill the chair. "I couldn't run against my uncle, whom I liked. I resigned myself to being an Arizona lawyer. Then Stewart moved into the Cabinet and I ran successfully for his seat [in 1961]. You can't plan ahead too much in politics."

In 1966, a Udall cousin made a survey of the grandchildren of Mo's grandfather, David "King" Udall, the pioneer who settled St. Johns. He wrote: "David Udall's direct descendants in addition to the Washington Udalls include: 8 lawyers, 2 law students, 7 doctors, 2 med students, 4 Mayors, 1 City Manager, 5 Judges, 1 Medical School professor, 5 Harvard graduates, and to my knowledge not a single millionaire." They run hard, these Mormon Kennedys.

In Congress, Udall was assigned to a lesser committee, Interior and Insular Affairs, but there luck has worked for him. That committee handles land use and energy, two of Udall's special concerns, suddenly much in the public eye. His land use bill (defeated by five votes) and his strip mine regulation bill (which passed) haven't made his name a household word, but they have built him a following among planners and environmentalists. "He has done pretty damn well to move so much legislation," says Congressman Richard Bolling, Rules Committee power and author of *House Out of Control*.

However, Udall's concentration on what he calls the "three E's," economics, energy, and environment, plus political reform, are also part of his problem. "I can't be too serious about his candidacy," says one of his twenty-nine sponsors.

Arthur Hadley, a Washington free-lancer, is covering the pre-convention campaigns of all the Democratic candidates.



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"Does he have great expertise on foreign policy? Well, he can find the Middle East if it's a different color on the map. And health, housing, the plight of the city, he hasn't done much there."

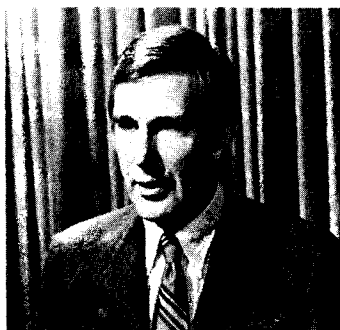
Like all freshman congressmen, Udall bumbled and stumbled trying to learn. From his frustrations came the first political move that set him apart. The next term he organized a school that taught the ropes so the newcomers would not have to grope as he had. Congressman Jonathan Bingham, a new kid at the time, remembers, "Udall was always available to help me, no matter what my problem or what time." From this school came a batch of political friends and IOU's plus his first book, *The Job of the Congressman*, still the bible for new members.

In 1969, Udall made a more controversial move. A relative newcomer with only eight years seniority, he decided to run against John McCormack, the seventy-seven-year-old Massachusetts patriarch who had entered Congress when Udall was six, for McCormack's job as Speaker of the House. "When I came to Congress," Udall told friends, "Republicans had the old faces. Now it is the other way around." He made the race on principle, but ever the politician, he thought he had a respectable eighty-one votes. In the secret ballot he ended up badly beaten, 178 to 58. If being in Congress teaches a man nothing else, the saying goes, it teaches a man to count.

But in 1970, Mo Udall miscalculated again. He didn't run against Arizona Republican Senator Paul Fannin, who was seeking a second term, judging that Fannin was popular and unbeatable. (In fact, Fannin won only narrowly, against a political newcomer.) Instead, Udall ran for the number two spot in the House, Majority Leader. By then McCormack had retired—partly because of a scandal, partly because of age and pressure from younger members like those who supported Udall's challenge to him the previous year. Carl Albert, the Majority Leader, was set to move up to Speaker. Udall, along with

some reporters, thought he had the votes to beat Hale Boggs of Louisiana for Majority Leader. But two forces tipped the scale against him. His fight against McCormack two years before had offended most of the House elders. And Boggs, through his seat on the Ways and Means Committee, could wheel and deal with one of the Committee's powers, that of assigning members to committees.

"I had it figured wrong, all wrong," Udall told me, involuntarily slapping his hand against his thigh at the pain of the remembered defeat. He figured he had 90 to 100 first-ballot votes; Boggs, around 70. But Boggs finished first, with 95 to Udall's 69. Other candidates dropped out, and by the second ballot Boggs had won, 140 to 88. Udall adds with a smile that about a hun-



Morris Udall

dred congressmen later told him privately, "We were with you to the end, Mo."

Looking back, Udall realizes that he didn't nail down his votes hard enough. He was content with verbal assurances of support, rather than pressing for unequivocal commitments. The episode left open the question, "How tough is Mo?" And in a House of egos, how many enemies has he made as he forced himself forward? "Mo can be very pushy. He wants to be Mr. Issue," says a senior congressman who likes him. "He can tend to denigrate the abilities of others whom he may see as tilling the same vineyard. He has a basketball player's elbows."

As he waged his political battles, Udall's first marriage, like so many in Washington, dissolved in 1966. After three years of bachelorhood,

he married Ella Royston, a forthright person. She had worked for the House Post Office Committee for eight years, and understands, even if she does not always appreciate, the demands of politics.

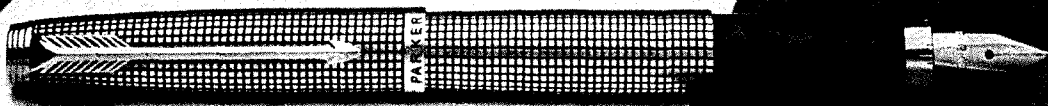
By now, four years have passed since Udall's last leadership battle. Some of the congressmen urging him to run now supported Boggs then. Perhaps what one learns in Congress is not how to count, but how to remove knives gracefully from one's body. The common theme those backing Udall mention is his character. "It's not so much what Mo has done or hasn't done; it's what he is," says Bingham. "In an emergency he is the man you would choose to lead you," says James Symington of Missouri.

To call on Udall is to realize the advantage of running a campaign, or non-campaign, from the Senate just in terms of office space. The sign on the door of the small office in the Longworth building says UDALL LEGISLATIVE STAFF. Inside the partitioned mini-space, the pulsating disorder appears more like some frenetic TV director's dream of a campaign headquarters than an actual functioning organization: piles of yet to be opened mail, phones ringing too often for the small staff to keep up with them, calendars with three different speaking engagements penciled in for the same day and time, with question marks after each.

This is as it should be, reports Terry Bracy, a veteran of the Muskie and McGovern campaigns. "The staff should grow out of the candidate, not the other way around. You don't want to get trapped in an organization like McGovern, where you can convince yourself of anything." Bracy, thirty-two, a lean, intense man from St. Louis, refers to himself as "young but seasoned." Around Bracy swirl four or five other members of Udall's staff (or of the staff of the Environmental Subcommittee of the House), working part-time on issues, contacts, and speeches.

For a time, Udall was the con-

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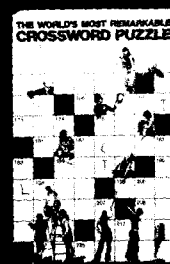
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gressional leader in the fight to keep postal rate increases from doing mortal damage to periodicals with small and medium-sized circulations. In the course of the fight he became friendly with several publishers of such magazines. In New York, Norman Cousins of *Saturday Review/World* is arranging for groups of his friends to meet Udall. Fund raising, that dirty but necessary chore, is handled by another magazine publisher, Robert Myers of the *New Republic*. Myers' effort began in the second week of July, in California, Arizona, and New York. He is certain he will have no trouble in raising the funds for travel, research, and advance to keep Udall going through the first of the year, when the major decision must be made.

The small size of the staff and its informality don't seem to impair efficiency on the road. On a two-day, three-night swing through Denver, Salt Lake City, Phoenix, and White Plains, New York, each visit, while lacking the detailed advance work and imposing entourage of the old Kennedy or Rockefeller campaigns, proceeded with at least the order one encounters in traveling with Jackson or Mondale: local political leaders out at the airport; private talks with other political powers in a hotel room later; press conferences and a radio or TV talk show at each stop; a list of the necessary phone calls to make; phones and hotel rooms ready.

"Jean, as you know I'm here in Salt Lake and heard you were in the hospital. How are you doing?" he asks Jean Westwood, Democratic National Committee chairwoman during the McGovern campaign. Earlier, there is breakfast with Utah's Senator Frank Moss, then a speech to the Salt Lake County Democratic Convention, lunch with the state chairman, a TV show, a radio show with telephoned questions, a talk with the governor, and finally a hotel room meeting with

the younger Democrats and student leaders.

Not till Udall arrives in White Plains, where the details have been left to the staff of former Congressman Dick Ottinger, who is trying a political comeback, does the routine break down. No place for Udall to change, no press conference, no TV or radio coverage, no opportunity to meet the political leaders; when he finally wangles a room, Udall pours himself a drink of Scotch from a mouthwash bottle.

Earlier in the day, in his Salt Lake City hotel room, a group of younger Democratic leaders asked him what he thought his major handicaps were. Udall replied that, first, he was in wrong with organized labor, because he had voted for the right-to-work law. The voters of his district were for such a law eight to one, and he felt on that issue he had to represent them. He also felt that campaign reform, which he has pushed in the House, had made him unpopular with some of the party professionals. He was from a small state. He could be attacked as being unfamiliar with urban problems, though he felt land use planning included urban problems. And the fact that he was a divorced Mormon could hurt him, too.

Then why was he running?

"You have a sick apple tree. The extreme liberal sees that tree and says: 'Let's cut it down and plant a new one.' The conservative yells, 'Leave that fine old tree alone.' I guess the Udall position is, 'Let's prune away some of the dead branches because the tree is basically still strong and with help will grow.'"

On the flight east—all serious political questioning seems to be done on airplanes these days—I say: "Many of your friends, and I mean real friends, think your problem may turn out to be your own toughness."

"I talked that over with Muskie," Udall answers. Along with the late Robert F. Kennedy, Muskie, be-

cause of his pioneer battles for the environment, is one of Udall's heroes. "We agree, it's a question of balance. One of the reasons I am out here is to find out how much I can take. And getting used to four or five hours' sleep. . . . I would really like to return the presidency to the people. To have a President who could stroll around Washington. Put on a backpack and walk through the national parks. . . . I think a man who has roots doesn't have to act tough all the time. . . ."

For now, the first constituency Morris Udall will have to convince that he is "a viable presidential candidate" is the Washington press. Here he has a problem. The press is profoundly traditionalist; it tends to play follow-the-leader. The press has come to believe that Presidents rise from the Senate, or maybe from gubernatorial mansions, but House members? Even though Gerald Ford is before their eyes, it's hard for correspondents to take congressmen seriously; there are so many of them, some not more than mediocre by any standard, and some less.

However, for Udall, the times could be worse. The thoughtful press is concerned that it missed the strength first of Gene McCarthy, then four years later of McGovern; wrote off Nixon after his California defeat for governor; and was slow to grasp the dimensions of the Vietnam war. Also, being human, the press likes to be entertained as it works. With his mix of issues and wit, Udall makes good copy or a lively TV show.

It's ten in the evening at White Plains. Udall has been going since a political breakfast in Phoenix at 6:15. Three hundred and fifty Democrats, at a fund raiser for Ottinger's comeback try, are on their feet cheering. But there are a few negatives: He shouldn't have told so many jokes. People gather round him, telling him he looks like Lincoln, giving him their cards. "If you go, Mr. Udall, call me." □

THE OKLAHOMA AND WESTERN

A story by Speer Morgan

You can't get visible in New York, and San Francisco just doesn't cut it anymore, so you serve time in this junkyard. I live here now so I won't have to in the future. At first you think, Jesus, what a circus. As you walk to the studio on Sunset Boulevard, doorways mutter to you, "Hey man, I can fix your mouth, your nose, your arm. . . ." Hands reach out and grab you. "Give me five bucks, Daddy. My old lady needs a glass eye." A fifteen-year-old walks by in drag with the latest hairstyle—burned down to his scalp. At the corner, a pale man with sloping shoulders gives you a manifesto: "The Right to Be Dying Humans." You pass signs: INSTITUTE OF ORAL SEX/SHEER EROTIC EDUCATION/DEGREES GIVEN. ACROSS the street: WRESTLE NUDE WOMEN/THE REAL THING. As you approach the studio, sirens begin to wail across the city. It's summer, no rain, and each day the sun rises to poison. It's setting now, somewhere over the ocean, the gauzy, whitened eye of a dead fish.

But you get used to it. You join the sideshow. The other day, in the supermarket, my own little girl started a big fight with me. In this place they open meat, bread, pickles, mustard, and make sandwiches right in the store. A guy with a poor boy was watching us. The argument was nothing new—we'd been having it off and on for weeks—but it was a new twist, because this time Katie had decided to resolve it by exposing me to the public. She got that damn squinched-up look on her face and said, "Daddy, you smoke narcotics. I've told you it's bad for you, and now I'm going to tell everybody in the store." She immediately started pulling people on the arm, saying, "That man over there, my daddy, smokes narcotics. That man over there, my daddy, smokes narcotics," which aroused only minimal interest from anybody except the guy with the sandwich, who had hair down to his el-

bows and a luminous glaze in his eye. He came over to me and said, "Hey, Brother, haven't you found Jesus yet? You'll never o.d. on him." And I had to stand in front of the meat counter arguing with him that I don't smoke marijuana, dammit, it's bad for my ambition, I just smoke tobacco, and I can't help it if Jesus wouldn't like that either.

I was telling him the truth. I smoke nothing but air and Tareyton's now. Pharmaceuticals and coke, of course, people are always giving them to me. I seldom buy the stuff. If you've got talent and something going, they'll feed it to you like a queen bee. At the big parties, it's kind of a thing, you know, when somebody takes you off into a bedroom and says, "Shut the door." *Snuff, snuff.* "You know, Freud did it for seven years," somebody always says, "and Hitler . . . a-a-aCHOO!" Before the circle breaks, you'll all be standing there with that metal taste down to your stomachs and a kind of pleasant new freeway with no cars on it leading from your sinuses up through two hundred miles of brain out the top of your skulls, and energy pouring down your throats, down your shoulders and arms like ice water, and maybe for just a second you glance around at each other, and there's a brotherhood, a softness, anyway, before you all grow back your alligator hides and rattlesnake neckties.

I got started in music up in San Francisco in the good old days. I was up there for three years trying to make a band out of a bunch of bums. Then I wrote some stuff for a famous group up in Mendocino—famous on one song—but they were already losing it, acting senile except for maybe five minutes a day, when all their chemicals flowed smoothly together. Now they're all dead, divorced, burned out, and sued. They had one song, just one, that was beautiful, and when I catch myself singing it, my hands start to sweat. Back when

I wrote for them, they drank pure carrot juice for breakfast, made from Scandinavian carrots in a \$1200 juicer, and then began a rigorous day of fifteen or twenty joints apiece, all prerolled in a king-size silver cigar box with a cameo of Batista on the lid, all the white stuff they could find, and assorted pills to take the edge from Ups, give the Downs a little gusto, and invest the Just Rights with full-bodied pleasure. All in all, it was a relaxing kind of San Francisco suicide, performed amid the finest recording and speaker equipment available, turned up so loud that the ranch house, and the green hill itself, shook. I'd give them a song; they'd get it down after a few tries, and then listen quietly to the tape, their heads all bowed in priestly contemplation, while the speakers battered us like an aspirin commercial.

I went to work for a rock 'n' roll magazine in San Francisco, writing reviews—I'm literate, too, or at least used to be—but most of the people I knew then have since been fired or quit. That magazine is a tomb with a bunch of good-looking, ambitious mummies walking around in it. The offices are like going back to your hometown grade school after fifteen years of growing up. Yes sir, real exciting there at the journalistic heart of R & R, lots of sound, fury, smoke, dope, deals, and wheels—the Wizard of Oz behind his little curtain operating the boom-boom gadgets. There's one guy now who keeps the place from falling apart, and he's got a cork up his ass, like a Wall Street accountant. He's mildly dudish, leathery rich hip, he tells jokes like he never expects people to laugh at them, and he's as dependable as a cow. He clunks around the offices in expensive boots, eyeing people like a Presbyterian minister in a home for unwed mothers, keeping it together, keeping psychosis below organization level and meeting stomach-grinding deadlines, dishing out the hippest sludge in the business with excruciating regularity. A decent straw boss, but a lousy job of work.

San Francisco would not do, so I did gather my household together and move southward to the Pit, where the winds blow shrouds of desert sand and internal combustion over our house, covering everything, sifting through the windows and dusting even the keys of my closed piano. From this place, thirty miles in every direction but the sea, houses elbow each other for room, muttering to themselves, gossipless, and there is no rain to wash the soot from their itching skins, or the shit from their yards. When I work at night in this living room, my possum, pet from back home, stays up with me. He appears in one corner, then another, staring clear rings through the room. I got him on a

visit back home last summer. He has a pink nose, an ugly dead-skin tail that he drags behind him, and very dark eyes, and sometimes when I'm working late at night, he winks at me. Katie gets up in the middle of some nights. Not that the noise bothers her; she could sleep with a guitar plugged in her ear. She just enjoys the company of Possum and me, busy at our appointed labors. Sometimes she holds the animal down for staring contests. She puts her nose right up to his and tells him how much he stinks. And she hassles me about Hollywood, how she wants to be an actress and all. She claims that all her friends are famous but she isn't. I tell her, all in due time, but of course that just irritates her.

We're from Oklahoma. There's railroad blood in us. My grandfather, who mostly raised me, was a mechanic for the railroad for forty-one years, and his father was cut into three pieces by a night train outside Atoka, before Indian Territory had become Oklahoma. I have a tintype miniature of Great-Grandfather, taken when he was a young man: his eyes unambiguous and clear as murder, a practical joker's half smile curled against his face. In the early days, he made big money near Whitefield, cutting black walnut for gun stocks and furniture, and when the trees ran out, he went to work for the railroads, which had been spreading for years across the territory of the Five Civilized Tribes in official reparation for their part in the Civil War. Great-Grandfather was a crew boss to start with, and soon higher. He had a good job and family. Then one night, in 1893, he got drunk and walked six or seven miles down a spur line with a coal oil signal lamp, and for no reason anybody could figure, stood in the track and tried to stop a train—in country, Grandfather used to say, where you flat didn't interfere with an engine unless you had something pretty big to do it with.

Ghostly rail, jack me up and feather me down, make me rich and famous so I can leave this Pit. Rich and famous—and I really will be. Does that tick you off? Kind of like the other side of Lennon's primal scream, ain't it: *I don't believe in Beatles*. That was more outrageous than all the rest. Only I haven't made it yet. Not quite. I'm on the way, though, and not even scared anymore. The crossties are laid, the rails in place. Sometimes I sit up like this and waste time making lists, writing notes and strategies and titles to hits. A good title is half the trip, as you know, like the name of a group. "The Ozark Mountain Daredevils"—those guys have got it made with that name. They could beat on a washtub and sell records. I write eighty to a hundred titles in a night, smoke forty cigarettes, and love myself to death. I mess with my guitar, and sometimes, a good many times, I light up and howl. Kris and Katie are used to it. They could sleep through a Stones concert. The possum slopes around and keeps me company through the

Speer Morgan teaches English at the University of Missouri and is at work on a novel.

night, and we get along just fine. I bought him for three-fifty from a shy Choctaw kid at a filling station not far from Atoka.

Possums aren't too smart, but they have good instincts. Once some big people were over here listening to new stuff, and he crawled up the side of the chair and sat on my shoulder while I sang. His claws were like razors, but I didn't let on, because I knew that sight was better than a full-length hype on my fascinating Okie background. A coarse ball of bristly fur on four delicate pink feet that walk separately and with creepy smoothness, as if out of some night forest where children walk in dreams, and those sloe, depthless eyes looking at nothing in particular—a galvanic image, if I do say so myself, perched there on my shoulder, as I plucked and sang for the hotshots.

People have tried to call me "Possum," but I won't let them—too familiar. You've got to pick up every stitch.

I used to be a thief: drove all over eastern Oklahoma in my '55 Ford, singing along with WNOE and stealing money out of pop boxes outside filling stations and stores. By myself, with a decent set of keys, I made fifty bucks every working night. I was a hood, I guess. I bit a guy's ear off once, which is another thing they like to hear about out here. I told that story to the president of a record company once, and he offered me my first contract. That was in New York. I had sent him a tape, and he called back and asked me to come up. "I like the cuts," he said. "Fantastic lyrics, but you're going to need good production. And I want to see if you have charisma." I was asleep, kind of—he had awakened me with the call—and I said, "You don't have to fly me to New York to find that out. I can tell you over the phone. I have charisma. I got it out my ass." He flew me up anyway, and somehow we got around to biting the guy's ear off back in Oklahoma, and that was when he offered me the contract. This wasn't any cheese-faced promo man, but the president of what was then the biggest label in the business. I told him maybe. Everybody back here said I was out of my mind, that I should suck up that contract like a popsicle. But I was lucky I didn't. He got fired six months later over a payola scandal, and I ended up with a better contract here.

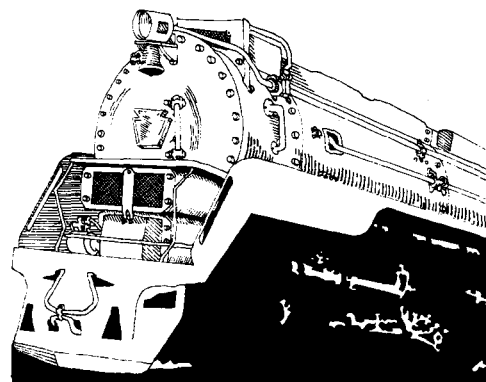
My label is the biggest in R & R now. The president is twenty-nine years old, and he's made a million dollars for every one of them. He's a criminal, but I kind of like him. He likes me okay, too, but if he didn't think I'd make him some money, he'd have his secretary cut my nuts off. I went to see him a year ago to talk about an advance, a modest forty-three hundred dollars to be exact, and he said, "Goddammit, people are always asking me for money. You people think I'm a vending machine of some kind? Write him a check, Jane. How much did you say?" I told him I didn't want

a single stinking cent of his money, and started to walk out, but he leaned over his desk and said, "Yes, you do. You want it now," and he pounded his desk, *thunk*, "and you'll want it again," *thunk*, "and again, and again," *THUNK*, "AND AGAIN!"

He was right. Sometimes he can be real friendly. He once told me the key to our relationship. We were at a topless organic bar, where executives go to drink apple juice and make fun of tits. "Look," he said, "there's one thing you have to do for me. Just one thing. You have to make yourself indispensable. You can cuss me, you can make outrageous demands, you can fool with my secretary, and as long as I need you enough, I'll take it. That's it, Baby."

He works twenty hours a day, makes an endless number of telephone calls, a hundred thousand words, every one of them designed to make money. He pays a hundred and sixty dollars a week to talk to a psychiatrist, and he uses no drugs except prescribed downers to get to sleep. When they ran low on record vinyl because of the oil embargo, he fired almost half of the nontechnical employees and every unestablished artist in the company except me. I'm the only gamble on the label now. Before that, he held my first record up for fifteen months, and I learned pretty quickly that the key isn't exactly what he said. The key is to make the demands and cuss him now if I have to, to show him every way he looks that I could give a damn whether he keeps me or not, and with all the slouch I can muster. It takes a painted face to attract that bastard and keep his attention, because he lives somewhere out there in a pure blizzard of money. Reaching him takes everything you've got and just a little bit more. You have to tickle, move and surprise him, amaze him with your crudeness, wit, subtlety. And when he talks back you listen carefully, because a machine in the back of his head is arranging those words to conjure the maximum amount of dollars. You can always trust him if you know that.

It's not I who makes me indispensable, but his idea of me. He didn't spend a red cent promoting



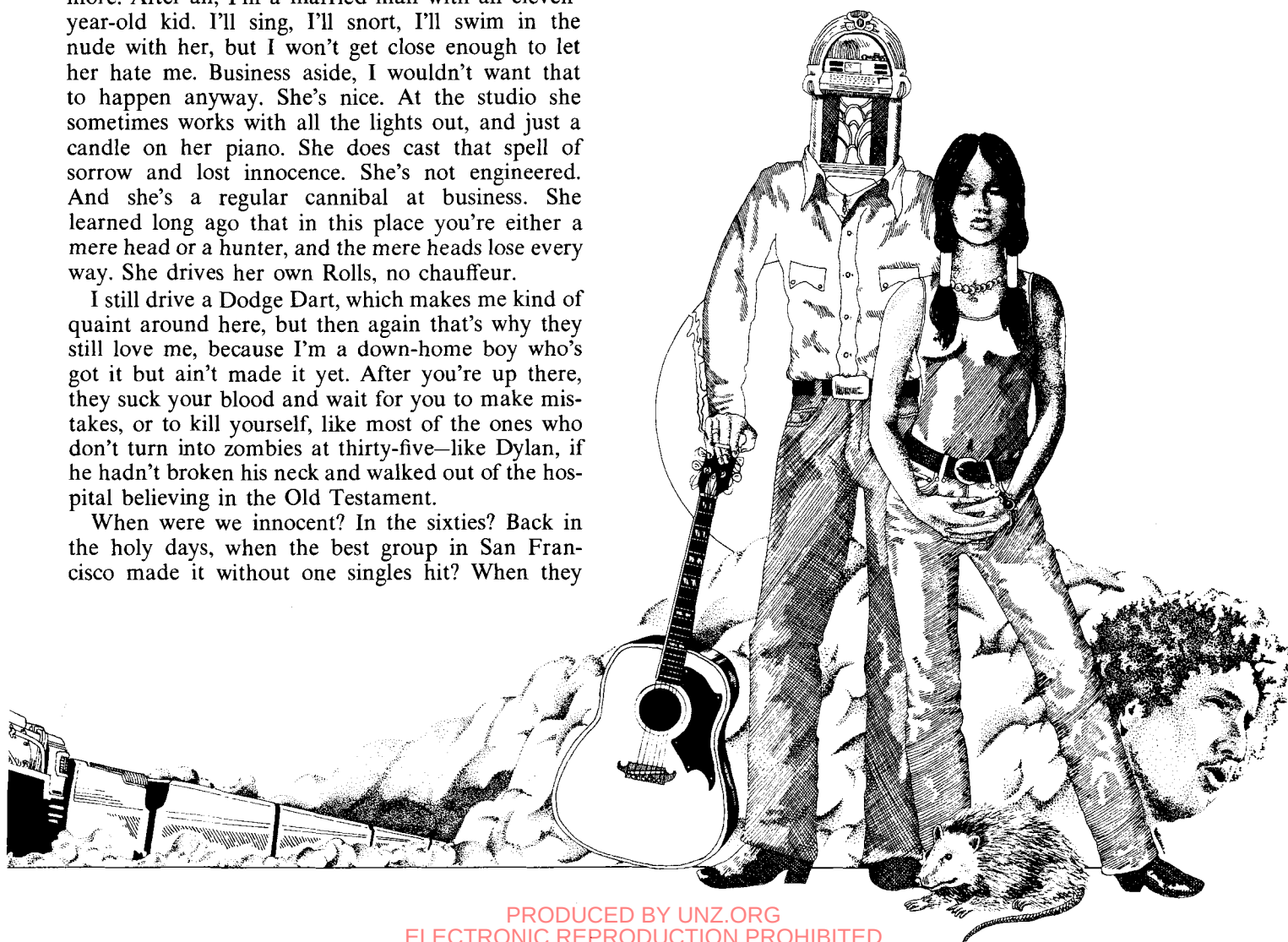
my first album—no telephone calls, no tour, no gimmicks, no coke to the big stations. He just put the album on the market and waited for it to sink. But I've got friends and a telephone myself. The reviews were decent, but not hot. They were mostly impressed by my backup people—one of Lennon's old drummers, two of the biggest women in town, and a bunch of others who wouldn't even take money for helping me, most of them, because they could have wiped their feet on me and they knew it. They like me.

Because I'm pretty elegant as Okie stars go: I have a possum, a wife with Indian blood, and a mind like a giant Wurlitzer jukebox with water bubbling up the sides in five colors, a whole show to fill the room with sound and light. I can make your pulse rise. Imitations? I sing early Dylan better than Dylan. I can sound like guitars, drums, and horns with just my mouth. The musicians love that most of all, because in the studio I can show them a song part fast. I can make your favorite singer, the one with the full crystal voice, sing for me alone, and desire me for a closer friend. Not that she's eyed me that way quite yet, but when she does, I'll just have to make her desire me more. After all, I'm a married man with an eleven-year-old kid. I'll sing, I'll snort, I'll swim in the nude with her, but I won't get close enough to let her hate me. Business aside, I wouldn't want that to happen anyway. She's nice. At the studio she sometimes works with all the lights out, and just a candle on her piano. She does cast that spell of sorrow and lost innocence. She's not engineered. And she's a regular cannibal at business. She learned long ago that in this place you're either a mere head or a hunter, and the mere heads lose every way. She drives her own Rolls, no chauffeur.

I still drive a Dodge Dart, which makes me kind of quaint around here, but then again that's why they still love me, because I'm a down-home boy who's got it but ain't made it yet. After you're up there, they suck your blood and wait for you to make mistakes, or to kill yourself, like most of the ones who don't turn into zombies at thirty-five—like Dylan, if he hadn't broken his neck and walked out of the hospital believing in the Old Testament.

When were we innocent? In the sixties? Back in the holy days, when the best group in San Francisco made it without one singles hit? When they

hung out on their farm, smoking dope grown specially for them by a contractor in Mexico, obeying their leader like Stalin, shooting their thirty-aught-sixes and automatic pistols for entertainment, and giving that endless train of sweethearts a free ride on the roller coaster of quick fame? Or Janis Joplin, who never claimed to be looking for anything but the ultimate spasm, hurting for her audiences like someone much older, her mind a bed of snakes, and her life a mess to obliterate, singing her throat raw, boogying loose at full tilt for a hit sweeter than the needle? Or Jimi Hendrix, dominating his guitar at Monterey Pop with "Wild Thing," playing it upside down and backwards, as if there was something just ever so nicely obscene about the way he used his instrument to death—tamed, broke, pissed on it with lighter fluid and brought it to flames, the band still going behind him as he hunched and sneered over its destruction and yet still loved it, feedback from the flames growling, barking through the speakers like a live thing in agony, and then falling to silence, ending the song in ashes, wistful disgust.



Innocent? Was I innocent driving my '55 Ford through the hills of eastern Oklahoma, singing along with WNOE and looking for pop boxes to break into? I guess I wasn't. When you get married at sixteen, and have a kid a month later, it's hard to stay innocent. I wasn't just a juvenile delinquent, but a married man, a thief, and I was lucky I didn't get sent to McAlester. But that's a whole different story. Kris is a quarter Cherokee, and she hung in there pretty tough. We smashed lamps on the floor, knocked holes in walls, and chased each other around with knives. One time we were driving somewhere, and she kicked me in the leg so hard that I had to stop the car. I tried to strangle her, and would have done it, too, if a blood vein hadn't burst like red lightning across her eye at the same instant she cracked me breathless in the ribs. More than once, I hated Kris enough to dream of poison, and I could hate little Katie just as much. Alone with her, I would sometimes let her squall in dirty diapers to get back at her for being born. I would squall back, mocking her in the futile wish that she could feel my spite. I was a bad father. I still am. Very unprofessional. But she's alive, as pretty as her momma and twice as mean, going to a fancy Hollywood school, and our family will stay together unless one of us dies. Even back then, I knew we had to stay together no matter what, no matter if our duplex became a prison of outrage. And I drove away from that house every night, through the quiet hills in my skin of steel, dreaming of fortune in the light of my radio, learning to sing with Elvis and Fats and a dozen dozen others whom I remember to this moment better than any house or room.

Katie is eleven now, and we're only twenty-seven, which will be nice in a few years. You've got to be ignorant to have kids, just like you've got to be ignorant to get married, or be a star. If you understand all the implications of it, you'll never do it. I have friends now approaching thirty who still don't have a kid, and their ideas about families are getting more and more complicated. By the time they have them, their heads will be worn out and gray worrying about it. The first step is ignorance, ambition itself is ignorance, and without it nothing gets done.

Kris and I get along better now. She's into speed a little bit, and pretty well off my back about L.A. Speed is her trip—strictly pharmaceutical, though, none of that homemade crap, and with a time-release downer that makes eight hours as smooth as glass. She never takes more than one at a time. Bad? Hell yes, it's bad. They even made a bad movie about it a few years ago. It can kill you. But L.A. will kill you faster, and we're in a race to beat it. I take a lot of stuff myself, like I said before, but once I get out of here with a reputation, and buy some land back east, I'll be independent of the scene, the ten thousand bloodsuckers and

their drugs, and able to work at sessions in Nashville or anywhere. That sounds idealistic, doesn't it, but watch me.

I spend hours making calls and waiting for people, just waiting for technicians, promo men, musicians, everybody, to make up their minds about things. With a lot of them, you learn to act totally insane. It's the only way to get their attention. You exaggerate, you call them names: "You *stupid* son of a bitch, that's *not* what I want." You'd be surprised at how often that works. If you're not ready, though, I mean on top of the situation, they'll hype you out the door. How do you get ready day after scorching, rainless, smog-itching day? You take what you have to, you paw and snort, you put on your crazy face and come at the bastards like Attila the Hun.

Maybe that's just my way of doing it. But that's what we're here for, isn't it? Here, in this midnight ball on the San Andreas Fault, where we work in masquerade, in windowless studios, passing around a prophylactic heavy as a cow's udder—part of someone's tax return converted to powder—breathing it for thirty-six hours until our nerves are white and brittle and we are working like blind masters to get down harmonies that will make you feel so good; in this Fat Tuesday, where leather coats, hands covered with jade rings, pants stitched by psychotic fags with heavy reputations, blouses clinging wetly to prodigal skin, where English cars guaranteed for life, cedar sauna baths, and all the rest stand perfected in George Washington's shrewd gaze, saying yes, we're making it, mother, but watch out, we're outlaws, savages, we're ugly or too beautiful to care, we can't be trusted, our faces are cut free, our moves agile as silver-eyed wolves, and if we suffer, it's from too much of every wish.

And can you lose it in the factory of dreams? I worry about that sometimes. But no, I'm up and coming in the Year of Our Lord 1974, and when you hear my music, you'll love what you think I am. You and the teenies both, because not even a genius can get off the ground now without the teenies and their billion-dollar hunger for hits under three minutes with good titles and catchy choruses. But you, too, will love me, because I'm already smuggling art across in my lyrics, producing to hit but writing to last.

Kris is my best ear. I sing and watch her face. She always says it's good, fantastic, but I can tell by her expression when it's really money sound, especially those Cherokee eyes, which never lie unless she's peaking out on something, at which times she likes everything—my songs, the sound of the washing machine, a pallid sunset against the kitchen window. . . . Me, I like less and less out there, the ten thousand bloodsuckers and their impediments, one after another, and I'm learning to cut through them like butter.

Last year I went to a lot of Hollywood parties and hung around with stars. I even went to see a Beatle once. He was slouched down in a lounge chair almost horizontally, and had a tired look on his face. When I was introduced, he waved bleakly and murmured, "Aello. I'm a Bea-le." I was walking the ceiling on a couple of weeks of speed, and talked a lot. I got worked up telling him my theory about *A Hard Day's Night*, a real theoretical oration that must have lasted twenty or twenty-five minutes, criticism as well as praise. He just sat there, looking at me steadily with a weak smile, occasionally agreeing. When I finally got through, he said with surprising vigor, but somehow like a college professor feigning interest in a book report, "I want you to know that I quite agree with what you've said. Quite agree." Then he slid from his chair, levitated himself, hobbled across the room like his legs were asleep, bumped into a glass table, turned profile to me, and said thoughtfully, still in a friendly tone, but vaguely troubled, "Kind of like the Jap stock market . . . ain't we? . . ."

Then there was the time the famous sex starlet patted me on the privates. My former manager took me over to visit her. He's only a couple of years older than I, went to Harvard, writes western and horror movies, and talks constantly about sex. He insisted that I take my possum. He acted like we were going to some kind of private showing, which, in a way, it turned out to be. At the front door, she was raw to the waist, wearing a bikini bottom and nursing a baby. She said, "Hi, this is Baby, maybe God, we're not sure yet." So I introduced my possum as Possum, maybe Elephant, he ain't fully grown yet. Ho-ho. Ahem. Her nose was red, and she had the sniffles from doing coke. It was in a Chinese sugar bowl on the living room table, along with a couple of rolled, pinned bills to snort it through, a one and a hundred. She explained that the sugar bowl had come from one of Chairman Mao's factories, and she offered us some coke. It was sweet, without too much speed, the kind that lays you back for a while before the edge comes on. She put the top back on the sugar bowl and nursed her baby. I told her I hoped Baby made it to God, but wouldn't it be kind of strange when she got older and you were sitting at dinner. Pass the green beans, please, God. Or when she got to be a teen-ager and you made her do the chores. Take the garbage out, God. She sniffled and smiled at me across space, like I had just spoken a sublime mantra. Her face reminded me of 1968, San Francisco, only rich and famous, and Baby suckled her most noisily.

I sat for a while trying to think of something to talk about besides the possum, which was hard to do with all this maternal ecstasy filling the room, here on the very bosom that the workers of America, the tired and weary workers, the impatient teen-agers, and yes, even the frustrated executives

and their pickled wives, have spent millions to see on the screen. I told her that back where I came from, people in the hills still thought there was something evil about possums, being ratty looking and nocturnal and all, and there was a superstition that the male possum had a forked penis which he stuck into the female's nose to inseminate her. Her eyes got real big and interested, so I talked on about the possum's thirteen-day gestation period, the shortest of any mammal, and how the infants crawl out of the uterus on their own, hardly more than worms of scum, but with good front claws to hang onto momma's nipples—thirteen nipples, twelve in a horseshoe shape with one in the middle—safe there in the pouch until they grow into strong little possums. She didn't believe me, and I explained that possums were related to kangaroos, they were both marsupials, the lowest form of mammal. She was still incredulous. Finally she gave me her baby to hold and got out an encyclopedia to look it up. It impressed the hell out of her when she discovered that it was true. She sat down beside me on the couch, her face strangely lit up and glowing. "That's *really* amazing. The *lowest* form!"

I was getting nervous. She's a blonde, so unlike Kris, and you know how that can be. She leaned over and played with Baby in my lap without taking her back, and I really started getting uptight. My manager leered at us from across the room, and Possum had ceased exploring the rug and wandered beneath a chair. His scaly tail stuck out. I could smell the milk on her breasts as she leaned over me—the kind of odor, I must admit, that could make an old rock 'n' roll rooster clear his throat and cockadoodledoo once more. Pretty soon, it seemed like I had to keep that baby over my lap. Of course then she took her back, and I lost it entirely, went hot in the face and stared down, like a true Okie, with my mouth open, at my pants, which were standing up like the Washington Monument. I said something stupid, an attempted joke which I have since forgotten. Then she did it. She reached down, patted my pants gently three times and said, "That's okay. It's organic."

When we left the house, my manager split into a grin. "Need some crutches?" I told him to shut up. In his Porsche, he choked out laughing, glancing at me back and forth like he always does. "You know the word on her. Her own agent's been talking all over town that she's had it. Sixty thousand dollars on coke last year, and five or six visits to the crackerbox. She blew a bunch of tests. . . ." We whined down through the hills in second gear, and I drifted away from what else he said. Railed to the ears, I floated out of soft white powderland toward jagged mineral peakland, and, yes, I was weirded out, because the actress had not been kidding, not Mae Westing me, but stupidly serious with her assurance and vague smile, distant in all

her famous flesh and snowy as the ghost on a busted TV.

The energy in me was bitter. Business flashed into my mind, and I had the not unusual urge to go somewhere and eat the bloodsuckers alive, pull them apart with my teeth if necessary, to get them moving on my record, which had then been rusting for nine months. But my stomach heaved with thick, automatic laughter, like a drunkard's vomit, and in a funny way, I didn't give a damn. Possum blinked once slowly, putting his claws through my shirt to grasp on through the curves, and I held him against me.

I don't cultivate stars anymore. I won't even go to a Dylan party. I've missed two of those, and five years ago, I would have stood myself up against a wall and riddled myself with hot slugs for missing a chance to observe Dylan get into a taxi at fifty yards. I know something now. I'm smarter than Dylan, can sing better and write better lyrics. So I have to keep it together. The burden of genius, you know—it's hard on your nerves. I stay home at night working, watching these earthquake-cracked walls and Possum sniffing through the rooms on his silent, businesslike rounds. I've written three songs in the last week, and one of them is very good, I'd almost say classic. The company has an acetate with ten cuts on it, including six potential singles. It's in New York now. They have to agree with L.A. on what to make a hit out of, because nowadays it takes even more money and favors from both coasts to get a single out there, and without a single, no album sales. For a while, people believed in music enough to advertise it by word of mouth, and the new FM stations played whole albums, and shucked the cream puff entirely. That sold good music. Now FM is back to commercial, mostly canned, tapes complete with DJs and music from L.A., New York, Philadelphia. But I don't care, I'm making my music, it's good and getting better, and not long from now I'll be off the ground. The vampires are moving faster for me now.

I usually go to bed before sunrise so I don't have to see it, but yesterday Katie got up early and came in while I was still working. "Daddy," she whined, like a sleepy baby, and grabbed onto my arm. I sang her a new song about railroads, the railroad blood in our own past, the continental line that tied this country together and webbed it with steel, and her great-great-grandfather, drunk one night and cut to pieces on a spur of the Oklahoma and Western. I sang of him walking through the cool night and counting oak rails for miles, lost to who knows what purpose, like a boy at play; behind a face, though, that could never look boyish, but, like any man's face eighty years ago, was bitten by need, and drunk, as he dangled the sig-

nal lantern down the track. I sang of the mystery of him standing his ground and swaying the lantern in a ruby arc for the potbellied iron he must have known wouldn't stop, and the dim white eye bearing down on him in a fury of steam. I sang it to her in that moment before day when the nighttime has dried, and she rubbed her eyes and listened to some of it before going into the bathroom. I went to the door and sang the rest to her, and when she finally came back out, she was awake and acting haughty. I asked her how she liked it.

Instead of answering, she said, "I want to make ads. All the other kids at school get to. There's a stupid boy in the *fourth* grade who makes them for Nabisco. Every time I look, *he's* on TV. Will you get me a good agent?"

"Agent? What do you want to sell—gasoline? Foundation garments? You don't even have your breasts yet. You can't get an agent till you have them."

"No, silly. Shampoo or something. Maybe Pepsi. I'm better looking than that boy for sure. Get me an agent."

Muttering, I wandered back into the living room, where day now threatened through the curtains. "You're catching on, Baby." I played a few chords of "Oklahoma and Western," but my guitar had gone to sleep in my hands. □

ON A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMMET GOWIN

Camera-blurred in the corner an old woman
sits, not attending. A young woman,
angry because she is tired, perhaps,
of sudden photographer's orders (*let's see
those tits*), or angrily proud, taunting
Age and Death, yanks open her sweater
—or is she trying to cover against
the lewdness of the lens?—displaying
her breast, the milk-yielding
human breast.

Proud or shy or petulant,
her anger says that God is male,
and male the lens, and male the thought
that stills her, steals this much of her,
and loves her by consumption.

by Barry Spacks

They don't change things much in Perth.

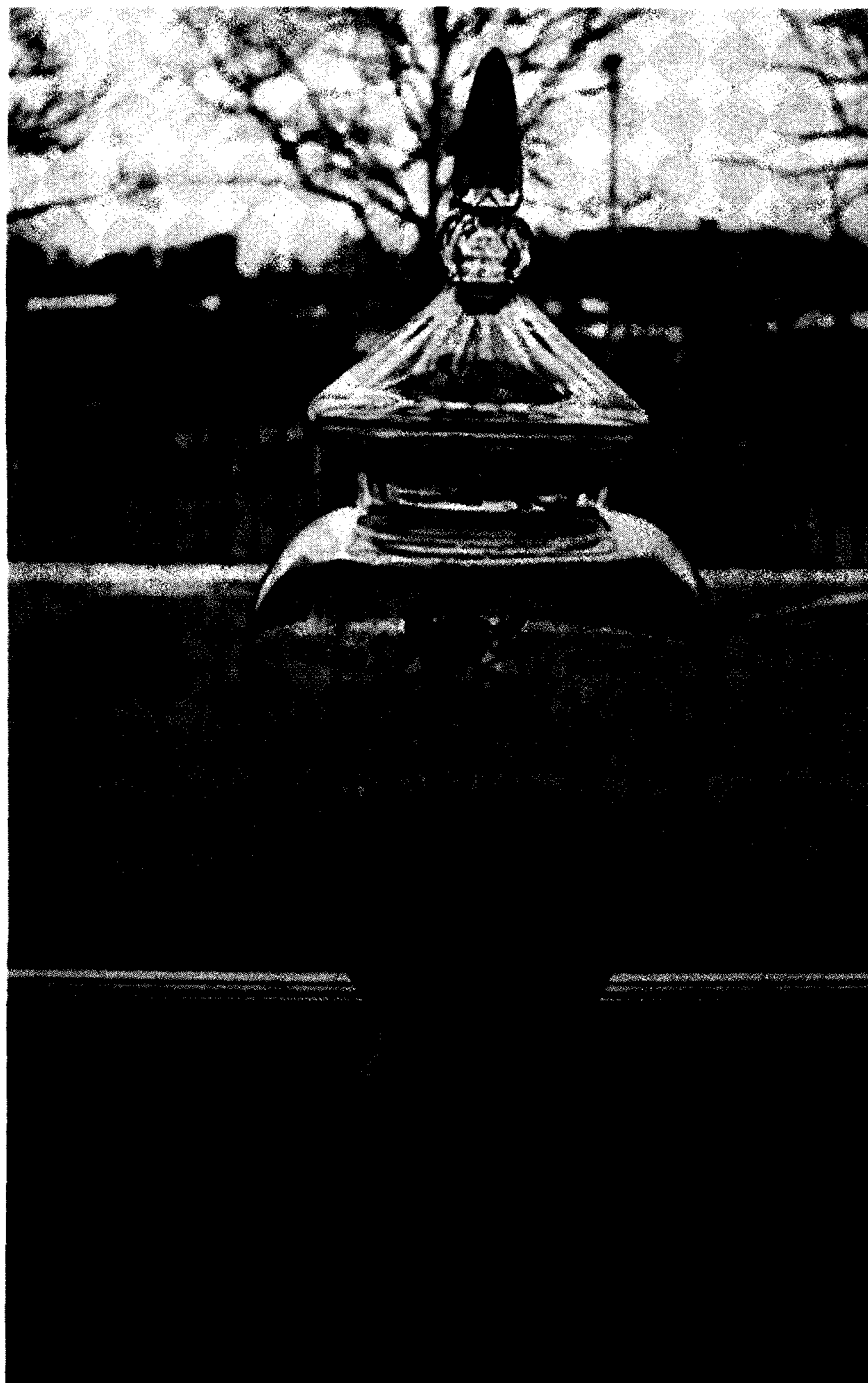
A hundred years ago a guest at the Royal George tavern would sit in this window and watch the ancient river flow by the ancient city. He would also see a large crystal dispenser. It contained a fine Scotch whisky that was famous even then.

The guest today sees nothing very different. And he too enjoys a drop of the same grand whisky dispensed from the same generous container.

They don't change things much in Perth. Especially their whisky. They see no reason to.



DEWAR'S®
"White Label"®
Dewar's never varies.



This dispenser is the only one of its kind known to exist. Duplicates are not available.

Authentic.

BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY • 66.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

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LIFE & LETTERS

MOSES & MEMORIES

by Benjamin DeMott

I lived close to money when I was a kid—a thousand yards, give or take, from the estates of the Hitchcocks, Phippses, Vanderbilts and other Old Westbury, Long Island, grandees. (We are back in the late thirties now, moving on toward Pearl Harbor.) Middling poor, feckless at school, employed from age fifteen by the Ocean Assurance Co., Ltd. (map clerk-office boy), I commuted Monday through Saturday to New York and spent a third of my check, four dollars a week, feeding one of two saddle horses left in my Dad's barn. (We were, as I should acknowledge, erratically poor: my Dad was a contractor who had at least one fair year amidst the hard times, and my mother had a successful, Depression-spawned, home baking business; my Dad needed the horses as some men need drink, and, as a matter of fact, he stopped smoking and drinking in just this period.) Summer workdays after supper and Sunday mornings before church, I ran my horse in the Hicks nursery or aired him, more decorously, along the connecting roads—Powells Lane, Guinea Woods, et cetera. And now and then there were confrontations, since the grandees hated intruders and had their own private police. They, the private police, drove up beside you, the alien equestrian, in conventional cop's car and uniform, asked about your street address and your old man's name, and then told you to get your tail home.

With people on foot, these Old

Westbury Raiders could be equally hard-nosed. We had a jazz trio in those days—myself (piano), and my classmates Jackson (rhythm) and Rockett (soft shoe)—and after an evening's practice at my house, we'd take off happy sometimes for a stroll, crossing Jericho near Pete Bostwick's and heading up toward Steele's Hill; more than once the cops cut us off at the pass. Never a radical, young or old, I was, however, scarred by these "adolescent experiences," as I admit; most of my life I've been scratchy toward wealth.

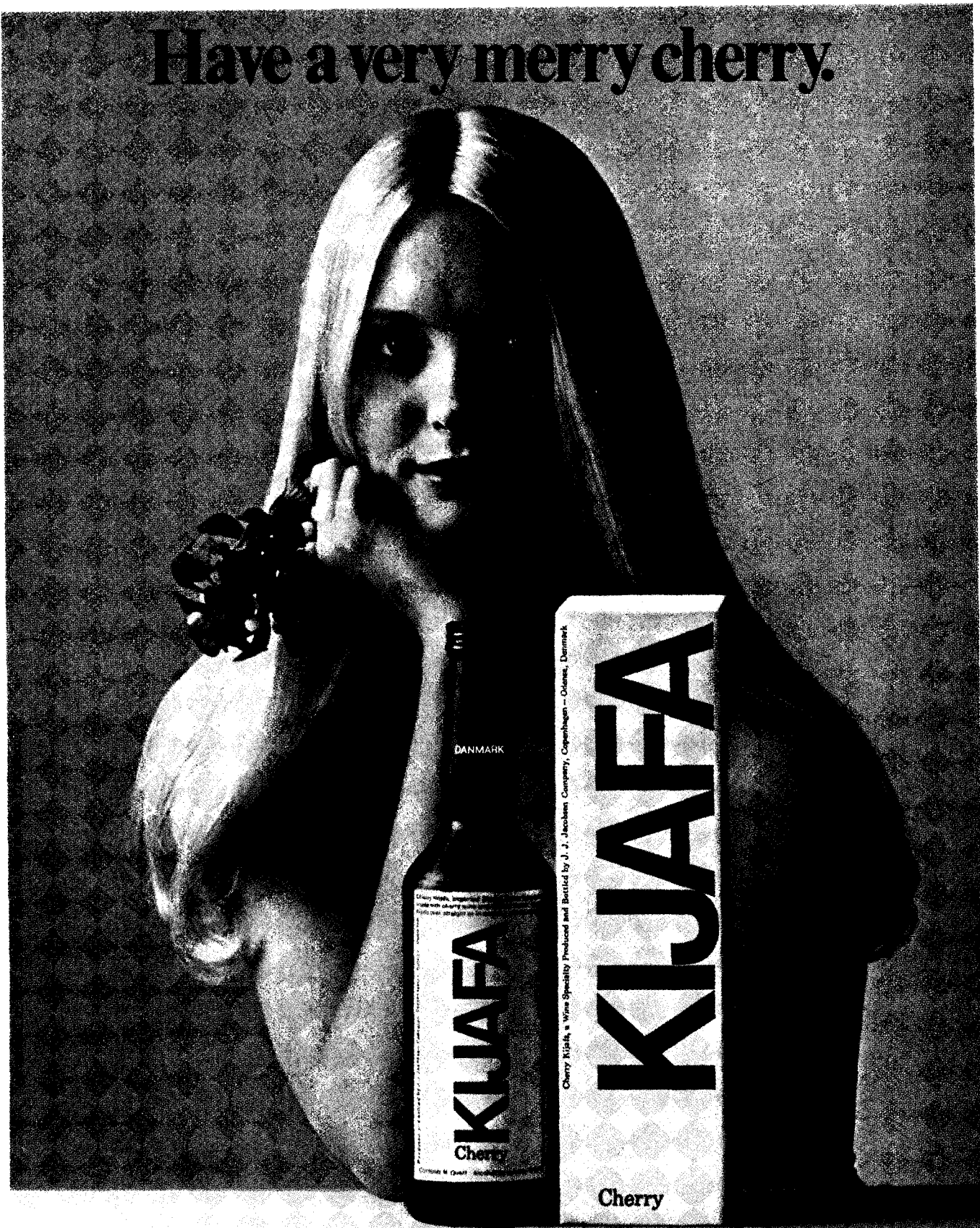
In *THE POWER BROKER: ROBERT MOSES AND THE FALL OF NEW YORK* (Knopf, \$17.95), Robert Caro speaks of a number of grandee strategies, over and above private police on public roads, in my village and places nearby, for keeping the likes of me (and the whole of New York City) out of the millionaires' enclaves. What is more, some of his best pages detail counterstrategies, devised by a willful, brilliant civil servant who, sustained in part by his own unique resentments, dared to enter contention with the grandees, and—high exhilaration for me—ultimately broke their power to exclude. (For the record, Robert Moses was president of the Long Island State Park Commission and superintendent of New York City construction. He planned and directed the building of a dozen or more city and suburban expressways, the Triborough, Verrazano, Throgs Neck, Bronx-Whitestone, and other

bridges, Lincoln Center, the Colosseum, public parks beyond counting—you name it, he built it.)

My purpose in mentioning my experience on these fringes isn't to provide additional documentation (none is needed; this is a 1200-plus page book); it's merely to acknowledge that I read Mr. Caro's book from a special perspective. The truism about not being able to go home again is nowadays a comment not only on growing up, but on population shifts and transformations of landscape; places disappear. "My" Long Island exists in memory as a rural world; more and more trains and cars, perhaps, but they weren't as present to consciousness as truck gardens or shallow draft boats, farmers, clambers, fishermen . . . In my wife's Flatbush, there were farms; even at my grandmother's house in Bay Ridge, I seem to remember greenhouses just across the road; pastureland lay all around us on Powells Lane. Nothing singular about the arrival of urban sprawl, of course; the oddity lies in the literary experience—the "personalized" reading about political and historical processes of urbanization, wherein memories and fantasies and ghosts continually interrupt, joining public and private experience in disturbing, and now and then moving, ways.

Consider, for example, this problem: When Robert Moses was collecting parcels for his Long Island parkway system, he dealt not alone with grandees, but with old farm

Have a very merry cherry.



From the unique Danish cherry comes Cherry Kijafa, the delicious wine that's a holiday tradition with the fun-loving Danes and spirited folk everywhere.

Give it to good friends. Or to yourself.

Enjoy it in your prettiest wine glass. Or over ice with soda. Or in a festive punch bowl with fruit and anything else you care to add.

Cherry Kijafa. Any way you use this most versatile wine, it's the merriest.

Kijafa. The cherry wine from Denmark. We think the world is ripe for it.

When it comes to life, you can never, repeat, never, have too much quality control.

America's overall supply of prescription drugs is excellent.

In fact, it's unsurpassed.

But there are ways to make sure that supply is even more safe, even more effective.

Member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association have proposed recommendations that should apply to all companies that make pharmaceuticals.

First. Companies making pharmaceuticals ought to be certified by the government. And certified *before* they start making medicines. Those two things would help assure doctors, pharmacists and patients that their medicines were made by reputable firms. Under the best conditions possible.

Secondly, all companies should rigidly follow the "good manufacturing practices" regulations published by the Food and Drug Administration.

And, as quality control procedures improve, all companies should be required to keep pace.

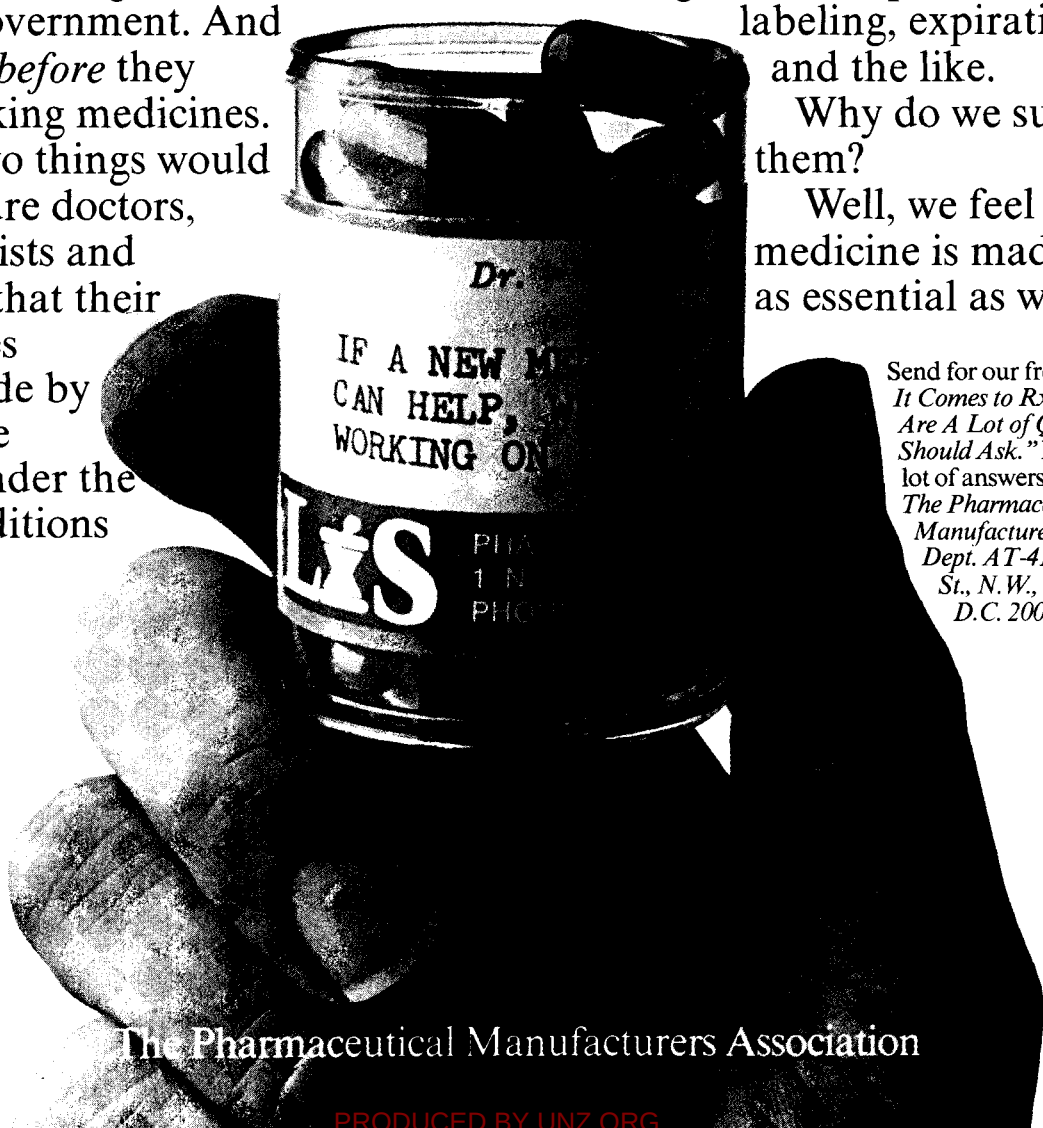
Thirdly, each and every company making medicines ought to be inspected by the FDA at least once each year.

There are other recommendations dealing with bioequivalence, labeling, expiration dates and the like.

Why do we suggest them?

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families of the region, people for whom something approximating the frontier experience had been a reality of early life. Mr. Caro dwells on the subject partly to establish continuities of arrogance in Robert Moses' moral character, yet I wander with my elders amidst his characterological analysis, attentive—but nostalgic as well. My grandfather on my father's side cleared ground as a boy with his father, a largish landowner in, of all suburban-to-be places, Rockville Centre. I knew my grandfather as a loved one who possessed grape arbors and hard candy in a glassen jar, who was humorous and extremely manly, who allowed my Uncle Al to stable three delicious polo ponies in his barn (no poverty here, surely), who had a Shetland that was my comforter, bearing me everywhere spiritedly during a year's sick leave from elementary school (no poverty there either), who sat beneath a tree rocking and rocking in front of the farmhouse where my father, my two uncles, and four aunts grew up, and where my mother learned to cook from my father's mother, rocking and rocking at the corner of Hempstead and DeMott Avenues, opposite the Hewitt School, and every morning and afternoon as I passed he called out "Binny," and not a person who came by on foot but visited with him under the tree, and one summer noon in New Hampshire, my older sister Janny (was she then ten or eleven?) put her arm around me (seven? eight?) and said, with a letter in her hand, that Granddaddy had "passed on," and I positively remember thinking, Ah but then there won't be any more school or trees and possibly my pony is dead . . .

I have, as they say, lost my place: My point is that I lose it times beyond numbering. As evidence of the intensity of Robert Moses' absorption with his schemes, Mr. Caro reports that the planner often forgot the tides while exploring inlets from the bay and possible routes for his causeway; he had to muck in from the flats and summon a neighbor the next day to take him back to his freshly floated boat. But can I count how many *dozen* times we did that, sliding off from Elly Sprague's Rockaway yard or wherever, not to map causeways, but to smell sea

grass and sunset, and smoke Wings? I don't just hear gulls and see diggers, I feel my Dad's fury at one midnight homecoming ("You've terrified your mother, you realize you could *kill* her?"), and I behold the entire sweet harbor scene as it was. Elly Sprague's ketch was black-hulled, unimaginably lovely, and he called it *My Wife* because he had no wife, and he and Opal, the one hand at the yard, silent, corncobby, overalled Opal, left the grounds in the coffee pot on the hot plate in the tiny tarpaper-shack office for weeks on end, and that summer when we all biked daily to the yard where Rockett was finishing his famous skipjack, *Dos Amigos*, the black grainy stuff poured peculiarly slowly in the sun.

Mr. Caro reports further that Robert Moses amused himself, as a veteran commuter (Babylon was his stop), by feelingly reciting the LIRR stations on his line, and as I read, I hear in my skull's cave the conductors' voices, the clear, evident relish with which—after all those boring trochees (Lynbrook, Baldwin, Freeport)—they soaked into *Massa-*

pequa, *Ronkonkoma*, et al. Still further, the biographer reports Robert Moses' ecstasy in discovering, only a few blocks from an early Sunrise Highway traffic jam, a superb, secret, forest-enclosed, mile-long body of water—another jewel to be added to his park system. Water closes over my head in darkness. What could this place be but Hempstead Lake, where forty summers back I and scores like me skinny-dipped by the moon? And did not everybody know the holes in that fence? And could anyone that late in time presume to regard these waters as his?

Let me be clear: There are moments in the book at hand when hard information burns off nostalgia, shakes sentiment, prompts analysis and thought—as, for example, when Mr. Caro speaks of the "Jones Beach Tower." Together with the author I recognize this edifice as a landmark. When my sister Janny, long gone from me, drove to the beach in her red car, "top down," blond hair flying, we, the elder sibs, sang with the radio, while the young 'uns—they have grown-up names now, but one was then called



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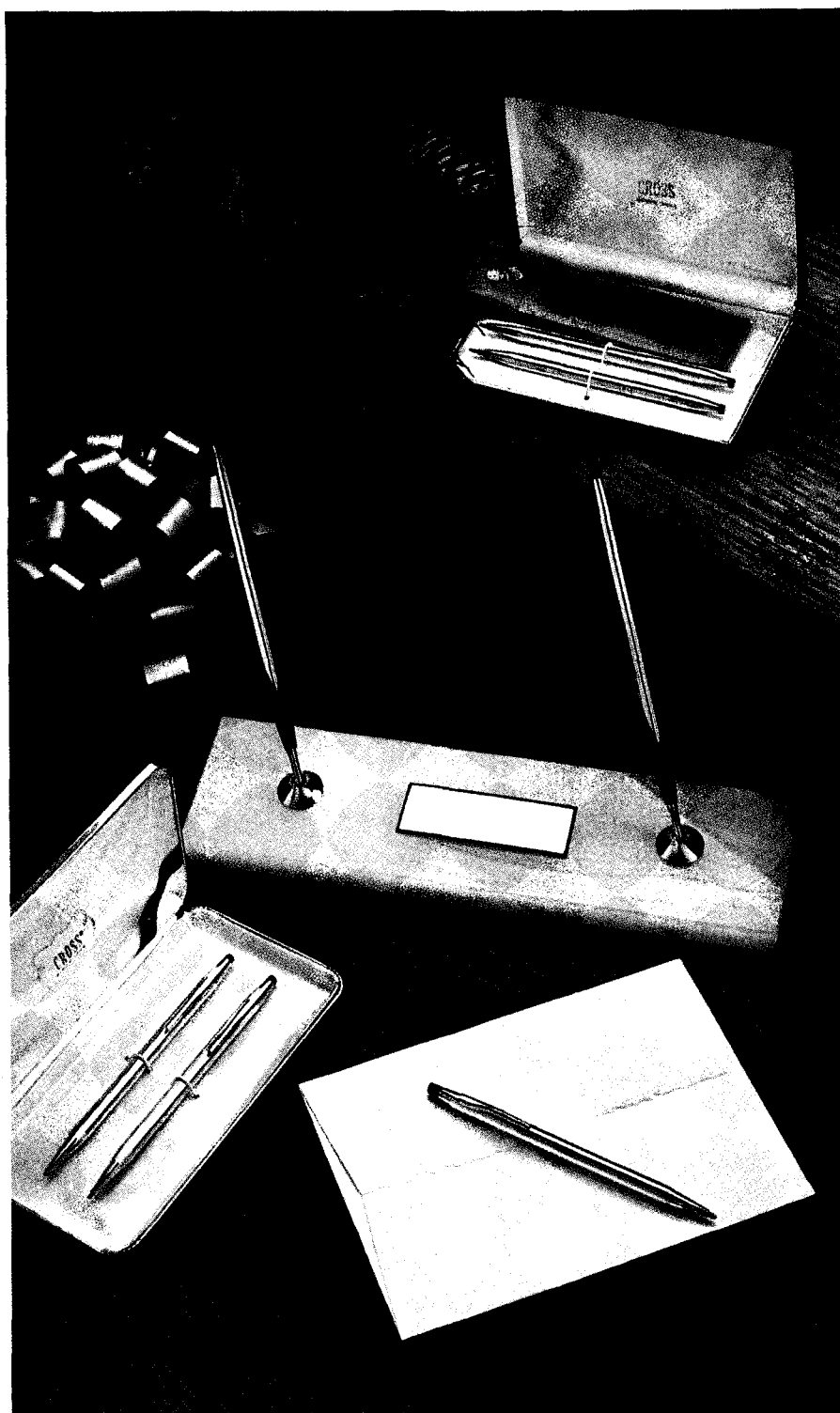
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Twink—kept eyes out for The Tower. First to see it, a pin in haze, cried aloud, whereupon we knew that in minutes we'd be there, racing down from the Overlook across hot sand into the clear, salt, numbing, blue swell of the Atlantic.

But in Mr. Caro's pages the object itself—magic from our past, a tower of anticipation—emerges as a *concept*, a thought-up thing. A water tower was necessary, it appears, and somebody proposed that it be just that, an ugly, bare water tower, and Robert Moses said No, for not only did this man insist upon flowers everywhere, upon perfect cleanliness and greenery and lawns; he wanted in addition structures of distinction and images that echoed in imaginations:

He already knew that he wanted a focal point for the beach, a beautiful centerpiece big enough to be seen from miles away, that would be a symbol of Jones Beach, something that visitors could identify with . . . someone suggested a lighthouse, and I said, 'No, god-dammit, we're not going to have any lighthouse.' We already *had* a lighthouse, for God's sake." . . . On the next trip to the beach, Harvey Corbett suggested that the water tower be designed as an Italian campanile, or church bell tower. There were many different types, Corbett said, and started to reel them off. As he was reeling he mentioned the one in Venice. Venice! "I like the one in Venice best," Moses said. According to one of the men there, "[Moses] pulled out another one of his envelopes and sketched the campanile in Venice right there—and that's how the water tower was done. And that's the way 'most everything was done. . . . He's more responsible for the design of Jones Beach than any architect or engineer or all of us put together."

The mind doesn't step back from these sentences into gaudy reminiscence; it reflects, instead, on the uses of "professional knowledge." This planner knew that "the beach" must be a reverberant image, a destination harkened after, a signal answering a longing. He knew that the world of differences is magical—at least in childhood, and perhaps later as well. Long Beach, to a person walking east from Lido, was burned out, boarded-up hotels with faded signs (BATHS 25¢); it was drab row



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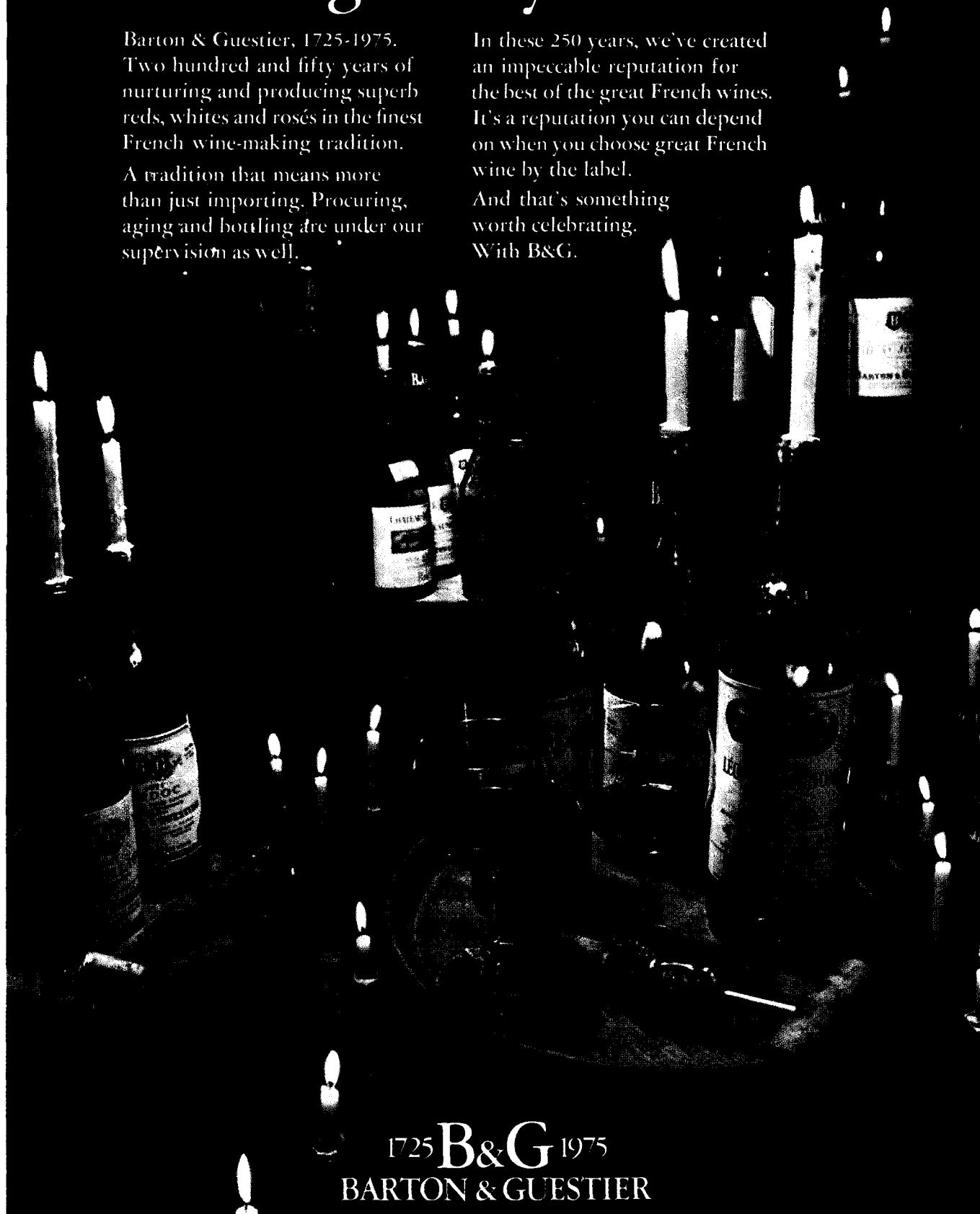
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houses on sand-drifted streets made of broken, heaved-up concrete; above all, it was sick, lonely dampness beneath the boardwalk—immeasurable gloom. The Tower, on the other hand, summoned purest happiness, natural beauty, familial harmony—and this *by intention of the creator*. I read Mr. Caro's paragraphs on the planner's concern for detail not as snippets of easy characterization, but as provocation to thought: What a lot people can know, at their best, about each other's fantasy life!

But, as bears repeating, cool pondering isn't ever, for me, the true name of this read. I happen upon a passage about the history of driving, an argument that chauffeur-driven Robert Moses knew little about the experience of "motoring" as it shifted character, from recreation to nightmare, between the thirties and fifties. Looking up, I see I'm gazing distractedly at cars on the parkway, headed back of a summer Sunday evening to the city—some early period when this sight didn't signify pollution or bloat. We were courting then, and my lady was about to leave for college, and we walked out to the bridge over the Southern State (now the LIE), and, studying the endless flow of headlights, we were silent and big with poetry: the river of life . . . the "summer of '42" . . . what would become of us all?

Now the author turns shrill: He's castigating the ugly racist policies of the Long Island state parks authority. Blacks could seldom secure bus permits; when they managed to do so, they were assigned to parking lots miles from nowhere; these white, middle-class, pastoral enclaves were quite as meanly selfish in their way as the gated acres of the grandees. Shame is seemly, but in me, alas, it fails to take hold. The period exists in memory as a time not of white pride, but of sadness and bewilderment. The Great Depression yielded funny episodes even into the middle thirties. (My mother used to cool cakes and pies out the kitchen door on the roof of the Lincoln, an elegant souvenir of our family's previous glories; my Dad went on buying license plates for this vehicle long after he used it much, but one Saturday afternoon he backed it out, swept round the

drive, and all up and down DeMott Avenue, the weekend's production of Bliss torts, pineapple upside-downs, lemon meringues sailed off onto kempt lawns!) But all too soon in our house the Depression meant a great dearth of laughter. Asked to brood on segregation, I seek relief, focusing instead on a "pool show," the Jones Beach clowns who made my father roar, flopping off the high board in crazy Victorian bath dress, flailing and wheeling—what gorgeous, crisis-banishing explosions of laughter! What a weight lifted from us, the children, the whole world!

Ah, but Moses was sly, grabby. Think of the schemes by which he locked theoretically independent souls—contractors, insurance people, senators, even entertainers like Guy Lombardo—into his imperial entourage. I do so think—and stumble once more into irrelevance. Flush now and again, we ate as a family at the boardwalk cafe, danced to—was it Lombardo? no, Enoch Light. Have I invented Enoch Light? I remember, first, my gangly self, hateful round eyeglasses, huge ears, perspiring clumsiness—and then one particular evening a redemption that, suddenly too real, waters my eyes. My mother remarked, altogether casually, as it seemed, "I already enjoy dancing with you and one day you'll dance very well, I think." How exceptionally fine! What impeccably matter-of-fact kindness!

Few readers, whatever their distractibility, are likely to find fault with this biography as a work of popular history. Conflict is its center, and the agonists are figures of charisma and wit—FDR, LaGuardia, Ickes, Al Smith—whose wars of will, viewed at a distance, clang with consequence. *The Power Broker* also qualifies as a source book about political power, its creation and nurture. By which rules do you abide if your goal is to achieve a reputation for "getting things done"? Which rules can you afford to break? Mr. Caro's examination of the methods by which Robert Moses simultaneously accumulated enormous political power and built an array of parks, bridges, and highways without historical precedent answers these questions, and in the process, teaches a shrewd course in "public sector" relationships of

money, power, and imagination.

As a moralist, the author is less winning, because overzealous in presenting private character as public fate. *The Power Broker* is conceived as a moral fable: A man of parts begins professional life as an idealist, undertakes projects in governmental reform, and is defeated by corrupt old pols. Humiliated, he resolves to learn their ways, and aided by persons originally drawn to him in admiration of the energy of his idealism, achieves the yearned-for mastery. But the process of learning is also that of hardening; the other side of the coin of competence at realpolitik is contempt for the weak, and appalling obliviousness; in the end the very style of his mastery brings him low. The pattern is clear—so obtrusively clear as to hint that personal animus may have shaped it. Mr. Caro seems insufficiently interested in the broad structural changes in American social organization that brought into being roles like that which Moses played; he also underestimates the scale of the resistance, among the "liberal rightminded," to the anti-urban-renewal doctrines that the Goodmans, Jane Jacobs, and others sought to bring into currency late in Moses' reign.

Yet *The Power Broker* possesses, undeniably, the virtues of its chief defect—which is to say, if he "over-humanizes" the great twentieth-century transformations of landscape, the author also succeeds in recovering a sense of the interpenetration of public deeds and private lives. And that sense deserves recovery. "Hometown readers" like myself slip off, as indicated, into personal byways, but for decent cause: Mr. Caro is quick to admit ordinary people to his pages, and inclined to spend time with them even at the cost of oversimplifying his conceptual structure. Here is a family, James, Helen, and Jimmy Roth, caught up by accident in the process of change: their farm was divided by a parkway, and they asked for fair treatment and didn't receive it—because "the age demanded," because Moses was Moses and power is power and righteousness is righteousness, because the march of democratization was then, on this front alone, sacred, because so too was the Car. The biographer of the

Leader is spacious about the feelings, before and after, of the Little People; he allows you to feel, as you read, that it's not impertinent to bring "you and yours" into the Big Picture: history is what happens to each of us, and each Roth is entitled to tell a story.

And while those stories underwrite the final indictments, a measure of balance is, surprisingly, maintained. I can testify—as who cannot?—that when emotions of loss are in the equation, such balance comes hard. Last spring, the fathers of "my" Long Island village, hunting a voice for the annual lecture at the new library, came to me, and I drove south eagerly—and got lost. Can they have *paved the lake*? Can they actually have *paved the bridle path*? I looked at precisely the place, just across the dam, where memory told me the fearful accident occurred after which my mother never again mounted horse—and I swear there is no path. Quite gone. At dinner before my talk, I heard that not a single building lot was left, that they now tear down houses and build new ones in old cellars, and as for my grandfather's tree . . .

Enough: Self-pity had me by the throat. I was "on the spot," but the true intersection of public and private—public history and private pique—had vanished, obscured by self-involvement. Turning the pages of Mr. Caro's book, however, I knew more than nostalgia could tell. I threw a stick for an almost forgotten hound, played "San" up-tempo in G, buckled a blanket tight in a winter stall, hugged my horse by its neck, and heard them all—father, dear sister, grandparents . . . (They woke and spoke, each of them, whistled and swore—not for the world would I have missed it.) But I also felt pressures from the great world, biddings of the "long revolution" of human aspiration, announcements both of the universal will to share and of the probability of huge error among those self-selected to slice the pie. In sum, the lessons of *The Power Broker* in Dallas or Denver might be different from those it carried home to me, but I'd nevertheless wager that readers on any American turf will find it to be more than "merely" a splendid entertainment: it is a strikingly ponderable book.

SEEING THROUGH ART

by Kenneth Baker

Art, as everyone knows, is powerful stuff. But what is the nature of its strength? What happens to us when we view a painting? What does art *do* to us? Such elemental questions as these lie at the center of two recent, important books on art. One of them, Jacques Barzun's *THE USE AND ABUSE OF ART* (Princeton University Press, \$6.95), has already received considerable notice. The other, Richard Wollheim's *ON ART AND THE MIND* (Harvard University Press, \$15.00), may be destined for relative obscurity, though it shouldn't be.

Jacques Barzun is, of course, a well-established cultural critic, and he speaks with the sound of authority. His tribute to art's potency is rousing: said:

. . . art is power. It influences the mind, the nerves, the feelings, the soul. It carries messages of hope, hostility, derision, and moral rebuke. It can fight material and spiritual evils, and transmit the ideals of a community now living, long past, or soon to be born. In a word, Art is deemed universally important because it helps men to live and to remember.

Further on he declares:

Art can serve the Revolution or can detach an individual from the struggles of his age, making loyal citizenship appear to him as futile and perverse as revolutionary action.

These are familiar and popular sentiments, and they can be affecting ones—when, for example, they are uttered by a Soviet novelist. And yet I find something disquieting in Barzun's statement. For one thing, his views could as easily apply to journalism or to public oratory; indeed, if you substitute "journalism" for "art" in these passages, some of his remarks sound more persuasive. The essentially disturbing thing about Barzun's statement, though, is his assumption that people's beliefs about art express, rather than determine, their experience of it. He fails to consider that we come by the beliefs we hold in

all sorts of ways, and that we may not have good reasons, or any reasons, for believing what we do about art. We may arrive at some notions about art from firsthand experience; others we may adopt because someone we admire holds them; others are just "in the air." His failure to recognize this undermines the thesis of his book.

Barzun is hostile to much of modern art, primarily to painting and sculpture, though he draws supporting evidence from literature. His argument is that contemporary artists (and their forerunners) have neglected their essential responsibility; they have failed to serve the interests of life. Barzun's best point has to do with artistic pretense at revolutionary stances. He maintains that far from being the adversary of its time, modern art has served bourgeois ideas. It has encouraged the very thoughts and feelings that gave rise to contemporary ideology and technology. Art in Barzun's view encourages a longing for an "unconditioned" world; that is, a world that would not impose on us the familiar contingencies of human life, a world where we could be free of feeling mortal and responsible.

This theory rests on a rather tendentious history of modern culture. Barzun points out that art achieved "emotional autonomy" at about the same time that religious feeling came to be conceived as a distinct feature of human psychology. What he calls art's "emotional autonomy" was manifested in the subject of aesthetics, a new and largely empty category of thought. His notion is that this empty category has gradually become "the receptacle for the shreds of old cosmic feelings divorced from propositions." He traces several episodes in modern culture to show how art has been cast in the respective roles of "Destroyer" and "Redeemer." The nihilistic pranks of the Dada artists, for example, gave way to the Surrealists' program of redemption and regeneration. His broad notion is simply that art unsatisfactorily installed it-

self in the psychological void left by the dessication of religion.

Barzun, it seems to me, is really talking less about art than about one way of responding to it. He is committed to a certain picture of the audience for art. Passivity is the main condition of this audience. As the passages quoted earlier suggest, art in his view must do all the work, while its audience receives and absorbs its influence, whether consciously or not. Barzun rightly faults art, aesthetics, and criticism for aspiring at times to an empiricism and a precision we think belongs to science. But he fails to see that his own viewpoint has this tendency. For only if works of art are seen as self-existent—as the objects of science are supposed to be—can we spectators be as passive and as malleable as he expects us to be. In short, art seems to do all the things he says it does only to people who take it literally. To take things literally is to do no thinking about them, and to take art literally is sometimes to fail to see it altogether.

Barzun pays lip service to ambiguity in art; he says that "lesson one" about the nature of art is that "its contents defy literal expression." Yet he comes down hard on any artist's demand, such as Mallarmé's, that the reader or spectator play an active part in the constitution of a work of art. Forgetting "lesson one," he disparagingly quotes Paul Valéry's equivalent remark that "there is no such thing as the true meaning of a text" as evidence of modern artists' taking refuge in incorrigible ambiguity.

Barzun's use of evidence is not always scrupulous. He quotes twice from an interview with the author of the first novel ever chosen unanimously for the Prix Goncourt, without mentioning book or author by name. To anyone who has read the novel (*Le Roi des aulnes* by Michel Tournier), Barzun's remarks, which are not so much damaging as irrelevant, signify either that he hasn't read the book, or that he is willing to make his point at any price. For Tournier's novel is a brilliant piece of fiction, a book I might cite if I had to defend contemporary literature against an attack like Barzun's.

As a survey of modern culture, *The Use and Abuse of Art* is not very useful. It has the value of



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high-class intellectual entertainment, and I don't mean to belittle it by saying that. If you already have a sense of modern cultural history, reading this book is like putting on someone else's glasses. Some things look a bit clearer, others look quite distorted or disappear altogether.

One way to characterize the tendencies that Barzun deplores in modern art is to say that the arts have increasingly insisted that the concept of art is central to any relevant experience of them. This insistence is no mere aesthetic tyranny. It is deeply connected with issues of self-knowledge and of the accessibility of human nature generally. Modern art insists that if you claim to understand it, you should be able to say how it affects you. Knowing how art affects you is not always a simple, straightforward matter, like knowing how you feel about being caught in a downpour. Often we discover our true responses to art in the way we may find in retrospect, for example, that our feeling about a person is not the feeling social circumstances have compelled us to express. I take this kind of discovery of one's true response to be typical of the process of self-knowledge. The tendency to fabricate a response to meet someone's expectations is an obstacle to this process. Another obstacle, as Freud recognized, is that we may not want to have the responses to experience that we do have, because they run counter to our preferred idea of who we are. The advantage of art's detachment from "life" is that it frees us somewhat from the pressure of social expectations (even those we've made our own), allowing us to rehearse the process of self-knowledge.

Self-knowledge is a theme in Richard Wollheim's essays, collected in *On Art and the Mind*. Wollheim is a philosopher at the University of London and the author of an excellent brief survey of aesthetics, called *Art and Its Objects*. His essays are a serious contribution to aesthetics and the philosophy of mind. They have a much denser and finer intellectual texture than Barzun's freewheeling cultural history.

The key argument in Wollheim's book occurs in the second essay. In substance it says this: an aspect of

the mind's functioning is to conceive or find analogies for its own nature and workings. He tries to show that any report of a mental state presupposes a certain conception of the mind's nature in terms of which the report will be cast. For example, expressions like "a thought just hit me" and "I'm in a stupor" seem to refer to a picture of the mind as a place into which thoughts can burst as if from elsewhere, or to which we can sometimes feel ourselves morbidly confined. Since we use such expressions quite ordinarily, either the picture of the mind they entail is so serviceable that we don't even notice it, or our ordinary dealings with each other don't require an explicit analogy of the mind's nature. It is in situations where the concept of mind needs to be made explicit, such as in psychoanalysis, or the interpretation of another's motives, that we find the familiar conceptions of mind to be inadequate. The interpretation of art, as Wollheim shows, is one of the activities that require us to be precise about the conception of the mind that informs what we say. When faced with a novel work of art, we will certainly ask, Where do the artist's intentions manifest themselves in it? The answers we give to such questions will depend in part upon how we conceive of intention and other mental activities.

Wollheim's ambition in several of these essays is to make explicit certain features of the popular conception of the mind, and to replace this conception, little by little, with a truer one. To appreciate the clarity of his thought, you have to look at paragraphs or arguments in their entirety; aphorisms are not, I'm afraid, his style. There is considerable drama, though, in some of the arguments by which he constructs, say, an analogy for the mental activity of imagining someone else doing something. He proposes that the person doing the imagining combines in himself, inwardly, the roles of actor, audience, and dramatist in a theatrical performance. In drawing the analogy, Wollheim clarifies not only some aspects of imagination, but also some aspects of the relations that obtain among actor, audience, and dramatist.

Wollheim's essays compellingly affirm that their arguments are sub-



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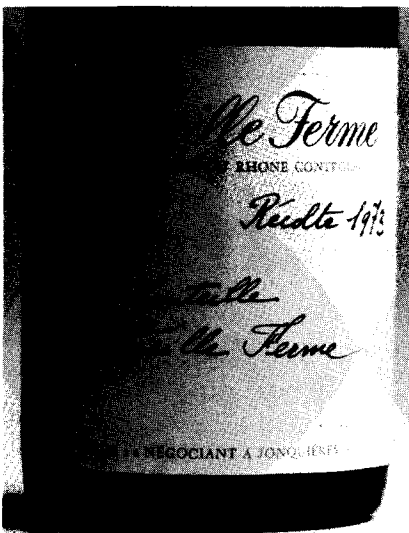
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ject to the test of what he and the reader know of themselves. When he concludes an essay by saying, "It is not merely that we are at home in our body: we are at home in our mind somewhat as in a body," we have to ask ourselves, Does this sound right? Does it agree with our sensations of self-consciousness? I think it does.

It is not until his essay on "Walter Pater as a Critic of the Arts" that Wollheim makes explicit his thinking about the relation between art and self-knowledge. He focuses first on Pater's view that different philosophies reflect different aspects of human feeling or temperament, that each great system is the intellectual counterpart of a constellation of feelings or a "type of mind." Pater devised the literary form of the "Imaginary Portrait" as a way of presenting his interpretations of philosophy and other cultural artifacts like works of art. Wollheim gives a detailed account of the imaginary portrait called "A Prince of Court Painters." In this case, Pater invented a female diarist to voice his observations about Watteau's painting. According to Wollheim, he "goes to some trouble to assign the diarist a variety of traits that make her the ideal detective to unravel the problem that confronts her." The ruse of inventing a fictional character to voice his conclusions about Watteau allows Pater to incorporate biographical details and conjectures plausibly into his observations about the artist's work. But more important to Wollheim is the fact that the imaginary portrait acknowledges at every point that criticism is construction. It is not just the construction of a text, but the construction of a fictional point of view on art.

Pater does explicitly what any writer on art does implicitly. In providing an account of his experience of art, he invents a verbal image of a mind or temperament suited or prepared to have the experience he describes. Pater contrives a literary form to solve the problem most writers on art try to solve through verbal style alone. Instead of asking himself how he should best report his observations, he apparently asked, To what sort of individual would these observations occur most naturally? The implication of

Wollheim's discussion, I think, is that these two questions really have the same significance. When anyone presents a detailed account of a work of art, he will also be presenting or inventing a point of view, a temperament or type of mind to which his observations would occur naturally. Here we see the connection between self-knowledge and the experience of art, for to offer detailed perceptions of art is to try on a certain point of view, to see whether we can "find ourselves" in those rarefied manifestations of mind which are works of art. (The formalist art criticism that prevailed in the 1960s perversely illustrates these notions. In disattending to all but formal aspects and issues, formalist critics often evoked a type of mind whose intellectual powers seem to have developed at the cost of its taking a formal view of itself.)

I have given the merest outline of Wollheim's ideas. They are far more particular and forceful than my de-

scriptions probably suggest. The difficulties of Wollheim's style are, one comes to feel, the difficulties of thought itself. His insistence that an understanding of art depends upon an understanding of human beings, especially oneself, hardly permits the reader to imagine the kind of passivity that Barzun seems to expect and almost recommend. *On Art and the Mind* is very demanding reading, but it is accessible, I think, to anyone who has the attention for it. Wollheim's essays on Pater, Freud, E. H. Gombrich, T. S. Eliot, and others require little knowledge of their writings. While the so-called general reader may find Wollheim tough going, no one committed to thinking about art can neglect his work. "The lesson, to be learnt only very slowly," says Wollheim in his introduction, "is that philosophy has virtually nothing to offer those who would rifle it. Like paint, it requires that we find ourselves in it before it gives us anything."

THE VIEW FROM THE CHINABERRY TREE

by James Alan McPherson

There was a time, not too many years ago, when quite a few black youngsters in the South shared the dream of wanting to live in New York. As a matter of cultural fact, this ambition was so strong that some religious black mothers are said to have promised their children that if they led exemplary lives and attended church regularly, when they died they would go to New York. But with the end of legal segregation and the recent prosperity of the changing South, the mystique of the city has faded. The once historic migrations out of the South have decreased. For many, the promises held out by the North have not been realized, and popular songs now advise the offspring of previous generations of wide-eyed migrants, living in Harlem, Detroit, Los Angeles, and elsewhere, to take the "Midnight Train To Georgia," preferably to Atlanta. This trend is not necessarily a retreat from blocked economic progress in the

North; in fact, more people are remaining in the North than are returning to the South. If anything, this shift in focus suggests a re-examination of the group ethos as it exists in the old country. It is a migration of the spirit. Other signs support this conclusion. Much of the political rhetoric has shifted from Nigeria to North Carolina; the afro of the sixties has given way in the seventies to the corn-row hairstyle of the southern past; and writers and musicians are attempting again to express the essential meaning of the group experience as it has been shaped by over three hundred and fifty years of living under all the influences which go into the making of American culture.

Unlike the musician, however, the writer has problems in locating an angle of vision broad enough to encompass the shifting relationships between North and South, past and present, black and white, illusion

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and the ever-changing American reality. All are essential parts of black American consciousness, yet the image-making powers of fiction often seem insufficient to express the complexity of these relationships. Most "blacks" are in reality part white, part Indian, part African, part southern *Americans*, whose orientation to the present has been shaped by a historical relationship

to the experience of slavery, the Civil War, the Emancipation, and the ideals professed by national documents, as well as by the other influences which touch other Americans. This is the conscious reality out of which the writer must work. Yet very often, the jazz musician seems better able than the writer to suggest these complex relationships; and during the sixties, a pre-

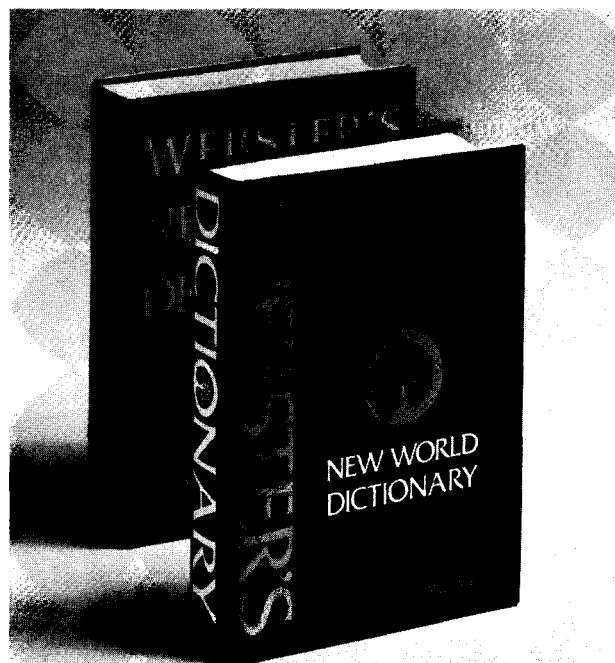
occupation with ideology delayed some writers in their search for an adequate angle of vision.

Fortunately, in recent years, a few writers have begun to think consciously about ways in which their history can be made accessible as art. For one thing, they avoid ideology. For another, following the example of Ralph Ellison, these writers have discovered in the improvisational range allowed by jazz structure a much broader imaginative framework than that allowed by conventional approaches to the novel form. Several such writers come to mind. John Wideman, a former Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, has written three innovative novels. *The Lynchers*, his most recent, explores the ways in which the individual can achieve identity and suggests that it is only through an imaginative exploitation of the rituals and symbols of the southern past that the writer can define the values of the group. Leon Forrest, in *There Is a Tree More Ancient Than Eden*, demonstrates superbly the literary possibilities of the blues idiom. Forrest's fictional world is a Chicago black community, but his imagination ranges back and forth in time over the events and historical figures which enrich the texture of black American experience. Finally, there is Albert Murray's *TRAIN WHISTLE GUITAR* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95), a novel which seeks to locate a world of its own in a very small town in Alabama during the 1920s.

I must admit to a bias in favor of Albert Murray's novel, partly because it is located in the South, the ancestral home of most black Americans, but more specifically because it endeavors to re-create a community of black people who have a clear perspective on themselves and the world about them. Murray's is a vision of human beings who feel good about themselves. *Train Whistle Guitar* is the story of one boy's exploration of the possibilities offered by his community. Scooter, the narrator, is a preadolescent who springs directly from the Negro American briarpatch. He is an embodiment of tradition. And while Scooter's voice is not that of a preadolescent, one can overlook this in view of Murray's inventiveness. The rhythms of the blues idiom inform

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his prose. The book is thin because of its condensation, and because of the limitations imposed by its innovative structure. The music of a guitar re-creating a train whistle provides the framework; the book's episodes are calculated to intrude into the reader's consciousness like the image-provoking sound of a train whistle, imposing rhythmic order on the poetry inherent in Scooter's memory.

Scooter prides himself on the extent of his involvement in his community. The point of observation in his world is the chinaberry tree in his front yard. Up in its branches the preadolescent surveys his community, north, south, east, and west, in order to get his bearings and to begin to perfect a design for living in terms of the entire world. His is a town rich in mythic possibilities. Its name is Gasoline Point, Alabama; but, the narrator cautions, the town is also the briarpatch, and "more a location in time than an intersection on a map." The black citizens of Gasoline Point refuse to see themselves as victims, refuse to allow their imaginations to become limited by color; and most important of all, they refuse to concede that human style and conscious extension of the imagination are not the most important matters in life. Scooter learns from them. In his imagination, he is also Jack the Rabbit and Jack the Bear and Railroad Bill and Jack Johnson. His chinaberry tree is also a beanstalk and a spyglass tree. Nestled high in its branches, Jack the Rabbit studies the life lessons, provided by a neighborhood of self-defining people, which when mastered will allow him to graduate from the briarpatch.

Scooter's favorite hero is Luzana Cholly, who, at least from the perspective of a boy, is a freight-train-blues-seeming, tobacco-smoking, guitar-strumming maker of myths and a blues extension soloist par excellence. The boy resolves to grab a freight, like his hero, and thunder off to adventures in New York. World-wise from his own experience of freight trains and chain gangs, Luzana Cholly is obliged to instruct Scooter in the skills and wisdom which must be acquired before any would-be hero can confront the city. One must first learn discipline and

transcendence and craft. For instruction in these, Luzana Cholly is inadequate, and Scooter must seek other mentors.

But mentors and learning situations abound in Gasoline Point. What emerges most vividly from this novel is Murray's evocation of the richness of Scooter's community and its dramatic sense of human experience. Scooter finds within the experience of his community all the styles, ambiguities and affirmations necessary to initiate him into the responsibilities of manhood. He discovers the randomness of death, the limitless magic of the human imagination, the delights of sexual experience, and the proper measurements of manhood and heroism. He also acquires an appreciation of irony, which should be the essential instruction of a community immersed in the vitality of the blues idiom:

Sometimes when you heard somebody singing something other than church music over in Gins Alley on Monday morning it used to be Mrs. Honey Houston, whose house was next door to Miss Pauline's Cookshop, and who always used to begin with the same opening verse: Going to see Madame Ruth/Going to see Madame Catherine/Going to tell Madame Ruth/Going to tell Madame Catherine/Got a world full of trouble/And sweet daddy so doggone mean.

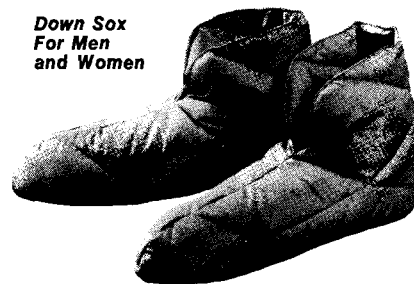
Other mentors besides Miss Honey Houston provide an extended family of interacting images, in terms of which Scooter creates himself. There is Stagolee Dupas (fils), the rough-and-ready piano player over in neighboring Tin Top Alley; Blue Gum Silas, the pigeon-toed West Indian ("known as Geechee Silas because of the abba abba way he talked"); Unka JoJo the African, whose arrival on the last slave-bearing ship and subsequent clinging to an African identity limit the extent of his involvement in the Gins Alley community ("all the time free in the old country"); Elroy Augustus Gaither, or Gus the Gator, the long-legged, sleepy-walking baseball star; Papa Gumbo Willie McWorthy, the barber in whose shop humor, wisdom, and style are absorbed by Scooter; Miss Lexine Metcalf, the teacher whose encouragements "could change you into Prince Charming or

Roland or Siegfried or Sinbad or Ulysses"; Uncle Jerome, the sometime preacher, whose impromptu sermons extract history lessons from the pictures on paper currency; and Soldier Boy Crawford, World War I veteran, whose expertise extends to lessons in tactics, daring, and French manners. Scooter gets a perspective on them from his position in the chinaberry tree, in the barbershop, or by the fireside at home. He becomes all of them, and yet his own man, because, collectively, they represent as varied a group of individuals as he will ever confront up North in the city.

Much of Albert Murray's nonfiction has been devoted to the clarification of those areas of black American experience which, in recent years, have been drawn into the categories of the social science technicians. But unlike many other black writers, especially some who began writing during the sixties, Murray has refused to make his counterstatements in the terminology of social science. In *The Omni-Americans* (1970), he emphasized this refusal by challenging those

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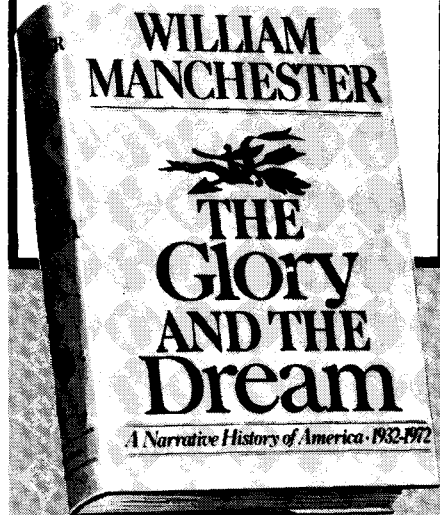
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black writers who depicted their own experiences, or the experience of the group, in terms of conformity to or deviance from white middle-class norms. While well-intentioned writers as diverse as Richard Wright, Kenneth Clark, Claude Brown, James Baldwin, and Gordon Parks paid homage to the norms and definitions of the social science technicians, Murray maintained that social science methodology was insufficient to deal with the richness and complexity of human experience in general and black American experience specifically. Far from being the pathological victims of white oppression, he argued, in their music, speech, styles, and attitudes, black Americans exhibited a resilience, a self-esteem, and an orientation to continuity in the face of adversity that are downright enviable.

In *The Hero and the Blues* (1973), Murray takes to task those writers who abandon to the social sciences the storyteller's role as mythmaker and value-maker. "If the storyteller subordinates his own legitimate esthetic preoccupations to those of the social and political technicians," he warned, "he only downgrades the responsibility which he alone has inherited."

Far from extending the implications of the traditional literary categories, according to Murray, contemporary American social science very often corresponds to an oversimplification of the melodramatic success story by its insistence that "the essential problems of humanity can either be solved or reduced to insignificance by a hero or man of good will who can apply adequate scientific insights to Public Administration and medicine." As a result, those black writers who view their experience from the perspective of the social technician avoid confronting those problems inherent in the human condition. If they project a hero at all, Murray argues, he is a social science hero, "a cripple among cripples," whose only function is to indict the system by displaying his wretchedness. Murray rejects this finger-pointing victim, whether in the fiction of Richard Wright, James Baldwin, or black polemicists, because for him the function of any storybook hero is not to address himself to the humanity of the dragon, but to forge a

sword with which the dragon can be conquered. His conception of heroism, and his knowledge of the circumstances which produce heroic action, will not concede validity to such a dimensionless protagonist.

Instead, Murray reminds his readers of Ernest Hemingway's remarks that writers are forged in injustice, poverty, and war; that perhaps the best early training for a writer is an unhappy childhood. To Albert Murray, these observations have particular implications for those who would regard the black American experience as a rich source for fiction. In his view, the image of the sword being forged is inseparable from what he terms "the dynamics of antagonistic cooperation"—a concept as indispensable to any fundamental definition of heroic action as it is to an understanding of the tradition of confrontation and improvisation which finds expression in the blues idiom of black Americans. "All good storytellers," he says, "have always known that irony and absurdity are not only thorns in the briarpatch in which they themselves are born and bred but are also precisely what literary statement is forever trying to provide adequate terms for." Heroes are not produced by predictable circumstances. Rather, it is the extraordinary individual who gains heroic stature in proportion to the number of obstacles he overcomes in his effort to confront the dragon with a well-forged sword in hand. And for Albert Murray, the hero most compatible with the existential absurdity of contemporary American life is the master craftsman, one for whom knowledge and technique, or style, have become that with which he not only performs, but also plays, "as the hero in combat and the blues musician in a jam session can maintain the dancer's grace under the pressure of all tempos."

Train Whistle Guitar, then, represents Murray's fictional statement of the blues idiom definition of heroic action. Scooter becomes an imaginative extension of Luzana Cholly, Soldier Boy Crawford, and all the other residents of Gasoline Point. These people confront, acknowledge, and proceed, in spite of as well as in terms of, "the ugliness and meanness inherent in the human condition." What is more, they do it with

style, sustaining their integrity and human dignity even while experiencing personal tragedy. They are a community of people who exhibit the dancer's grace under pressure.

The work of Albert Murray, like that of Leon Forrest, should prove instructive to those writers attempting to find literary solutions to the problem of achieving an adequate perspective on a broad area of American life. The incorporation of

blues idiom techniques into prose may well provide a means of reducing part of the rapid change we see about us to manageable form. For those who seek an uncluttered understanding of the quality of life among black Americans, *Train Whistle Guitar* offers valuable insights. It is to be hoped that more such imaginative re-creations of folk experience will emerge from those black writers who are now exploring the blues territory in the South.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

THE GLORY AND THE DREAM: A Narrative History of America, 1932-1972

by William Manchester
Little, Brown, \$20.00

This great thumper of a book begins in 1932 with President and Mrs. Hoover dining gloomily together in the White House. The Depression was deep, banks were closing, but Hoover still put on a black tie, and had a bugler sound their approach before the pair of them sat down to a seven-course meal. In *Only Yesterday*, Frederick Lewis Allen had set the pace for a book like this, but in his charming, judgmatic way he did not try to wrestle with such a long and contentious block of time. From Hoover to Nixon is forty years of the most stupendous change this country has known, and what must impress any reader as he submerges himself in this chronicle is the prodigious energy with which Mr. Manchester keeps the narrative moving; the infinite details, some familiar, some as surprising as Ripley's "Believe It or Not," which brighten the page; and last, and very important, the fairness of the reporting.

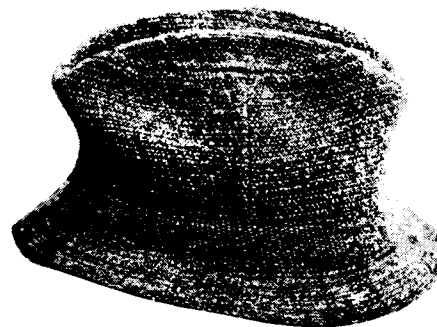
There will never be a better time than the present to read of the fearlessness and improvisation with which Franklin Delano Roosevelt revived the nation; it is healthy to recall the dedication of Harry Hopkins, the enterprise of the WPA, the concern and the incredible activity of Eleanor Roosevelt. "Her glow," Adlai Stevenson said after her

death, "warmed the world." Hard times throw up good leaders, and demagogues. In New York, LaGuardia was the best mayor the city ever had, but in Detroit, the power of Father Coughlin grew to an inflammatory point before the millions who listened to him on the radio turned him off; and in Louisiana, Huey Long, with his Share-Our-Wealth program (I had forgotten what a giveaway it was), boasted that he would move into the White House, and the polls showed that if he were to run on a third-party ticket, he would take four million votes away from FDR.

There were four events, says Manchester, which we will remember as long as we live: Pearl Harbor, the death of President Roosevelt, the election of 1948, and the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. He re-creates these with telling detail and with sympathy, especially Harry Truman's gritty fight for re-election. Manchester quotes from bits of the seventy-three speeches which Truman made on his "whistle-stop campaign," and from the audience response, signals which were completely missed by Dewey's advisers, the press, and the pollsters. "Everybody's against me but the people," said Truman on his return, and he was right.

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IN THEIR WISDOM

by C. P. SNOW

Scribner's, \$7.95

C. P. Snow was elevated to the House of Lords in 1964, and that august body is the center of rumination in this leisurely novel. The subject under discussion in the Bishops' Bar is the will of old man Massie, who, having outlived his contemporaries and estranged his only daughter, Jenny, left his considerable fortune not to the housekeeper who attended to his final, petulant demands, but to her son, Julian Underwood. In several preliminary wills, Massie had designated Jenny as his heir, but in the last she was cut off, and when she contests the settlement the narrative moves with nice touches of irony into the upper realm of British law.

Three members of the House of Lords are personally involved: the suave skeptic Lord Hillmorton, a former cabinet minister; the historian Lord Ryle, a widower who has taken an old man's fancy to Hillmorton's daughter Liz; and Lord Lorimer, the tongue-tied, impoverished veteran of the Desert War. In sharp contrast to the trio, whose competitive years are behind them, is the millionaire Reginald Swaffield who has bullied Jenny into bringing suit.

Two love affairs depend upon the outcome. The one between the spirited Jenny, an heiress if the will is disallowed, and her hesitant suitor, Lord Lorimer, whom she is ready to seduce, is beguiling and sympathetic. The other, the infatuation of Hillmorton's daughter Liz for Julian Underwood, the heir apparent, is harder to accept, for Julian is an ill-drawn charlatan.

The novel reflects the author's concern for England's decline. ("It might turn into a bigger, more ramshackle, more internally fissured Sweden.") The thoughtful quality of

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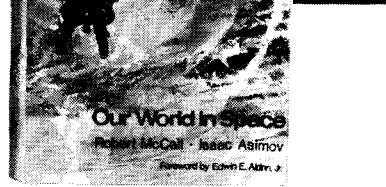
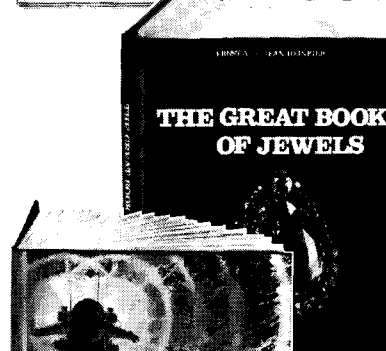
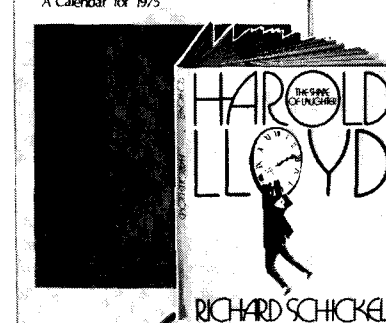
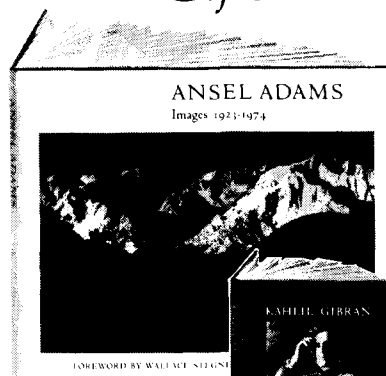
by Hubert Shuptrine & James Dickey
Oxmoor House, Inc., \$39.95; \$60.00
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The text in this handsome album is by James Dickey. Shrewdly observant, story-telling, often poetic, it puts us in the mood for the drawings and paintings of the country roads, tobacco fields, seacoast, the forgotten pockets, and the rustic characters that attracted the artist, Hubert Shuptrine. "There was timeless beauty," he writes, "in the plainest face or object! Also, for the first time, I tried working in transparent watercolor—and I've used it ever since."

Shuptrine is at his best in his portraits, and as a clue to them, Dickey writes, "All over Jericho we like to hang around. When you hang around, in this land, you hear stories, and you make up your own. On country porches and in town squares, on hunting trips—for we are great hunters, here—even in the suburbs, the tongue matters. We are the most outrageous and creative liars in the world, and we take our time to make the lies a lot more interesting than the truth." Look at the portraits, "Turn Gibson," "Old Hombre," "Mountain Gentleman," and you can believe they would have great tales to tell.

A comparison with Andrew Wyeth's beautiful album, whose 121 color plates are so expressive of the Northeast, is inevitable. I wish that the opening pages of *Jericho* were more inviting; there is no frontispiece, and the early black-and-whites are dull. Then I am struck by the stillness in Shuptrine's work,

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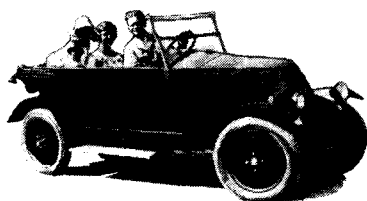


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a stillness partly explained in Dickey's words: "The South has a long tradition of slow-moving, of standing and watching, of having the time—of giving ourselves the time—to sit on country porches" There is movement in the fisherman "Sculling Home" and in the horseman, "Blue Norther," but in the main, Shuptrine's people are as quiet as his appealing "Nettie" with her fishing pole.

This is not the South of magnolias and white porticoes, but of humble folk and of landscapes whose soft smoky coloring—of the fieldstone crib in "Shenandoah," or of the loveliest of all the paintings, "Late Afternoon"—holds a suggestion of the influence of Rackham. Shuptrine's paintings have sentiment, but I do not find the mystery that Wyeth conveys by the handling of light, or a breeze that stirs the curtain in an empty room; the southerner is content simply to show things as they are.

THE EBONY TOWER

by John Fowles
Little, Brown, \$7.95

In *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, John Fowles wrote most elegantly of the Victorians and of what a bewitching woman did to an otherwise conventional gentleman. "The Ebony Tower," the best narrative in this book of five pieces, is all the more enticing because of the author's love for France. It is the story of two artists: the younger, David Williams, also an able critic, has been commissioned by his publishers to write the biographical introduction to *The Art of Henry Breasley*, and has come to Brittany to beard the lion.

Breasley is an English expatriate who was apprenticed to Braque and Chagall, who first attracted notice with his savage drawings of the war in Spain, and whose paintings, after a scandalous career, are reaping a fortune. David knows of Breasley's reputation, yet as he approaches the threshold, is surprised at the sight of two naked girls in their twenties lying side by side on the sunny lawn, one asleep, the other on her stomach reading a book. Such is his introduction to the old faun and his attendants. The afternoon passes cordially as

the two men sound one another out, and the Mouse, the more comely of the two girls, now in a diaphanous dress, proves to be a sensitive ally as she interprets Breasley's cryptic, abrasive remarks. The old man is abusive in his references to the nymphs, and obscenely contemptuous of Abstract Art, to which he knows his guest is devoted. His canvases in the big living room—a Derain, an early Bonnard, an early Matisse, a Braque, but no Picasso—tell where his heart lies, and as wine loosens his tongue at supper, he bursts into a tirade. The picture of the four of them in the lamplight, the old satyr baiting them all until they have to help him to bed, is brilliantly done.

In the guest room, as David's adrenalin subsides, he wonders about the Mouse, why she has thrown up her studies in London to nurse the old man, what their relations really are. At breakfast, in the mood of contrition, a picnic is planned; anger is replaced by confidences; on their walk in the forest, David is fascinated by what the Mouse tells him, and later, when they swim together while Breasley is napping, by the girl herself. Never was infatuation more swift—or difficult to control.

Of the other pieces, "The Enigma," the story of a very proper English MP who vanishes without a ripple, is the cleverest. But it lacks the beauty and temptation of "The Ebony Tower."

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Benjamin DeMott is professor of English at Amherst College and author of *Surviving the Seventies*.

Kenneth Baker is a free-lance art critic.

James Alan McPherson is a contributing editor to this magazine.

Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams appear regularly in these pages.

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Bella Akhmadulina (page 81) is among the most celebrated of the younger generation of Russian poets.

Barry Spacks (page 104) is the author of two novels and two books of verse.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE MADRID CODICES OF LEONARDO DA VINCI edited by Ladislao Reti. McGraw-Hill, \$400. About the time Columbus discovered a new world, Leonardo—artist, architect, engineer, hydromechanic, and possibly the most inquisitive man that ever lived—was working on two notebooks, recording his theories and projects. In the dispersal of papers that followed Leonardo's death, the books drifted deviously into the Biblioteca Nacional de Madrid, where some absentminded cataloguer misnumbered them—the equivalent, in such a huge library, of the oubliette. They resurfaced in 1965, when a student who had asked for something else found himself staring in astonishment at page after page of elegant mechanical drawings surrounded by mirror-written Italian. Thanks to the generosity of the Spanish Ministry of Education and Science, the material has now been published in facsimile. It is, of course, of immense importance to Leonardo scholars. It will also fascinate anyone with enough mechanical knowledge to read the designs, which range from a few impracticalities to a ball bearing arrangement that has only recently been reinvented. The edition consists of the two notebooks, each accompanied by a volume containing a normalized version of Leonardo's defiantly left-handed text with a facing translation, and a highly useful commentary by the late Professor Reti, whose labors on the whole project must have been colossal. The five volumes, handsomely bound in red and gold, come boxed. There is also a deluxe edition of 1000 numbered copies, bound in real leather and housed in a lucite coffin, at \$750.

THE UNKNOWN LEONARDO edited by Ladislao Reti. McGraw-Hill, \$34.95; after January 1, \$39.95. Ten scholars discuss aspects of Leonardo's work, and it is a measure of the man's fantastically versatile achievements that all of them are kept very busy on quite separate

but always interesting matters. The book is well organized and most generously illustrated; it makes a good substitute for unattainable Codices. Notes, index.

MYRON by Gore Vidal. Random House, \$6.95. Myra Breckinridge is back, disputing with her male alter ego for possession of what is, by now, a peculiarly indeterminate carcass. Mr. Vidal uses her/him to distribute satirical whacks at thirty years of American follies, which perhaps requires rather too long a reach for any whack to hit solidly home. Certainly this sequel, despite some wonderfully amusing sections, never quite equals the spirited outrageousness of its predecessor.

HELTER SKELTER by Vincent Bugliosi with Curt Gentry. Norton, \$10.00. Mr. Bugliosi prosecuted Charles Manson and his followers for the murders (Tate-LaBianca) committed by that sinister tribe. While the account of the murders is thorough and necessarily gruesome, the main purpose of the book is to explain both the legal problems involved in trying an amorphous group of conspirators and the incompetent police work that results from territorial divisions of investigation with no central agency coordinating information. Illustrations.

HENRY MOORE DRAWINGS by Kenneth Clark. Harper & Row, \$40.00. The 304 drawings cover Henry Moore's career from the early 1920s to the present; 40 are in color. In his admiring text, Lord Clark concentrates on relationships between the drawings and the sculptures for which the artist is better known, tracing Moore's interest in certain types of forms. A disarming preface disclaims "deep psychological explanations."

MY LIFE AND MY FILMS by Jean Renoir. Atheneum, \$12.95. In its combination of subtlety and simplicity, the great director's autobiography confirms what his films have always implied: this is a very wise and very civilized man. Translated by Norman Denny. Illustrations.

ARCHAEOLOGY BY EXPERIMENT by John Coles. Scribner's, \$8.95. What happened when a Bronze Age house caught fire? How protective was a

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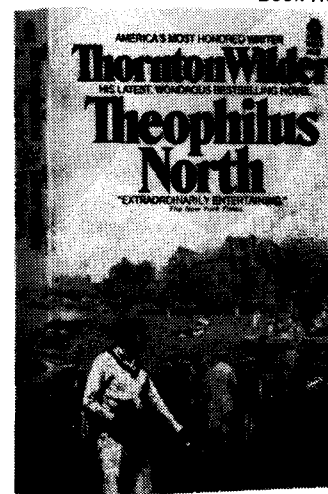
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leather shield? Did Odysseus' rowers sit well in order? These questions may not trouble everyone, but those who are curious about such long-gone matters will find Mr. Coles's brisk account of attempts to solve problems by duplication rewarding and entertaining. The tale of Tutankhamun's trumpets is memorable. Illustrations, index, bibliography.

GUILTY PLEASURES by Donald Barthelme. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95. A collection of—What should they be called?—satires, remarks, parodies—nothing quite covers Mr. Barthelme's unique humor except that simple old word, funny.

THE CIVIL WAR: A NARRATIVE vol. III, Red River to Appomattox by Shelby Foote. Random House, \$20.00. After twenty years of work, the author has completed his remarkably detailed account of the Civil War. He declines to call it a history, perhaps because he belongs to no academic school, perhaps merely because he loves absurd minor incidents and the comic asides to which both Rebels and Yankees were addicted. The work is, however, too dense with facts and too intricately organized to pass off as "narrative." It presupposes serious interest and requires serious application. Maps.

I AM A MEMORY COME ALIVE by Franz Kafka, edited by Nahum N. Glatzer. Schocken, \$10.00. Selections from Kafka's diaries, letters, journals, and even fiction, shrewdly chosen to show the high points of his development as artist, thinker, and self-created physical wreck.

KAFKA'S OTHER TRIAL by Elias Canetti. Schocken, \$6.50. Mr. Canetti argues that Kafka's novel, *The Trial*, is a metamorphosed projection of the author's witless troubles with his more-or-less fiancée, Felice, and makes a good case. The good case, however, in no way accounts for the power of the novel.

Excerpts from these recently published books appeared in *The Atlantic*: **THREE MOBS** by Wilfrid Sheed. Sheed and Ward, \$6.95.

IF YOU HAVE A LEMON, MAKE LEMONADE by Warren Hinckle. Putnam's, \$8.95.

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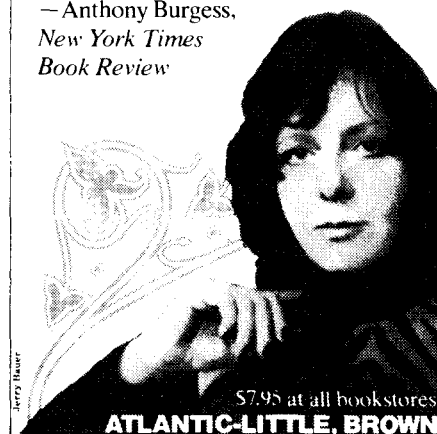
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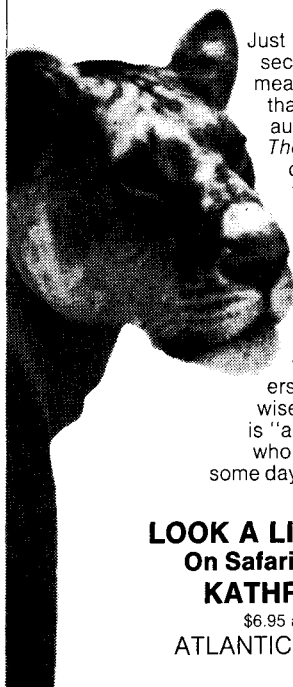
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*Go along as
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LOOK A LION IN THE EYE



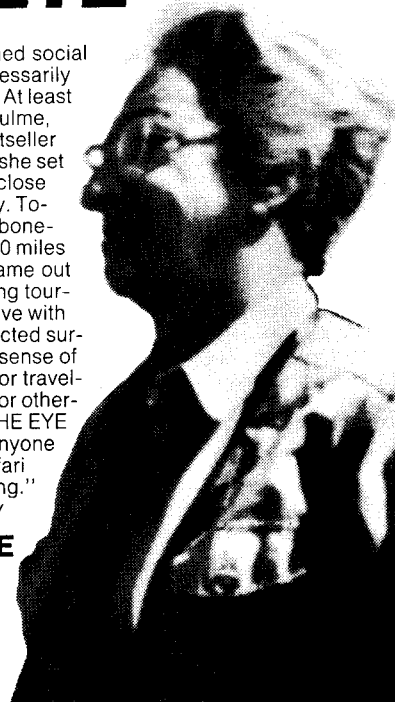
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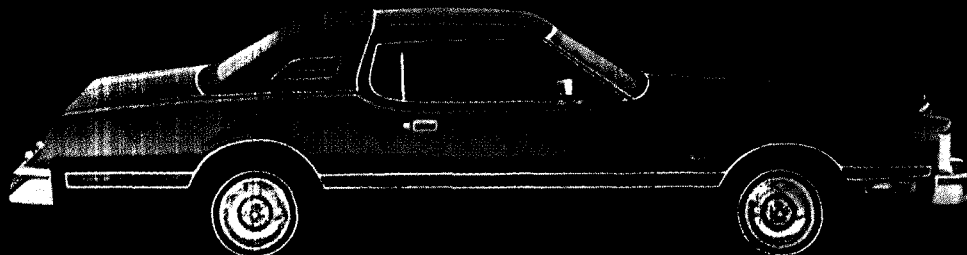


A black and white photograph of a woman with dark hair, wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved dress, sitting in the driver's seat of a 1975 Ford Thunderbird. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The car's interior, including the leather-upholstered seats and dashboard, is visible.

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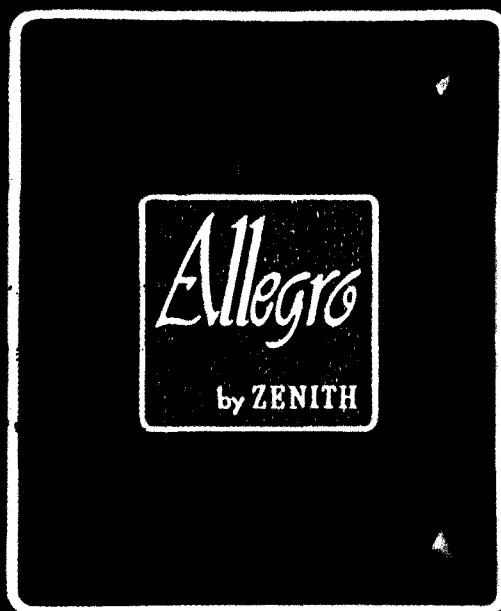
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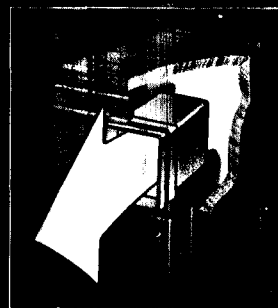
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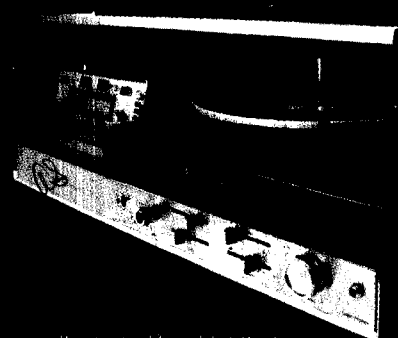
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